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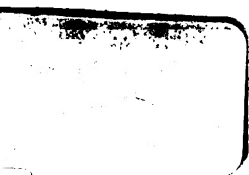
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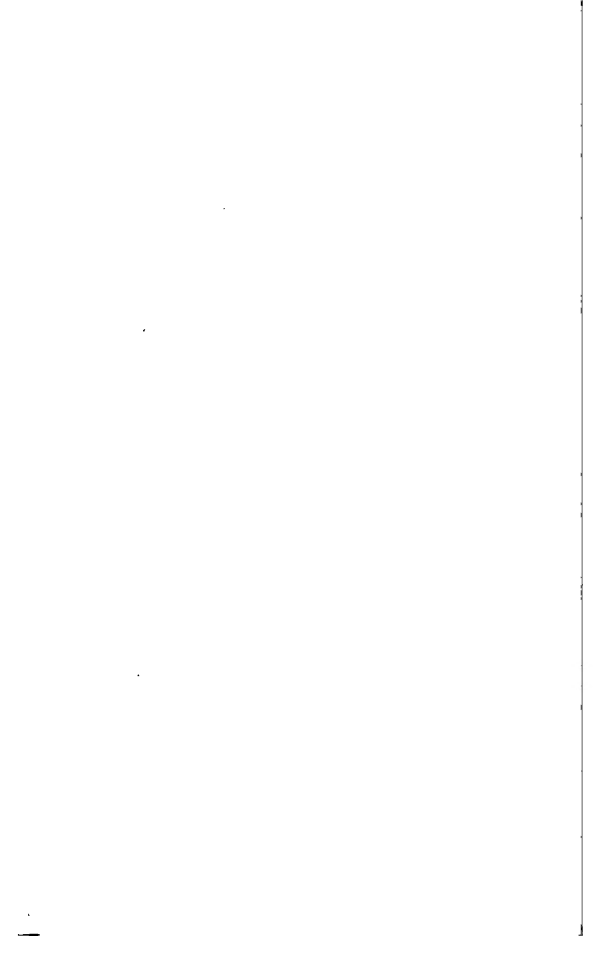
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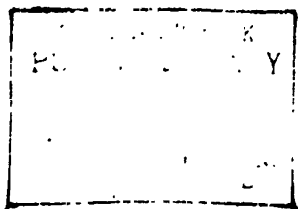


THE RHINE.

Volume I.

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2. Fall line - swamp



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Snowe



THE RHINE,

THE MOST INTERESTING

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, HISTORIES,

FROM

COLOGNE TO MAINZ.

374✓

BY

JOSEPH SNOWE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

1

Volume I.

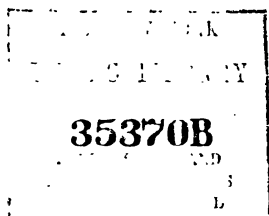
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PREFACE.

The want of a work which should include the most interesting "legends, traditions, and history" of that most romantic and remarkable portion of the RHINE lying between COLOGNE and MENTZ, has been long felt by the European public. It is quite true that much has been written on these subjects, in various languages, and that a great deal has been done towards elucidating them in several forms: so far the subject is not a new one. But still it is no less true, that the wild and wondrous legends which appertain to each particular castle on that immortal river—the extraordinary traditions which attach themselves to almost every spot on its shores—the spirit-stirring histories connected with its cities, and towns, and hamlets, through the long period when it was, not alone the sole highway of

central Europe, but the centre of European civilization, have never as yet been gathered together, nor given in any thing like an entire form and complete shape to the world. The present attempt is made, to supply, as far as possible, that desideratum in general literature.

To those who have traversed the shores of this noble stream, and to those who intend to travel thither, it is believed that than this work there can be no more acceptable offering. It is presumed that it will revive in the minds of the one the dormant beauties of those glorious scenes over which they have heretofore wandered, and fix them more firmly in remembrance, by connecting them with the facts of history or the fictions of romance; while to the other, it is trusted that it will serve as a stimulant to quicken their apprehension of coming pleasure, by exciting their reason, their memory, and their imagination. Thus, the recollection of the past, and the anticipation of the future, will, it is fondly

hoped, be blended by its means into one bright and harmonious whole.

The various subjects, whether "legend, tradition, or history," treated of in the succeeding pages, have been derived from so many sources, oral as well as written, that merely to quote them would be to swell this preface beyond all reasonable limits; and as it could serve no useful purposes, either to the scholar who, from the nature of his acquirements, must know the well-springs whence they have been drawn, without being under obligation to any one for the knowledge, or to the mere reader, who has no occasion for such information, it has been deemed right to make no more than a mere passing allusion to them. Hither and thither in the body of the book, however, will be found references to the historical authorities from which it is in part compiled, as well as to the originals on which many of the legends and traditions to be met with in it are founded; which it is believed, will be

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sufficient for all useful purposes of that description.

The author has nothing to add, save that he has endeavoured to make his work as worthy of the public favour as possible; and that it will not be wholly his fault if it does not succeed.

London, June 20th, 1839.

INTRODUCTION.

Among the highest peaks of the hoary Rhetian Alps is the snowy summit of the St. Gothard. Around him rise many other peaks of fearful altitude: the Furca, the Vogelsberg, the Erispalt, and the Splügen; but none is so high as he. From within this mighty mass of original mountains, amidst eternal glaciers and endless forests of dark pines, springs a stream—a wild, small, hill torrent,—like a hundred others from the same source,—which seems no more than any of its fellows. It appears to take its rise but to perish after it has run, like them a brief and troubled career. But, if the wanderer follows its waters, he will find that, like a native avalanche, it gathers strength, and size, and greatness, as it goes; until, uniting with another branch from the same source at Dissentis, in the Grisons, and with a third at Razuna

in the same canton, it marches majestically plainwards, like a mountain giant; rushing through the lake of Contance; bounding with a fearful leap over the ledges of rock which intersect its path at Schaffhausen; flowing by the northern bounds of Switzerland and washing the walls of Basel; finally, it courses with untroubled career from thence to the distant northern ocean, on the coast of Holland.—That stream is the Rhine, and this is its course: the first river of Europe, and the pride and glory of Germany.

A short sketch of the history of this noble stream is compatible with the plan of this work.* According to the accounts of Cæsar and of Tacitus, the first writers extant in whose pages any thing relating to the Rhine is mentioned, the Germans who dwelt on its shores were a strong,

* Much of the matter of this sketch is derived from Vogt's celebrated work, "*Rheinische Geschichte und Sagen*;" Herrmann's "*Allgemeine Geschichte*;" Omsar, Tacitus, Barro "*Allgemeine Geschichte von Deutschland*;" Bodman's "*Rheingauische Alterthümer*," and other works of the same character, were also used.

well-formed race, with blue eyes and fair hair, and of a bold aspect. From their earliest youth they were trained to arms, and, therefore, they were a war-like people. Religious feeling, love of freedom, and chastity of manners, were their virtues; drunkenness, debauchery, and a love for fighting, were their vices.

In these early days of history, the Germans were divided into two great peoples—the Swabians, or Suevi; and the Harzers, or Herusei. From the former, a wandering race, the inhabitants of the Rhine shores were principally descended. Three tribes, withdrawing from the great body, or Swabian union, established themselves under one leader, on that part of the river which extends from the Vosges mountains to the Ell or Ill rivulet. They were known in the time of the Romans as the Tribocci; but, in later times, they were called, after the name of the country in which they dwelt, the Alsations. A second division of the same people detached itself from the main body

about the same period, and occupied the land lying between the Ill, which then bounded Alsatia, and Spires; they were named the Nemetes. And a third division extended itself in the same manner from the bounds of the latter, the little town of Spires, to the Nahe near Bingen. These bore the name of Vangiones, and their chief place was Worms. Below the Neckar and the Maine dwelt, on the right bank of the Rhine, the Ubii; on the left, the Treviri. From thence to the sea was occupied with various tribes and races—the Mattiaci, the Longobardi, the Sigambri, the Belgæ, the Batavi, and the Frisi.

• The difficulties which the Roman power had to overcome, before these brave people were subjugated to its sovereignty, are too well known to all readers to be dilated on here. Suffice it to say, that never did it meet with greater resistance any where. The Germans were, in point of fact, never altogether subdued. They stood, in the time of her greatness, more

in the character of allies towards Rome, than in that of subjects; and, when luxury had enervated the strength of the empire, and ages had worn out its vigour, they assumed the port of masters more than the demeanour of friends. To prove the formidable character of these freedom-loving tribes, it will suffice to say, that of the twenty-five legions which composed the military force of Rome, in the reign of Augustus, eight were encamped on the Rhine alone; making in all an army of nearly one hundred thousand men.*

The Rhine, while under the dominion of the Romans, experienced many changes in the form of its internal government, as the empire itself changed its forms and its rulers from period to period; but the Germans were never cordially united with the conquerors of the world.

* They were the 1st (Julian), the 5th (Macedonian), 19th (Macedonian), 20th (Valeria Victrix), on the Upper Rhine; and the 2d (Augusta), 13th (Gemina Pia Fidelia), 14th (Gemina Martia Victrix), and the 16th, on the Lower Rhine.

Various quarrels arose between them at different times, which it required all the strength of Rome, and all the skill of its ablest generals, to suppress: but to relate the several efforts of the one to throw off the yoke of vassalage, and of the other to regulate their servitude, would be only to follow the history of the empire through its decline to its fall. The liberation of Germany was effected by the incursion of the barbarians of the north under Attila. They then availed themselves of the favourable opportunity, when the might of their masters was no more, and became once more free.

After the incursion of this fierce people, we find two races dwelling on the shores of the Rhine—the Franks and the Allemanni. The former occupied the lower portion of the river, even to its mouth; the latter, that which is known as the Upper Rhine, to the bounds of Helvetia. Of these the Franks occupy the largest space in history, as they ultimately became rulers of the entire.

Clodwig was the founder of the Frankish monarchy about the beginning of the fifth century; but the race of kings which succeeded him took their name from Merovæus, and were called after him the Merovignian dynasty (A.D. 437). After the manner of the Germans, the land on the Rhine were apportioned into Duchies and Gaues; and the whole was comprehended under one general title—namely, Austrasia, or the eastern kingdom.

The history of the Merovignian monarchs, from the death of Merovæus, is one tissue of weakness and cruelty, mixed up with many others of the vices which disgrace human nature most. Feuds, assassinations, and drunken debaucheries, were usual among the nobles; while the common people were sunk in the lowest state of ignorance. The kings were surrounded by women and priests, and were entirely under the control of their mayors of the palace. The last sovereign of this dynasty, Childeric the Third, was deprived of his dignity by Pipin the Little

—power he never had any—and sent to a monastery in St. Omer, where he ended his days (A.D. 752). Pipin succeeded him; and from his celebrated son, Charlemagne, the race of kings which followed are known by the name of the Carolovignian dynasty.

The greatest monarch, perhaps, that the world ever saw, was Charlemagne. He extended the empire of the Franks over almost all Europe; he established his rule among the Saxons and other barbarous people of the north; his friendship was courted by the Byzantine emperors; and even the successor of Mahomet, the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, is said to have sought his alliance, and valued his esteem. He is the hero of a history which looks like romance, so wondrous were his deeds, in comparison with the time and circumstances under which they were effected; and the lapse of more than ten centuries has not succeeded in effacing his memory from the minds of the people whose ancestors he once governed, for

he still flourishes the first in fable, the foremost in legend, and tradition, and song. Occassion will be taken to speak more at length of the most remarkable portions of his personal history in another part of these pages.

The fabric of his government was, however, but ill sustained by his successors; and under the reign of his immediate follower, Ludwig the Pious, it sustained a shock from which it never recovered. Dissensions and discord between the several branches of the royal family, and between the kingly power and the people—or rather the great barons of the kingdom, for in those days the people were only serfs—were of frequent occurrence. These tended to sap the strength of the former, while they had any effect but an advantageous one for the empire. At length the dynasty of Charlemagne was extinguished, in the beginning of the tenth century, by the death of Ludwig the Child, A.D. 911.

The Franconian dynasty, founded by

XIV

Conrad the First, followed. It lasted, with various fortune, for one hundred and five years; and became extinct in the person of Henry the Second, A.D. 1024.

To this succeeded the Salique dynasty, by the free election of Conrad the Second. This race of sovereigns held the reins of empire only about a century. It ended with the parricide, Henry the Fifth, A.D. 1125.

The Saxon dynasty came after, and numbered among its princes some of the greatest which governed Germany since the time of Charlemagne. Of these, Frederic the First (Barbarossa), was the most famous. This dynasty died in the person of Conrad the Fourth, A.D. 1268; after having gloriously filled the throne of the holy Roman empire for nearly a century and a half.

Rudolf von Habsburg, a Swiss knight, the founder of the present Austrian family next succeeded to the sovereignty of Germany; and, by the wisdom and valour so conspicuous in every action of his long and fortunate life, perpetuated his

name and lineage in a long line of emperors,—at one time the most important, and still not the least powerful, of the great monarchs of Europe. It should, however, be observed, that successors in the government of the German empire were not members of his own immediate race; but that many of them were of different families, altogether disconnected with him. The Austrian house again attained to the empire only in the fifteenth century, in the person of Albrecht the Third; but they have since held it, under various modifications, to this day.

In the meanwhile, during all or the greater part of these changes, the Rhine was generally the seat and centre of the imperial power; and thus the history of the one is necessarily that of the other. Its shores were, however, divided into palatinates, or principalities, at a very early period after the failure of the Carolingian dynasty, each of which was governed by its own sovereign, independent, in every thing except the name,

of the Emperor of Germany. A necessity will arise to give details of the history of many of these princes, as this work proceeds; and, therefore, it is deemed sufficient to state here, in conclusion of this imperfect sketch, that, from the æra of Charlemagne to the time of Bonaparte, the Rhine has been the focus of most of the military, political, social, and religious revolutions, evolutions, and movements, which have affected not alone the destinies of Europe, but probably those of the entire world. To prove this, it need only be added, that the first mercantile confederation, the Hanse League took its rise on its banks; that the art of printing was invented in one of its cities; and that the Reformation had birth, and was cradled to maturity, beside its bounding waters. Need any thing more be added?

THE RHINE.



COLOGNE.

THE original inhabitants of Cologne were, properly speaking, the Ubii, who, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, were driven across the Rhine by the Hessians. To recompense their fidelity to Rome, the emperor granted them a portion of the land of the Menapians,—the present duchy of Julich; and, to keep them in check, a Roman colony was founded on the site of the present city of Cologne. It was built in the year of our Lord 50; and, at the desire of Julia Agrippina, wife of Claudius, mother of Nero, and daughter of Drusus Germanicus, who was born in the camp or capital of the Ubii (*Oppidum Ubiorum*), it was called after her. Hence its name, Cologne, from *Colonia Agrippina*; though it was more commonly known among the Ubii by the appellation of Agrippina. From this origin the city has always claimed its freedom; and the citizens asserted their right to be free; a claim which was allowed, and a right which was recognised in every subsequent mutation of the German Empire, until the period of the first French revolution.

The history of Cologne, under the Roman

domination, is but a history of that powerful empire. Vitellius was proclaimed emperor in this city; and Trajan held the high office of imperial legate within its walls when he was nominated by Nerva to succeed him. Many others of the Roman emperors resided here; and here it also was—on the spot where the Church of St. Severins now stands—that Sylvanus was assassinated, after a reign of twenty-eight days.

The Franks besieged and sacked Cologne in the time of Constantius—the beginning of the fourth century;—holding it for some time after as a portion of their possessions. It was, however, recovered from them by the Romans under Julian the Apostate, and annexed once more to the empire. It fell again into the hands of the Franks, A. D. 460-2; and from thenceforward continued under their sovereignty. Clovis was proclaimed king of the Franks in Cologne. In the year 949, Otto the Great, emperor of Germany, declared it an imperial free city; and granted to it all the immunities and privileges attached to that condition. The bishopric and temporal principality in connexion with it he subsequently bestowed on his brother, Bruno, who is celebrated in local history, not alone as the first elector of Cologne, but also as the destroyer of the Roman bridge over the Rhine from that city to Deutz.

In the year 1064, great disquiet ensued between the citizens and their sovereign, Bishop Hanno; of which, as they will be treated more at large a little onward, mention is barely made here.

Henry the Fifth besieged Cologne at the time his father, Henry the Fourth, escaped from Kloppe—Cologne being one of those cities which stood

by the old emperor in his extremity; but he was obliged to decamp from its walls without being able to make any impression on them.

In the year 1201, Cologne became a member of the celebrated Hanseatic League; and in a few years afterwards, from its wealth, and power, and population, and extent of commerce with all parts of the then known world, it assumed the chief place in that important mercantile union.

At this auspicious era it was that, from the number, and riches, and variety, and greatness of the religious foundations within its walls, Cologne received the appellations of the "Holy City," and the "Rome of the North."

The famous battle of Hermann Gryn, the brave Burgomaster of Cologne, with the Archbishop's Lion — of which a more detailed account will be given in the sequel — took place in the year 1262. The bitter feuds between the archbishop and the burghers, which preceded and followed, were only appeased by the pacific intervention of the celebrated Albertus Magnus, previously bishop of Ratisbon, then a friar minor resident in the city. But the truce which ensued was only temporary; indeed it scarcely lasted the brief remainder of his life-time. While the exciting cause of popular discord exists, occasion to exhibit it will seldom be wanting: we, therefore, find that from this period, until the commencement of the fifteenth century, Cologne was never a consecutive year quiet; but that dissensions were perpetually breaking forth—now between the archbishop and the burghers, now between the burghers and the patricians, and so on for more than two centuries.

In the early part of the fourteenth century Cologne was the chief city and the centre of the great Hanse - Towns Confederacy. In the Rathhaus was held the supreme court of that formidable commercial league. The cotton and silk-manufactures were then the principal trade of the city; and at that period there were eighty thousand looms employed on them alone at work within its walls. Cologne, at this time, was also the centre of German civilisation; and schools of art in painting, sculpture, and design, were established there, which had the most beneficial influence on the genius of the Flemish masters, who followed. The cathedral was a result of wealth and refinement.

In the year 1383, Cologne was honoured by a visit from Petrarch, who thus speaks of it:—
 “How glorious is this city! What a wonder to find such a spot in a barbarous land! What dignity in the men! what grace and tenderness in the women!”* And again, speaking of the literary taste of the inhabitants, and the poetical genius which displayed itself among them, he observes:—“But before all things else will it surprise thee, as it did me, to find Pierean spirits under such a cloudy heaven. Know, then, that though here be no Maros, yet are there very many Nasos.”**

In the year 1374, the Rhine increased to such a height that its waters overtopped the battlements of Cologne, and filled all the streets and

* “*Epistolæ Familiares*,” addressed to his friend and patron, John, Cardinal Colonna.

** *Idem*. Alluding to Virgil and Ovid.

houses of the city; and fourteen years subsequently (A.D. 1388) it suddenly shrunk so much within its channel, that horsemen forded it freely, and no vessel or boat could float on its waters.

A.D. 1471, William Caxton commenced the trade of a printer in this city, and established the first press that was ever worked within its walls. One of his earliest productions—two years afterwards reprinted in London, to which city he subsequently removed—was given to the world in Cologne.

Cologne grew daily in wealth and greatness during this era; but the seeds of destruction had been long sown in its social constitution. The internal troubles between the archbishops and the burghers continued with unabated fierceness; the alienation of the mass of the population from those claiming to be patricians, or the nobility, increased; the magistracy succumbed before the power and influence of the guilds or trades of the city; and licentiousness and disorder were the natural and necessary results of this clashing of interests and opposition of power.

These circumstances contributed mainly to the decline of the city: but there were others, in the two succeeding centuries, which would have equally affected it in the same manner, had they never existed. Among the many, three may be enumerated as the most fatal to its prosperity; and they take their rise as much from bad civil government as from the influence of a foul superstition. The first was the persecution and banishment of all the Jews within its walls. Eighty thousand are said to have been expelled at one moment—on Bartholomew's day, 1425—

by an order of the senate and council, excited and procured by the influence of the clergy. The second was the expulsion of the weavers—then a most formidable body of men—for an act of insurrection which took place shortly after. On this occasion no less than one thousand seven hundred looms were publicly burned in the presence, and by the order, of the magistracy. These artisans found refuge in various towns without the jurisdiction of Cologne, principally in the territory of the prince-bishop of Liege; and, carrying with them almost all the knowledge of their occupation, they carried away, also, the principal source of wealth of the city. The last and worst was the persecution and banishment of the Protestants, shortly before the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, A. D. 1618. Fourteen hundred of the first houses in the city were vacated on that occasion; trade and commerce came to a stand-still; and local industry received a blow by this impolitic and unjust proceeding from which it has never since recovered, and perhaps never will recover.

Cologne submitted without a struggle to the all-subduing arms of the French in the first revolution, October 6, 1794; and twenty years subsequently, A.D. 1814, it was entered by the Russians. Since then it has remained a part of the kingdom of Prussia; and is at present the chief city of the Rhenane provinces appertaining to that powerful nation.

In the year 1646, according to Merian, * Co-

* "Topog. Archd. Moguntiensis, Trevirensis, Coloniensis, fol." An excellent work, to which reference will be frequently made in these pages.

logne was the greatest city in Germany. He then gives the following account of its extent, and the principal buildings it contained at that period.—“ It has no suburb; and it is like a bow, or semicircle, along the shore of the Rhine. In the centre of this semicircle there was once a bridge to the opposite shore, built by the Roman emperor Canstantine, A.D. 307; but it was destroyed by the command of the German emperor, Otho the Great, A.D. 1180. The city hath since then been much enlarged, and it is now surrounded by a high strong wall, wherein, at intervals, are as many as eighty-two or eighty-three towers; the whole defended by a deep double ditch. Thirty-four gates give entrance to the interior of the city, which is filled with stately buildings, vineyards, orchards, and pleasant walks for recreation. The best houses are in the vicinity of the Rathhaus and the Heumarkt. The streets are long and spacious, paved with large stones, and perforated with sewers. In Cologne there be eleven colleges of canons (*Colleges Cononicorum*), twenty-seven monasteries, thirty-two nunneries, together with a great many convents of Beguines; and several houses for religious old ladies not professed; nineteen parish churches, ten churches attached to religious houses, thirty chapels; two great hospitals, or, more properly speaking, hostels for destitute travellers, two hospitals for the cure of the sick poor, and eight poor-houses for the permanent abode of those who possess no property of their own, and no means of supporting themselves. There are also a foundling house and a large lunatic asylum. It hath as many

steeple as there be days in the year; and twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants are of the ecclesiastical condition."

At the present time Cologne has twenty-four gates; and the population is said to amount to fifty thousand souls. A very large proportion of its ecclesiastical foundations were secularised in the first French revolution, and have so continued ever since.

Cologne contains many works of architecture and art, ancient and modern, that is to say, of the middle ages downwards; the principal are ecclesiastical structures. Of these, mention shall be made first—the civil edifices to follow—and, first of the first, of that stupendous fragment which still serves as its cathedral.

"Amongst all the churches of Cologne," continues Merian, "nay, beyond all the churches of Europe, is the cathedral the most excellent. It is dedicated to the prince of the apostles St. Peter; and was designed by Engelbert the Holy, A.D. 1220, and begun to be erected, in the year 1248, by Hanno.* Though still unfinished, it is, and hath ever been, accounted the wonder of the Christian world. From the time of its erection, it was made a custom of the state that every new archbishop should add a portion of the original design to that which had already been erected before him; to the end that, in the course of years, the whole edifice might be completed: and that good custom was long complied

* Vogt, "*Rheinische Geschichte und Sagen*," says by Konrad von Hochstetten; and Vogt is the best authority on Rhenish History extant.

with. But in the end it fell into disuse, owing to the local troubles which first broke out between the archbishops and the citizens, and then to the troubles which affected Germany in general up to the period of the Reformation. Thus, this noble monument of religion and of art still remains in an unfinished condition. Here be the bodies of the three kings of the East, brought from Milan by the Emperor Frederic the First, and presented to the Archbishop Reinhold; also are here many monuments and sculptured tombs, in marble and in alabaster, of by-gone princes, electors, and archbishops. It is said that the bones of Judas Maccabeus, and his brothers, rest here also and that they are to be found enclosed in the shrine of their own chapel."

To Engelbert, the first archbishop of that name who filled the see of Cologne, Count of Berg in his own right, posterity owes the projection of this noble edifice, as has been already stated, A.D. 1218-20. At this period he possessed more power than any other prince in the country, spiritual or temporal; for he was not alone selected by the pope as his vicar-general in Germany, but he was also invested with the sole regency of the empire, in the absence of Frederick the Second at the fourth crusade. To him was owing not only the increase of the principality of Cologne, by the addition of the territories of the Countess Matilda of Wied, whom he had persuaded to demise them to the Church; but also its freedom from the control of the petty barons and knights, who, until his time, exercised their predatory prowess upon all persons within their power. He cleared the land of robbers; he en-

couraged agriculture, and conferred many privileges on the peasants with that intent; he promoted industry of all kinds; he beautified the city itself with many public buildings; he patronised the fine arts, and he rewarded excellence in its various branches. The proudest fruits of this patronage are to be found in the original plan of the cathedral, which he caused to be made; a monument of his reign, which he intended should surpass in greatness those of all the other sovereigns of Europe.

The original dimensions of this splendid structure were, according to Vogt,* as follows: "It was designed to form a Latin cross, the length of which, from east to west, should be 400 feet, and the width 200 feet. Over the intersection of the arms of this cross, it was contemplated to erect a cupola of the largest possible size. At the western extremity there were to have been two enormous towers, each of five stories high; the several stories to be supported upon curious pillars; both to be surmounted with pointed spires of finely carved fret-work. The lower story of each tower was destined to form an ante-hall, or porch, to the two main entrances of the church. At the lateral extremities of the cross, in the northern and southern sides of the building, there were to be also two grand entrances. Four hundred and sixty ponderous pillars, ranged in double rows, from east to west, were destined to support the immense roof; and an equal number of pilasters, to correspond with them, were to be inserted in the side-walls of this transcendent edifice. Each pillar was to be of a different de-

* "Rheinische Geschichte und Sagen." Band 3.

sign from its fellow ; and no one of the pilasters was to be the same form as the other." Such was the original design of this magnificent fragment. How far it has been completed, the reader may see from the following description of its present state by Schreiber. *

"The two towers, which were intended to be 500 feet high, remain unfinished ; the northern one is not more than twenty-one feet above the ground, and the other is little more than half the intended height. * * *

"Only the choir of the church, and the chapels surrounding it, have been finished. The Columns in the nave of the church terminate at a ceiling composed of simple planks, covered with slates."

It is not to be supposed that, in a land where legendary lore may be almost said to be coeval with the soil, this stupendous work of art should remain untouched by the tongue of fable. Tradition has been busy with it in various forms: with the plan—with the execution of the part that is finished ; nay, even with the very accessories. The minutiae have been touched by its impress as well as whole. Those which are the most striking are subjoined.

The first relates to the plan ; and it purports to embrace an explanation of a singular fact—the ignorance of the world to this hour of the name of the architect to whom it is due. It runs thus in the original. **

* "The Traveller's Guide to the Rhine." Leigh. Strand. A good guide-book.

** "Rheinland's Sagen, Geschichten, und Legenden, her-

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.**THE PLAN.**

Sorrow seizes the heart of every spectator who looks on that unfinished, but still glorious structure, the Cathedral of Cologne. It is only a fragment, but it is such a fragment as the strength and the intellect of those Titanic beings of old—the offspring of “the sons of God with the daughters of men”—might have reared for their primeval worship; and prided themselves, too, on its erection. There are many stories told of its origin and progress, for it was upwards of two hundred and fifty years in becoming even what it is; and tradition has been busy with its history in almost as many ways as the fertile imagination of man—and that man German too—could fancy; but the fact of the architect's name who planned it being altogether unknown, and even the very circumstance of its remaining unfinished through such a long series of superstitious ages, are as singular and as strange as any thing said of it by fiction. Fiction, however, has availed itself of both these facts; and the following legends are, to this day, the popular faith on the subject.

When Engelbert the Holy, prince-bishop of Cologne, more than once named in these volumes, ascended the episcopal throne of that powerful city, he projected an ecclesiastical edifice, which, by putting to shame the excellences of every

ausgegeben von Alfred Reumont.” Köln und Aachen, 1837. A very agreeable and instructive volume on Rhenish history and tradition.

other church in Christendom, by surpassing them in extent, by outvying them in magnificence, by towering above them in grandeur and in greatness, should eclipse the fame of all former founders, and render his memory immortal in the annals of the world. To this end he summoned the most celebrated architect in Cologne—then the centre of German science and civilisation; and, opening to him his views, commanded him to prepare a plan and estimate of the work.

One evening, shortly after this interview, the architect wandered on the shore of the Rhine, deeply musing on the various suggestions which presented themselves to his imagination in respect of the contemplated structure, and struggling in his mind to reduce the crude ideal mass to shape and form. As he strayed thoughtfully along, he came at length to that spot on the bank of the river, so well known as the Frankenförte, or Frank's Gate—still distinguished by a couple of mutilated statues of the time of that formidable people, placed high up in the masonry of the wall—and then sat him down, as much to collect his chaotic conceptions as to take rest from the fatigue of his long walk. While he sat thus, his face towards the broad bright current of the river, his back on the busy town, the faint hum of which was scarcely heard by him in his mental abstraction, he busied himself in tracing on the smooth sand at his feet, with the point of his travelling staff, each new idea for the meditated structure, as it arose in his mind, and ultimately succeeded in combining them all into one great whole, which, in truth, presented a very proud and noble appearance. At the

moment that he was putting the finishing stroke to this rude sketch, the setting sun tipped with his declining rays the pinnacles of its tower, and produced an effect at once wonderful and splendid.

"I have it," he cried in an ecstasy of joy, such as Archimedes of old is said to have felt at the discovery of the law of specific gravity; "I have it—I have it!" He proceeded at once to complete the plan he had traced; and then folding his arms, to compress, as it would almost seem, the emotions of his heart, he exclaimed aloud,—

"A glorious conception—a temple to the Lord's honour and my eternal fame; whose pinnacles, from their altitude, shall be still ruddy with the light of yon splendid luminary long after flood and field, temple, and tower, and town shall be buried in darkness. There it is!" he spoke in rapture and delight. "It now lies before me!"

"Indeed—does it?" said, on a sudden, a sneering voice in his ear. "Is that it?—Good! Why, that's the cathedral of Strasburg. Ha! ha! ha!"

The architect started back with amaze, and it may be with some indignation, at this unwonted speech. He had believed himself alone; nay, he would have sworn that no one could approach within ear-shot of him without his cognizance; but, behold, there stood at his elbow an old, withered-looking wight, with a most malicious expression of countenance, laughing, as it seemed to his mind, in a manner to make his sides well-nigh sore. A second glance shewed the offended artist that the intruder had ceased in his unwelcome cacophony, and was slowly withdrawing

from the scene. The sneering observation of the malicious senior was not, however, altogether lost upon its object; the offended architect had sufficient good sense to perceive its justice. He saw at once that what he had believed to be a pure invention of his own was but the recollection of the works of others; and that, when he had imagined himself inspired by genius, he was only acting under the influence of memory. There was, however, now no help for it; so he effaced his plan in all haste, and proceeded to the delineation of another.

"I shall, at least in this,"—he spake to himself, as he drew the outlines of a fair and majestic building, of a different description from the former, on the yielding sand;—"I shall, in this at least, imitate no structure that I know of."

A massive erection, surmounted by a beautiful dome, flanked by one immense tower of the most delicate Gothic workmanship, and protected in advance by two others of smaller dimensions but of equal delicacy and beauty, was distinctly visible on the level surface at his feet, as far as a clear outline sketch on such a material could make it.

"There!" he concluded, as he touched off the last lines of the production: "There! it is now done. I know of nothing like it."

"Save the cathedral of Mentz—ha! ha! ha!" interposed the same harsh sneering voice which had before so excited and bewildered him.

Again he looked up, and again he started back with astonishment; for there, at his elbow, once more was the same malicious-looking old man, laughing more heartily than before at his

confusion. His first impulse was to repay insult with insult; but a moment's reflection shewed him how unequally the intruder was matched with him, and how little credit he would derive even from a victory! for the tormenting old fellow looked long past the period allotted to the natural life of man by the prophet; and decrepitude, arising from accident, or inherited with existence itself, seemed apparently superadded to the natural infirmities of extreme age.

"It is not worth my while," thought the architect, "to try conclusions with such a sorry wretch as he. I'll e'en let him go as he came."

He turned on his heel, as he thought thus, and resumed his seat. When he looked up, the old fellow was nowhere to be seen.

"Yet, he was right," soliloquised he aloud. "It was but a freak of memory after all; and I fancied to create when I was only a copyist. It certainly is the cathedral of Mentz. However, I shall not despair. I'll try once again: memory can now scarcely cheat me any more."

Once more did he efface his work, and once more did he commence it anew. As he went on, his satisfaction increased; so much so, that, when he had completed the rapid sketch, he sprang on his feet, and exclaimed:

"'Tis done! None can gainsay it now: I have it."

"The cathedral of Amiens—ha! ha! ha! ha!" echoed the well-known sneering accents of his tormentor, who again stood at his elbow, for a moment, grinning with most malicious delight at his discomfiture and dismay; and then, as suddenly, became invisible to his sight.

"The old villain!" exclaimed the baffled artist; "he delights to destroy my labours: yet still he is not wrong. How could I be such a dolt as again to draw on my recollection, and mistake it for a work of originality? Once more, and I'll end the matter; or darkness will end it for me. I'll try another, at all events, and then have done with it for the night."

Once more he made a plain surface of sand under his feet; and began afresh with his drawings. That which he finished on this occasion, just as the last lingering ray of twilight left the sky, was a mighty and a massive structure in appearance, with two immense octagonal towers, tapering upwards at each extremity, and a magnificent hexagonal dome over the entrance porch. Circular windows, cinque-foil lights, lanceolated apertures—foliage of the most delicate workmanship—a mixture, in brief, of the early Gothic and the later Byzantine, with a remnant of the severe majesty of the Roman style, greeted his enraptured gaze. In a fit of enthusiasm, undepressed by his recent reverses in the excitement of a heart made glad by a consciousness of success, he exclaimed, like a man in a delirium,—

"Behold ——"

"The cathedral of Worms—ha! ha! ha! ha!" sneered once more the malicious graybeard, who again, most unaccountably to him, stood by his side, laughing so loud and so long as almost, in his mind, to awake the sleeping echoes of the seven mountains. Human nature could bear it no longer; and our artist felt the scorn of his tormentor aggravated, because he perceived that he was again right. Memory had played him

many tricks that day; but this last was the "most unkind" of all.

"By the body of God, neighbour!" said he, approaching the mocking old man in a menacing manner;—"but ye laugh as though the fiend was in ye! Are you as well able to design a plan yourself as you are to criticise those of others?"

"Try me—ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the shrivelled graybeard; and he made the shores of the silent river ring as he laughed.

"Here, then," said the irritated architect, handing him his staff: "take this, and, in the devil's name, proceed."

The old man took the staff, and, with the point, began to trace fragments of outline in the sand. They were only fragments—mere lines; but they were, notwithstanding, so perfectly novel and beautiful, that, like them, none was ever before beheld by his victim.

"Truly," exclaimed the architect, as the plan proceeded, "you are, in sooth, a master of our art. That I can at once perceive. But I know you not. Are you of Cologne?"

"No," replied the old man, dryly: stopping short in his work at the same moment.

"But, proceed," resumed the former. "Why cease till you have finished it?"

"That is a good 'un too—ha! ha! ha!" again laughed his tormentor. "That's not bad neither! You wish to have my plan to yourself; to rob me of all the honour and glory of the design, No, no! you don't catch me napping that way, I warrant ye!—ha! ha! ha!"

The architect was silent for some moments,

as if plunged in profound meditation; but he suddenly recovered, and, coming close to the old man's ear, whispered, in a voice hoarse with contending passions, and as hollow as that of an unblest spirit,—

"Hear me—I'll give thee ten gold pieces for thy plan: finish it. We are alone; and then may nobody be the wiser of the bargain."

They were alone; the night had fallen thick around them, and the hum of the populous city waxed faint and fainter on the ear, like an infant's breathing in a dying sleep.

"Ten gold pieces!" said his hoary tormentor. "Ten gold pieces to me! ha! ha! ha! Look at this, my friend."

He laughed louder even than before, as he drew from beneath his shabby gaberdine a long, heavy, leathern purse, filled to the very brim, and threw it violently on the ground. The clink of its contents told of their value: the clear ringing sound of the purest gold was heard, as it struck against the soil.

Once more the disappointed architect mused; but it was only for a moment.

"By fair means or by foul," he shouted fiercely, grasping the shoulder of the old man with one hand, and presenting a naked dagger to his throat with the other,—"*by fair means or by foul* I'll have it. Complete that plan, or you die on the spot!"

"Violence to me!" said the graybeard—"ha! ha! ha!"

Even while his scornful laugh echoed in the ear of his opponent, he had seized him with the gripe of a tiger, and, exerting a strength

to which that of a giant might have seemed weakness in the comparison, flung him at full length on the sand. It was only the work of an instant. There lay the architect, prostrate and overpowered, with the horrid cacophony of the malignant old man torturing his ears, like so many pæans in a barbarian triumph.

"Mercy!" cried he, faintly; "mercy!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed his conqueror,—"you thought to terrify me. But, rise: I seek not your life."

The humbled architect arose, looking crest-fallen, miserable, and most dejected

"Now," continued the old man, "are you satisfied with my power? You have tried to bribe me; and, that failing, to compel me by force: how have you succeeded?"

The questioned party shook his head sadly, and said nothing. The interrogator proceeded.

"But I am still not indisposed to part with this plan, if I can obtain what it is worth."

"Name your price," cried the revived architect: "if I have it in the world, it shall be yours."

"It is a sorry price I have fixed on it, after all," continued the graybeard, with a fearful leer; "a plan so perfect that it would make the fame of Vitruvius himself. But still, as I don't care much for it, and as I have made up my mind to part with it, who pays the price shall have it."

"Name it! name it!" again cried his impatient auditor: "'tis thine if mine."

"Thy soul," said the little old man; "that's the price."

The horror-struck architect sprang back as

from a deadly blow ; making, at the same time, involuntarily, the sign of the cross between him and his companion. He then again fell senseless to the earth.

The demon—for he it was who had held this colloquy with him—immediately vanished.

When the architect recovered sensation, he arose and slowly sought his home. There, heedless of the entreaties of his old housekeeper to take at least refreshment, he sat for a while in a fit of abstraction, and then retired to his own apartment. It was in vain, however, that he essayed to sleep; the surpassing plan he had seen was perpetually present to his mind's eye; and he tossed and tumbled on his fevered couch all night through, tormented by restlessness, and sickened by envy of its unattainable excellence. With the dawn of the morning he left his bed; and from that hour, until the shadows of evening began to descend on the earth, he was busied in recalling to recollection those few fragments of that transcendent design which the evil one had scantily permitted him to behold. But his efforts were in vain. The more he wrought the less he effected to his own satisfaction; and his memory seemed so completely at fault, that he forgot every thing connected with it which could be considered in anywise conducive even to the faintest imitation. Yet still was this sketch before him in all its magnificence and glory; pillars, groined ceiling, windows, doors, towers, tracery, fret-work, foliage. It was like the autumn dream of a consumptive maiden—brilliant, but wholly indistinct; beauteous, but altogether intangible.

"I will forth and pray to God," he said to himself: "the vespers are ringing: I will forth and pray for his aid."

To the Church of the Holy Apostles he accordingly turned; but even in the house of the Lord he found no peace. While his lips mechanically murmured an orison, his mind saw only the work of the demon; and his eyes unconsciously compared the architecture of the noble edifice in which he prayed with that which he could erect if he possessed the desired plan. A waking vision absorbed his soul. He thought that he had obtained the object of his wishes - that he had commenced the work - that he had just concluded it; his own hand was in act of laying the coping-stone on its highest tower, as it had laid the first mass of rock which formed its foundation, when behold, high above him in mid-air, he saw the satanic countenance of the fiend, and heard his horrid laugh; and, at the same moment, like a card-castle constructed by infantile ingenuity, the whole structure fell in together, fading and dissolving from his view; and,

"Like to the baseless fabrie of a vision,
Left not a rack behind."

He hurried from the house of prayer with even faster footsteps than he had entered it.

Once more, and as it were unconsciously, he was walking on the sandy shore of the Rhine, close by the scene of the preceding evening's rencontre. It was later in the night than on that occasion; and the silence and solitude of all around were proportionately increased. The hum of the sleeping city was scarcely audible; and

the only distinct sound was the murmur of the waters of the mighty river, as they rolled onward to their embouchure—which might, without much stretch of imagination, be likened to the voice of wailing for their inglorious end in the flats and sands of fenny Holland. Ever and anon, however, the countless turrets sent forth their sweet chimes as the hours progressed, like the voice of celestial watchers, telling of the course of time and of the length of eternity.

“Well met,” said a harsh voice in his ear, as he paced along musingly. “Well met, brother!—ha! ha! ha!”

He looked up, and again beheld, at the Frankenförte, the fiend. The wall was covered with the tracings he had made; and exhibited, in lines of living light, the magnificent plan which had made such an impression on the architect’s imagination. It was a cathedral, complete in all its parts; of such a superlative beauty as was never before seen in this world. Oh, how his heart panted to possess it! Oh, how his eye did drink in the details of that splendid structure! but he felt that it would be a vain attempt to try to retain them. He pondered—he hesitated—the die was cast—he was lost.

“Well,” continued the fiend, “will you have my plan at the price?” At the same time, with two or three careless touches of the wand he held in his hand, striking off a sketch of the grand portal, which made his victim’s eyes glisten with wonder, and his heart dance within him with delight. “Yes, or no?” he asked. “Be brief, and delay not. I must elsewhere.”

“Yes,” faintly murmured the architect.

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight in this spot," said the fiend, and disappeared in the same moment.

Another restless, wretched night was spent by the hapless man; and he arose on the morrow feverish and fainting. As he sat in the open window of his chamber, which overlooked the broad river and the huge city, and surveyed the spires and domes that rose around him in every direction, he thought within himself, with a feeling of pride, how he should like to add an ornament to the scene which would surpass them all; and then, by a natural process, his mind reverted to the spot he should select as the most commanding for the magnificent fabric which he intended to rear, less to the glory of God than to his own earthly honour. While he thus sat and thought, he saw his old house-keeper, Matilda, hasten forth; and he called to her in a friendly voice, to greet her, and ask whither she was going.

"I go, my master," she replied, after she had returned his salute; "I go to the Church of the Holy Apostles to have a mass read for the redemption of a poor soul I once knew, from the fire of purgatory."

"A mass for the redemption of a poor soul!" repeated he involuntarily. A shudder, which made his blood run cold, came over him, and he hastily closed the window.

"A mass for the redemption of a poor soul!" he exclaimed, as he paced the apartment, wringing his hands and weeping bitterly. "Alas! and wo is me! for my soul there is no redemption.

I am damned—damned for ever! for ever, and ever, and ever! Oh God! oh God!”

The spirit of that Saviour who suffered for erring man swept over him: he knelt by his couch and prayed fervently to a God who never yet forsook the truly contrite of heart, nor refused consolation to the afflicted penitent. In this attitude he was found by the old housekeeper, on her return from church, after she had executed her pious mission. Little persuasion on her part sufficed to make him reveal the cause of his sorrow and deep despair. His heart was humbled—he told her all.

“Heaven forbid!” exclaimed she, in affright. “To sell thy soul to Satan! Oh, no! It must not be, my dear master. What would become of me if he claimed his bond?”

They mixed their tears together. It was a mournful scene to see a bold and bearded man weeping for his sins, and a gentle aged woman comforting him.

“I have it!” cried the old Matilda on a sudden, as if inspired: “I have it! You must go to your father confessor.”

“Thank God!” said he; “I feel there is still hope for me. I go.”

He went accordingly, and communicated to the pious man the history of the two past nights. The priest was religious, and he shuddered to hear the tale; but he was also a sensible and discreet man, and he thought how to profit by the circumstance. He was likewise a patriot, loving his country with a devotion uncommon to his state; and he fancied that, even as good oft

cometh from evil, advantage to his native city might be derived from even this source.

"A cathedral," soliloquised he, ere he spake absolution to the penitent, — "a cathedral, which not alone will make Germany the first country in the ecclesiastical world, but also make Cologne its first city! An edifice which will render my native place the wonder and the envy of all Christendom, to which pilgrims shall flock from the ends of the earth, and where saints may repose in perpetual glory! It must be so."

He opened a small shrine which stood in the sacristy of the church, and took therefrom a relic. It was a fragment of the true cross, which had been brought from Palestine by the crusaders, and which had performed several remarkable cures during its stay in Cologne.

"Here, my son," he said to the architect, "take this, and go fearlessly to meet the foul fiend. Get the plan you tell me of into your possession before you subscribe the pact with your blood, and then shew him the sacred relic. I warrant you he troubles you no more. Go, and fear not. Cologne must not lose such a chance."

It wanted just a half hour to midnight when the architect left his own dwelling, on his way once more to the place of appointment with the arch-foe of mankind. He was calm and collected; his countenance even expressed joy and pleasure: for his mind was at peace, his heart was relieved from its anxiety; and he bore beneath his cloak, on his breast, the blessed fragment of wood, like a buckler, to render him invincible. At twelve o'clock he stood on the sand by the Frankenpforte: the fiend was there before him.

"And now to business," said the evil one; "I have much to do to-night. Be quick. Here's the plan; and here is the compact. Just breathe a vein in your right arm, and sign this document with the blood. The plan is then your own."

The architect bared his arm; but he discovered he had neither lancet, nor knife, nor other sharp instrument wherewith to prick it. He fumbled in his pockets in vain. There was nothing to be found in doublet or hose which could answer the purpose. The fiend became impatient.

"Here," he said, "hold this for a moment, and I'll find a sharp flint. I carry no knives about me. It is rather too hot where I live; they would melt in our pockets there."

The architect stretched forth his hand and seized the plan, as the demon stooped to find a fitting stone. It was only the work of a moment. When the tempter rose, he saw with horror his intended victim brandishing the blessed relic before him, and heard him lustily exclaim,—

"Avaunt, Satanas! avaunt! To hell with thee, in the name of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! By virtue of this true cross, avaunt!"

Satan was in truth astonished, as well he might be, to find himself outwitted by one whom he had thought so completely in his power.

"I am vanquished!" and he gnashed his teeth, and stamped his cloven foot on the earth as he spake "I am vanquished, it is true; but I shall still have my revenge."

"Avaunt, Satanas! avaunt!" was the only reply made by his opponent, who still most sedulously crossed himself with the precious relic,

and occasionally protruded it at the demon whenever he approached too near.

"I'll have my revenge," continued the prince of hell, "despite of your persons and your other mummexies. The church you build from that plan shall never be finished; and, though you may not be damned, you will be—almost as bad for you—*forgotten* as its architect. Future ages will find it a fragment, and your name will never be known to posterity."

So saying, he disappeared in the usual manner; that is to say, suddenly, with a fizz, a flash, and a foul odour.

Slowly and sadly the conqueror wended his way homewards. He had attained the object of his desire, yet still was he most unhappy. The words of the fiend had fallen like molten lead upon his heart, and he felt that they would be verified. Unfinished—unknown—*forgotten*! It was enough to make any man who set his heart upon fame sorrowful even unto the death. So he was. Next morning he caused a solemn high mass to be sung in honour of his victory, and in gratitude for his escape. He then commenced the erection of the cathedral. For a while it proceeded as well as he could wish. As each course of stone-work accumulated into walls; as each wall began to develope its parts and proportions; as pillars and portals began to emerge from the mass of masonry; and window and coigne, buttress and tower, gable, and roof, and pinnacle, rose daily into altitude and beauty, he almost forgot the prophecy of the fiend in transport at the prospect. Nay, on the day the choir was completed, he even deemed that, according to

his wont, the demon had dealt in lies; and, in the hope to utterly defeat him, he caused his own name to be deeply engraven on a massive iron plate, and placed high and conspicuously over the portal. But it was an idle hope, a vain delusion. Ere the body of the building had been begun, feuds of the fiercest nature broke out between the archbishop and the burghers of Cologne; the work was suddenly suspended in consequence, and never was resumed during the lifetime of the architect. He did not long survive this stroke; and it is said his death was so sudden, and accompanied by such peculiar circumstances, as left little doubt of its being a deed of darkness.

It was in the year 1248 that this stupendous structure was begun; and in the year 1499, that is to say, two hundred and fifty years later, they laboured at it still. Yet it is even now—five centuries and upwards from the date of its commencement—a mere fragment. Many princes have sought at various periods to complete it; but, from different causes, they were prevented doing so. It is a singular fact, connected with the history as well as the tradition of this cathedral, that, though sought for with the most interesting zeal and the most intense avidity by the learned of Germany, the name of the architect who designed it is utterly unknown.

This is the legend of the plan of the Cathedral of Cologne.

THE ERECTION.*

At the time the erection of this noble edifice commenced, an aqueduct was also planned, contemporaneously with it, for the supply of the city with purer water than that of the Rhine. The architect of the cathedral was made aware of the circumstance, and asked his opinion of the result of the work by his brother architect of the aqueduct.

"By God!" said he, swearing out—for he was a swearing man—"thy little aqueduct will not be finished before my cathedral is completed."

Now, why did he say this? Because he, and he alone, knew the exact situation of the spring from which the water for that work was to be supplied. No; I had forgotten; his wife also knew it; for he had disclosed it to her, and enjoined her, on the peril of soul and body, not to reveal it to any one.

The erection of the cathedral proceeded rapidly; but the foundations of the aqueduct were not even laid, because a spring or source for its supply with water could not be discovered by its architect. Great was his grief and discontent at this; for he saw that his reputation would be ruined for ever if he was found unable to complete the work which he had planned. His wife, however, who was a prudent woman, bethought her of a means of saving her husband's reputation. Putting on her ruff and head-gear, she went on a visit to the house of the architect of the cathedral, at a time of the day when she

* "Deutsche Sagen, von den Brüdern Grimm." Berlin, 1818.

knew he would not be at home. She was well received by her friend his wife, and entertained in the best manner. Old passages in their life were revived and talked over with an earnestness and pleasure which none but women can feel on such occasions. One topic led to another; the warmth of friendship and the excitement of Kirschenwasser had their influence on both ladies; the conversation on their private affairs flowed more freely; and, at length, the hostess, under a promise of inviolable secrecy, proceeded to communicate to her friend the secret of the spring or source of water for the aqueduct.

"Now," said she, "you'll promise me never to tell any one?"

"Truly," replied the other.

"Not even your man?"

"No; assuredly not."

"Well, then," she continued, "as all is right now, I'll just let you know the secret. But my husband would have my life if he found that I had discovered it to any one."

"Oh! don't fear me," said her friend.

"Oh, no! I don't. If I did, would I tell you? Well, then, it is"—she whispered as she said it—"it is under the great tower of the cathedral, close to the foundations. That is the secret; tell no one. If you walk past yourself, you will see a large stone—you know the Devil's Stone?—that covers it."

It need scarcely be said that promises of secrecy were renewed, with the same intention of keeping them as we generally find among our friends when they think they may profit by breaking them.

The next day the architect of the aqueduct, armed with the civic authority, proceeded to the place pointed out by the indiscretion of his brother architect's wife, and sunk a well beside the Devil's Stone. The result answered his expectation. Water of the purest quality bubbled up in immense quantity before they had dug three feet below the surface.

All this was witnessed by the architect of the cathedral. He saw his secret was discovered, and his assertion in a fair way to be falsified. There was nothing but shame in store for him; and he had no prospect but of vexation for the remainder of his life. The foundations of the aqueduct were laid the work proceeded. Rage and resentment overpowered him; he cursed the sacred edifice in the erection of which he was engaged; and then died of a broken heart.

From thenceforward the building never advanced a single inch towards completion; as it then was, so it is now—in the same condition he left it. In vain did his successor labour to finish it; in vain did the prince-archbishop pray and punish, reward and threaten, those engaged in it; architect after architect was employed, but still the work made no visible progress. What was raised in the day was destroyed in the night; and the portion added in the evening, notwithstanding all the security of clamps and covering during the hours of darkness, was always found reduced to the original level in the morning. Thus the thing went on for a year; until, at length, all further attempts were relinquished in despair. The cathedral remains to this day

as that wicked architect is said to have left it,—
a great effect produced by a trifling cause.

Another tradition, however, assigns a different cause for the incompleteness of the fabric.

The devil was vexed, as well he might be, at the progress which was daily made in the erection of this truly stupendous temple to the true God; and he resolved to interrupt it, if he could, by any possibility, do so. To this end, disguised as an elderly gentleman, to prevent the annoyance of a crowd, he sought out Herr Gerhard, the architect. Herr Gerhard, who was a freemason as well as an architect, of course knew his visitor at once; and, as he was a polite man, as well as a clever artist, he received him with all due courtesy. Refreshments were offered by the host, and declined by the guest.

"Thank ye, thank ye," said the prince of darkness; "your meat and drink here on earth is not over much to my taste; they are not high-seasoned or hot enough for me."

"But I can give you a glass of Portugal wine," said the architect. "I had it direct from London. You may trust to that for heat. It is four parts brandy. It is real London Particular, I assure you."

"Thank you all the same," replied Satan; "but I have had a morning draught of Phlegethon. Besides, I come to you about business. You are a little in the sporting line, eh?"

The host nodded his head in token of assent.

"I am rather that way myself," continued the

devil; "and I come to make a bet with you about the building of the cathedral."

"Now, betting was the soft part in our architect's composition; and so, although he was otherwise a worthy, religious man, and a polite one, too, as we have just seen, he let himself be taken in by the cunning serpent.

"I'm your man!" said he, slapping the devil's thigh with his hand. "What's your wager?"

"That I'll bring a brook from Treves to Cologne singlehanded, before you complete the cathedral, how many hands soever you may employ on it."

"But you're the——" (the polite host hesitated)

"—— Devil," added his guest. "Well, what of that?"

The architect bowed, and smiled, and looked knowing, as men generally do when they are about to be very much outwitted.

"I'll work single-handed," continued the fiend. "One is one. You may multiply your present number of hands by a hundred if you will. Can any thing be fairer?"

"Done!" exclaimed Herr Gerhard, who was now fairly caught. "When shall we begin?"

"The sooner the better," replied his guest, rising to depart.

"To-morrow, then," said he.

"To-morrow," said the devil, making his best bow at the door, and doubling up his tail lest it should cause him to trip as he stumped down stairs with his cloven foot.

"But the wager?" asked the architect rather falteringly.

"Your soul, if I win," said the devil.

"Any thing of mine you may take a fancy to, if I lose. Good morning."

"Good morning," murmured Herr Gerhard, and sank senseless on a chair.

The apartment required fumigation all that day and night; for the fiend left behind him a smell almost as offensive as that of tobacco smoke.

Next day Herr Gerhard began to work in good earnest: every hand that could be had for love or money he employed; and all was activity from the Dombrüche, or cathedral quarry, in the Drachenfels mountain, to the proud city of Cologne itself. It may be easily imagined that, with such a stake, the architect was not slow; but neither was his antagonist idle. Days and weeks passed over; the efforts of Herr Gerhard were unabated; and, as he saw no signs of his opponent's labour, he began to look with confidence to success.

"What shall I require," said he one day as he ascended the highest of the two towers, which exist in the state they were then left to this day—"What shall I require from the cunning dog? He thought he had done me. Ha! ha! that's not bad either."

He reached the top of the tower; and, as he was rather a lusty man, he sat down on the windlass of the crane which, even now, stands there as it stood then. It was a noble prospect. The broad river flowed far below him; the vast city lay outspread at his feet; the flat, fat country to the west, almost as far as Aix, was under his eye; and to the south rose the majesty of the Seven Mountains. He looked every where

but towards Treves; at last he looked to that quarter too. A flight of wild ducks rose from the ground in the direction taken by his eye.

"Quack, quack, quack," went their hundred ornithological tongues, while the whirr of their wings, as they sailed high over his head, added to his incipient confusion and dismay.

"What do I see!" exclaimed he in a tone of horror and affright.

The brook, like a thread of silver, was visible, creeping towards him in the direction from Treves. It was within a half hour's run of Cologne. He could perceive its progress as a man may that of the minute-hand of a clock. Every moment brought it nearer: every second was fraught with death and eternal destruction to him.

"Demon!" exclaimed he in a fit of rage, "you have won. But you shall never have your wager from me alive."

With these words he flung himself from the tower, and was shattered to pieces by the fall. The fiend, in the shape of a large black hound, sprang after him; but he was too late to seize him alive. Thus perished the foolish wight who would wager with the devil. Since his death, no further progress has been made towards the completion of the cathedral; it stands exactly as he is said to have left it.

The suicide and the spirit-hound were sculptured in relief high up in the fatal tower, whence the hapless architect had precipitated himself. And it is confidently asserted, by the enlightened populace of Cologne, that if you lay your ear to the ground by the Devil's Stone, you will

hear the gurgle of a brook, as it flows to the river, under the foundations of the cathedral.

Another tradition tells us that the suspension of the progress of the edifice was owing to the seduction of the architect's wife by the prince of darkness. She discovered to her insinuating lover the secret of the building communicated to her by her husband; and he made such an effectual use of it—the how is not related—that the structure was never finished.

THE DEVIL'S STONE.

As allusion has been made more than once in these traditions to the Devil's Stone, it may be as well to tell the legend connected with it.

According to all authentic tradition, his infernal majesty was very much annoyed at the commencement and progress of the cathedral. Day after day, and night after night, he was to be found flitting between Cologne and the Seven Mountains, where the quarries whence the stone for building it was extracted, were situated; but still he could find no means of putting a stop to the sacred work. At length, one morning, he saw the Chapel of the Three Kings just finished; the scaffolding was removed, and it stood forth in all its beauty. He could endure it no longer. Flying with the velocity of lightning to the Seven Mountains, he lighted on the summit of the Drachensfels; and, reaching to the cathedral quarry half way down the mountain, he picked up a huge mass of stone and flung it with all his might and main at the sacred edifice. By the particular inter-

position of Providence, in the shape, it is said, of a sudden hurricane from the N.N.W., the mighty mass fell a few feet short of its destination, and thundered down on the very spot on which it now stands. The claw-prints of the fiend's fingers are still seen in it. It is called, from this circumstance, the Devil's Stone (Teufelsstein).

THE FIRE-BELL.

In the taller of the two grand towers which stand at the entrance to the cathedral, hangs the great bell, better known as the Fire-bell of Cologne. It weighs, according to Schreiber's statement, 25,000 lbs. To that bell attaches the ensuing tradition, which has been thus metricaly rendered.*

The bell of Cologne cathedral had lost through time its tone;

"Who casts instead another, the glory be his own!"

'Twas thus outspake the council of that proud city free;

And Wolf, the founder, sought the work, ** a bold, bad man was he.

Fain would he see his handy-work high poised in middle air;

* By J. G. Seidl. This poem is given in Dr. Simrock's elegant little volume, entitled "Rheinsagen aus dem Munde des Volks und Deutscher Dichter." Bonn, 1837.

** Bell-founding was and is an art in high repute in Germany, even at this day; and various ceremonies are performed prior, during, and subsequent to the casting. The curious reader is referred, for particulars, to Schillers "Lied von der Glocke,"

Fain hear its deep and solemn voice the city call
to prayer.

Fain would he have it hung aloft, in that gorgeous
church's tower ;

A wonder and a monument of his great skill and
power,

* * * * *

Within the ample furnace verge the melted metal
stood,

Awaiting his behest alone, to rush in fiery flood.
He oped with care its aperture, outgushing it did
glow ;

"Luck to the work!"—'twas thus he spake—
"In God's name let it go!"

And forth it flashed - a lava flood—and quickly
fill'd the mould ;

All-anxious were the gazing crowd, until the
cast was cold.

The earthy husk is broken sheer, the bell to
view is given ;

From crown to rim 'tis riven clean—"a crack!
a crack! by Heaven!"

* * * * *

"Once more," thus Wolf, "I'll try the trick!
'twere shame to give it o'er."

A second mould is fashioned soon, the metal
glows once more.

The melted ore outgush'd again, the word in
God's name's given.

Again the husk is cleft in haste—"another crack,
by heaven!"

* * * * *

"Once more," in passion spake he—"but, in
God's name, now no more!

In the devil's name I'll try it now — would it
were so before!"

The metal glows like molten gold—thorough the
chink it rushes;

And, in the foul-fiends name, so free, into the
mould it gushes.

The crowd, though struck with horror great, still
watched around to see,

What came of such strange casting what came
of flood so free.

The mould once more is cleft in twain, the bell
to view is given;

No cleaner cast e'er yet was seen 'neath the
canopy of heaven!

* * * * *

In jubilee they bear that bell the crowded streets
along;

All joy they heave it to its place, with tackle
tough and strong;

'Tis hung within that massy tower, where to
this day it stands.

"The trial of its tone," cried Wolf, be the work
of mine own hands."

He pulls the rope; the huge bell booms—Oh,
God! the fearful sound,

Flung from its brazen throat! 'Twas such, the
city was astound.

Some cross'd themselves—some stopp'd their ears
—some hid themselves for fright:

In madness and in wild despair, Wolf sprang
from that tower's height.

* * * * *

Since then there hangs that fated bell, a war-
ning to the bad;

A lesson to the wicked 'tis, its tale so deep
and sad.

The offspring of the skill of hell—the child of
curses dire.

'Tis now but toll'd in time of storm, of dread,
or dool, or fire.

This ends the legends of the cathedral, at
least those worthy of transcription here. The
relics of the Three Kings; the contents of the
Golden Chamber; the curiosities of the library;
the chapels and the shrines; the tombs of the
archbishops and other great people, *et hoc genus
omne*, are left for the compilers of guide-books
and travellers' manuals.

ST. MARY O' THE CAPITOL.

The Church of St. Mary o' the Capitol is situated on the Capitoline Mount of Cologne; the spot where the capitol of that city once stood when it was in the possession of the Romans. It was founded by Plectrude, the wife of Pepin of Heristall, and mother of Charles Martel, in the latter part of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century; but, having suffered considerably in the invasion of the Normans in the eleventh century, it was almost altogether re-edified subsequent to that period. It possesses many valuable works of art in painting and sculpture; but, perhaps, the most interesting among them is a small group of the Virgin and Child, connected with which is the following beautiful tradition.

On the south-east side of the stately Church of St. Mary o' the Capitol is an elegant gate in

the pointed Gothic style, with four niches, on which the legend of the Three Kings of Cologne is sculptured in ancient workmanship. Close by this entrance—from that circumstance called “The Three Kings’ Gate”—in days of yore dwelt a poor but God-fearing couple, with one only child, named Herman Joseph. The father was a shoemaker, and the mother assisted him in his business.

From his earliest years Herman Joseph evinced an uncommon degree of piety and goodness. He was one of the best of sons; and never gave his poor parents the slightest cause of distress or complaint. When he was sufficiently old they sent him to school; and every morning on his way thither he turned first into the Church of Mary o’ the Capitol, and offered up a prayer before the image of the immaculate Mother of God, and the infant Saviour in her arms, ere he proceeded further. On play-days, also, instead of wandering abroad like his schoolfellows, and other boys of the same age as himself, he always sought this church; and there, kneeling before the sacred images, would tell them, in the infantile simplicity of his little heart, all that he had learned, all that he wished to learn, all he had done, all he had suffered; in a word, all his little “hopes, and fears that kindle hope;” and then he would pray for their blessing and assistance with a most edifying devotion. Nor, as the legend runs, was he unheard or his prayer unheeded. The infant Jesus often spoke to him in the words of encouragement; and always bade him welcome to the church whenever he could visit it: while the

mild and gracious Virgin smiled approvingly upon his confidence in her, and comforted his little heart when he wept or had cause of sorrow. He would fain play with the Saviour of the world, as children are wont to do with each other; but he could not reach him, as he sat on his mother's knees, for the pedestal on which they were placed was far too high for his diminutive hands to reach. This was a source of considerable grief to him. But the gentle Mary consoled him, and promised that when he grew taller he should have his wish gratified. Thus sped a couple of years.

Meanwhile Herman Joseph increased in size, and also in godliness. He was now a great boy, and could reach the feet of the Virgin with his hands. It was a happiness to him to touch the hem of her garment. His piety increased in fervour with his strength, and years, and knowledge; and all his spare hours were spent in the church praying to his dear friends—for he looked on them as such—or in kindly conversation with the blessed Mother and her Saviour Son on the past or on the future. One day, that his own poor mother had rewarded him with an apple of wondrous beauty, he hastened to find his heavenly playmate for the purpose of presenting it to him.

"Here," he cried, as he reached the group; "here, here! mother gave me this beautiful apple, and I give it to you. You will take it from poor Herman Joseph, won't you?"

As he spake, he held forth the apple—which was, in truth, a lovely one to look at—and the infant Jesus stooping from the arms of the Virgin,

took it from his hand. The joy of the poor child, Herman, was indescribable; never before was his little heart made so glad. From thenceforward, daily, he always brought something rare or sweet from his own humble meal to give to his dear playmate; and it was ever received with pleasure, and acknowledged with grateful thanks.

Years lapsed in this manner, and Herman Joseph grew to be a goodly youth. His parents now took him from school, with the intention of putting him to learn his father's trade; they were unable to afford him any further education. This was a source of great trouble and perplexity to him; for he loved learning for its own sake, and wished for nothing more than to be wise. In the sorrow of his soul, he sought his friends in the church; and there, prostrate before them, poured out his grief in a flood of bitter tears.

"Herman Joseph, my child," spake the soft sweet accents of the gentle Mary; "what ails thee? what would'st thou?"

The poor lad told her all, sobbing the while as though his heart would break.

"Be of good cheer, my child," said the kindly Mother; "be comforted; it shall not be."

The image of the infant Jesus, which sat on her knee, smiled benignantly, and nodded its heavenly head at the youthful suppliant, as if in affirmation of the Virgin's words.

"Go, my child," continued she; "you know the choir of this church? Go there at once; and, at the left arm of the cross, close by the door, you will see a large stone set in the wall.

Remove that stone, and you will there find all that is necessary for you."

„With a brimful heart and a tearful eye," as one of the sweetest of nature's poets sings, the happy Herman thanked his patroness and protector, and hastened to do as she had directed. He discovered the stone without the least trouble, and removed it without any difficulty. Beneath it he found a treasure, not large in amount it is true, but still amply sufficient to indemnify his parents for the expenses of his future education, and redeem him from the necessity of following a low mechanical operation for a mere livelihood. His sorrows were now at an end; and from that day forward he devoted himself to learning, piety, and the practice of every virtue which adorns human nature. He did not omit a matutinal visit to the miraculous images which had so effectually befriended him; but neither Virgin nor Child spake to him ever after.

He had now arrived at man's estate; and it became incumbent on him to adopt a profession. There was no hesitation in his choice; the whole tenor of his life inclined him to the service of God: and he therefore entered the church, and took holy orders as a monk of St. Benedict, in the Monastery of Steinfeld, on the Eifel, at some distance from his native city, Cologne. There, night and day, with little rest, and no intermission during his waking hours, did he devote himself to the study of philosophy, theology, and all those sciences which could make him thoroughly conversant with his profession; but in the meantime such was the ardour of

his zeal for learning, and such the intense attention he gave to it, that almost all things else in the world were forgotten. Nay, he nearly forgot his benefactress, the blessed Virgin, and rarely thought of her, but on occasions of distress,—so completely were his faculties absorbed by the occupation of study. Thus matters went on for a time. All of a sudden, however, he discovered a singular and incomprehensible change in the nature of his mind. The more he read, the less he remembered; the more deeply he thought, the less able was he to draw any conclusion;—memory, the power of combination, the faculties of his soul, appeared all at once to have forsaken him, and he seemed to himself a being without consciousness, or reason, or knowledge,—an intellectual ruin, ready to crumble into dust and nothingness at the first rude touch. In this direful state he happily bethought him of his long-forgotten friend and benefactor, the blessed Mother of God, and his resolution was rapidly formed. That very night, with the permission of his superior, he set out for Cologne; and the next morning, at early dawn, he was kneeling before the group which had delighted his infantile days, and formed the hope and the happiness of his adolescence.

"Mother of God," he prayed, his eyes dim with the tears of contrition, "Mother of God, forgive my ingratitude. Sweet Jesus, pardon my sins."

From morning till night he remained in that penitent posture, nor ever removed from the spot to take refreshment or rest. With the fall of darkness on the face of the earth, fell also

a deep sleep on his senses; and in that sleep he had a vision, sent no doubt, from heaven. He thought that he strayed in a wondrous lovely garden, amidst shrubs, and flowers, and fruit, and foliage of the fairest hues, the sweetest taste, and the most exquisite odour; and that all around him were birds of the gayest plumage, perched on the trees, singing joyful songs, and making the skies vocal with a music far beyond that of this world. Sparkling streams, bubbling fountains, and gurgling brooks, stealing now through the shadows of the soft green bowers, anon laughing out in the bright light of the atmosphere—for no sun was visible, though the clearness of the sky greatly transcended his brilliancy,—met his eye at every turn; and his ear was enchanted, while his spirit was rapt in ecstasies of holy joy with the melodious music of millions of celestial beings, singing the praise and the glory of God. As he wandered on through this scene of beauty, he could not help thinking that he was in Paradise; and his suspicions were made certainty when he saw sitting beneath an alcove of amaranth, at the bottom of a magnificent mead of asphodel, which stretched around, further than even the imagination could reach, the identical Virgin and Child, before which he had all day knelt and worshipped. O! how glad it made his heart, to meet again his old friends in this happy region. He approached them quickly; and as he neared the spot where they sate, they rose to receive him. The Virgin advanced to meet him; the infant Jesus clapped his little hands with delight; and the celestial host pealed forth Hosannah, in the

deepest and most perfect diapason. The birds, too, sang sweeter than before; the streams and fountains sounded in their beds like silver bells, and the very trees made music with the motion of their leaves and branches.

"Herman Joseph," said the Virgin, "enter our abode—be welcome!"

He entered, conducted by the Mother of God. There he beheld a table set out in all the magnificence of heaven. Angels of all ranks and degrees in the celestial hierarchy,—seraphim, cherubim, saint, and martyr, stood around in troops; the place was transplendent with the light of their beauty, as they waved their bright pinions in welcome of the Saviour, his maiden Mother, and their pious guest; and nothing can be compared with the melody of their song, as they poured forth the note of praise to the Lord and his chosen. But what surprised the sleeper more than all he had yet seen, was the nature of the banquet itself. The table from end to end was covered with the gifts and offerings which had been made by him in his juvenile days to the group in the church of St. Mary o' the Capitol, and accepted by the infant image of the Saviour; nothing besides decorated the board.

"You are welcome, my child," spake the Virgin, as she seated him beside her; and the little Jesus from her lap reached out the identical apple which he had presented to him as his first offering.

"You are welcome," lisped the Child; "you are welcome."

With these words he awoke. The brilliant

scene was no longer visible; he was alone in the church; still kneeling at the foot of the altar of the Virgin: but the sacred images, notwithstanding the darkness abroad and around, were enveloped in such an intense light, that he could not doubt the reality of his dream, or the certainty of his forgiveness. He arose, and returned to Steinfeld, first bidding an eternal farewell to his father and mother. There he lived till his death, in the odour of sanctity. His learning was as great as his piety; and both were increased every year he survived this vision. He was buried where he died, regretted not alone by his brothers, but by the world. In after years he was canonised.

At the further end of the right hand nave of St. Mary o' the Capitol, as you enter the church is a group in marble, commemorative of St. Herman Joseph's first pious action. He is seen in that representation holding forth the beautiful apple given him by his mother; while the infant Jesus stoops from the lap of the Virgin, and reaches out his little hand to take it. This group is artfully performed by skilful hand.

The miraculous in this celebrated church is not, however, entirely confined to the preceding legend, and its agents and actors. There is an old crucifix within its walls, of which equally strange stories are related. One will suffice here. It is very brief.

THE PAINTER AND THE CRUCIFIX.

"Do not, I entreat you, as you value your life, your salvation in the other world, touch that crucifix: the curse of the Lord is on whoever profanes it with his hands."

"But I will, though, even were I to be annihilated the moment after; and what is more, I'll do it this night."

"Nay, nay, be not so bold," cried a dozen voices at once; "we but joked thee to try thy mettle. Let the wager be withdrawn; we'll none of it."

This dialogue, which almost explains itself, occurred in a wine-house, situated at the corner of a stinking lane, known as the Rinkenpfuhl in the Aachener-Gasse, or High Street, leading to the gate of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, in Cologne. The interlocutors were a wild young artist, and his boon companions, who had met there for a carouse; and the occasion was a wager made by him, in a moment of mad intoxication, that he would paint over with brighter colours the black and unsightly crucifix in the church of St. Mary o' the Capitol, which it was commonly deemed inevitable death even to touch.

At midnight, accordingly, heated with Hochheimer, he sallied forth on his sacrilegious errand notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of his friends and brother carousers, who were recalled to something like sense by the horror which struck them at the bare idea of the crime. He staggered along the narrow dark streets of the dirty city, bearing his pots in one hand,

and his palled and brushes in the other, and arrived at his destination without encountering a single human being. It does not, however follow that he was altogether alone: whether it were fancy, or whether it were reality, cannot be now ascertained, but he was preceded by a lambent flame, like an *ignis fatuus* all the way and ever and anon he was startled by the yelling of a huge black hound, which made itself visible and invisible in the most extraordinary manner. The town was buried in deep sleep, and even the watchers slumbered on their posts, as he passed through the deserted streets. Just as the midnight bell boomed from the cathedral, echoed back by the varied peals of the other churches and public structures, he stood at the great gate of the sacred edifice. One moment only he hesitated; for, at the entrance to the consecrated ground on which the church stands, the flame that had lighted him thither disappeared, and his guardian angel was heard to whisper him, in "the still small voice of conscience," to desist from his unholy purpose. But it was only for a moment. In another minute he stood before the symbol of our salvation, preparing to desecrate it for a paltry bet. He looked around him with horror; and paused ere he proceeded in his task. The very graves seemed to speak to him; and he thought their lifeless tenants, in hollow tones, bade him back: but the demon of false pride had too powerful an influence over him; he felt as though he would rather face certain death than deserve the ridicule of his comrades; and with a resoluteness and determination worthy a better cause, he began the work of

sacrilege. Raising himself on a level with the face of the figure of the dying Christ, he stretched forth his hand, armed with a surcharged pencil, to paint, first, the forehead. He had scarcely touched it, however, when he perceived an unwonted sensation in the extended limb. Feeling had fled from it at the very instant of contact: hand and arm hung for a moment powerless and dead by his side, and then dropped off, even as the withered leaf of an aspen in an October wind. He sunk senseless to the earth, and remained there until the hour of matin service, when he was found by the sexton, and conveyed to his own home. That day he confessed his sins to the archbishop; the same evening he was seized with raving madness; and at the moment of midnight—the moment of the sacrilege, just four and twenty hours after he had desecrated the image of his God, he died in unheard-of agony.

THE RATH HAUS.

Turn we now to traditions connected with the civic structures of Cologne. The first and most interesting of these is the Rath Haus; and the following half-historical, half-poetical legend, associated with it.

THE BURGOMASTER.—THE ARCHBISHOP'S LION.

Among the many bassi-relievi which ornament the pediment of the Rath Haus of Cologne, the most prominent is one which represents a

man fighting alone with a lion. It is directly over the central entrance; and, from its conspicuous situation, never fails to command the attention of the spectator. There is another to the same effect, a *replica*, over the inner portico, which is in a still better state of preservation. Their history runs thus;

In the year 957, Cologne was constituted an imperial free city by Otho the Great; and, in the edict of that constitution, endowed with the privilege of self-government, and all the rights appurtenant thereto: the archbishop of the see being the nominal prince of the city, but no more; the burghers having all the power and profit to themselves. At that period, Bruno, Otho's half-brother, was Bishop of Cologne, and he, of course, willingly acquiesced in these arrangements. But not so his successors. It is at all times a subject of discord to possess only a nominal power and a real responsibility, without profit or advantage; and few men have ever been found ready to undertake them with honest intentions. The history of the ecclesiastical condition tells us that no churchman ever did so: and, therefore, there can be no wonder if the Bishops of Cologne sought to seize the substance as well as the shadow. Accordingly, various attempts were made by them to extend their authority over the city, and to possess themselves of the privileges conceded by the imperial edict to the citizens. They met with various success, though they were generally worsted in the end. Nothing, however, of sufficient importance to cause an open breach between the burghers and their titular sovereign occurred un-

til the time of Hanno II., archbishop of that name, in the middle of the eleventh century.

Hanno was a specious man, and, by the appearance of great piety and self-denial, had acquired a high reputation for sanctity among the country people: the burghers, however, either more enlightened and less superstitious, or, perhaps, looking entirely to their own interest, held him in no such veneration as a prelate, and hated him as a prince. Calculating, however, on this influence, he laid claim to the feudal sovereignty of the city, and insisted on his rights, not alone to nominate the magistracy, but to receive the taxes levied on all articles of commerce entering or leaving the port. The burghers took fire at this encroachment on their liberties; the entire city rose in arms as one man; and the ambitious archbishop had some difficulty in escaping with his life. Many of his followers were slain, and his power completely annihilated in Cologne. He never troubled them afterwards. The lesson taught him by those brave burghers was remembered, also, by several of his successors.

At length Conrad von Hochstetten ascended the archiepiscopal throne of Cologne, in the year of God 1237; and, in a short time, the ancient feud between the city and the see was revived with additional strength and fierceness. Proud, impetuous, and unrelenting - but withal cunning and cautious in furthering his own plans - this prelate was not the man to relinquish any claim made by his predecessors, or scruple at the means of enforcing it. He began, however, with great craft. In the year 1248, he commenced

the erection of that glorious structure, the Cathedral of Cologne, the plan of which had been designed, and the foundation laid, in the time of Engelbert the First, his predecessor. He well knew that the burghers were proud of this splendid structure, and he was determined to take advantage of the circumstance to advance his own pretensions, and effect the overthrow of their ancient freedom. At that period the privilege of coining was vested not alone in cities but also in noble and ancient families, who enjoyed it as a hereditary right; and the most paltry, as well as the most extensive states, had a multiplicity of monies. The first bold step of this prelate was a decree for the abolition of this right, and an order that no coin should pass current except that which issued from his mint. The burghers of Cologne resisted this innovation; and, as the officers of the archbishop enforced it without relaxation, a rebellion was the consequence. That which he could not effect by power he succeeded, however, in effecting by stratagem: he found the results of a cunning insidious policy to be more abundantly advantageous to him than all the efforts of arms and physical strength. Quarrels were excited, by his agency, between the patricians and plebeians of the city; discord was plentifully sown among all social conditions; suspicion against each other was actively engendered in their hearts; they were speedily disunited; hatred of their respective ranks was fomented; their power was dissolved, and they became the prey of their designing enemy. Under pretence of conciliating both parties, he only made the breach

solemnly ratified by the archbishop; and the burghers renewed their oath of allegiance to that prelate, as their local suzerain.

Engelbert was, however; a man whom no vows could bind, and with whom no covenant was sacred, so long as it stood in the way of his ambitious schemes. What he could not effect by force he resolved to accomplish by fraud; and he again set on foot a plot by which to obtain the supremacy of the city. Under pretence of holding a high ecclesiastical court in Cologne, he repaired thither from Bonn, accompanied by a great number of followers wearing concealed arms and armour. His brother, the Count of Falkenberg, at the head of a large force of devoted retainers, smuggled into the city in small bodies of five or ten at the time, during the preceding day, only waited the signal of onset. His plan was to seize on the principal citizens, particularly the leaders of the opposition, while they attended the count. But it was discovered just in time to be effectually defeated. The citizens assembled in large numbers armed to the teeth; precautions were taken to prevent a junction of the Count of Falkenberg's detached followers; and the archbishop and his brother were surprised themselves in the toils they had set for others. Both were made prisoners by the triumphant burghers, and their followers once more expelled the city. Again were the good offices of the Count of Gueldres and the Bishop of Liege called into requisition as mediators; and again were they successful. Through their means Engelbert again obtained his liberty; but not before he had sworn, in the most solemn manner, to trouble

the city no more. The ignominy of his defeat, however, preyed on him night and day; and, as oaths were as little regarded by him, when they stood in his way, as ordinary promises, he was perpetually plotting against the peace and the liberty of the citizens. He was well aware, however, that so long as he had to deal with the brave, wise, old burgomaster, Hermann Grein, he should derive no advantage from his machinations. Him, therefore, he resolved to get rid of as soon as possible.

Hermann Grein was one of those extraordinary men, who seem as if expressly made for occasions of popular emergency. Brave, eloquent, honest, and liberal, he was the idol of the commonalty; while his noble birth and princely qualities gave him high credit with the patrician portion of the community; and his great wealth and extensive business as a merchant and trader, obtained him the confidence of the reputable burghers. He was, besides, prudent, discreet, and far-seeing; and as much fitted as man could be by the suavity of his manners, the wisdom of his words, blamelessness of his life, and the whole tenour of his thoughts and actions, to reconcile contending parties, and unite them against the common enemy of their freedom. On him was the ire of the archbishop now concentrated. The wary prelate knew right well, that while this old man lived his evil propensities would never be gratified; in other words, that all attempts to regain his lost sway over the fair city of Cologne would be fruitless.

In the monastery contiguous to the cathedral were found fitting agents for the archbishop's pur-

pose. Two canons of the foundation, who recommended themselves to him by their private hatred of Hermann Grein, were admitted to a knowledge of his diabolical design, and undertook to carry it into execution. In this monastery was a sort of rude museum, among the chief curiosities of which was an enormous lion, noted for his fierce, untameable nature. This fearful animal was intended by them for a principal actor in the terrible tragedy which they contemplated.

It was intimated to Hermann Grein, under the seal of secrecy, that the archbishop wished to treat with him privately respecting his claims on the sovereignty of the city; and that he felt disposed to grant all that the citizens desired of his own free will, with the exception of a few trifling conditions. The emissaries of the archbishop on this occasion were the two canons. They further informed the burgomaster—finding him an attentive auditor that their master would meet him in private in the monastery at any time he should think proper to name. After some consideration on the part of Hermann Grein, and much manœuvring on the part of the archbishop's emissaries, it was at last settled that the meeting should take place at dinner. They departed; and the burgomaster prepared to attend accordingly. He took, however, the precaution of confiding the whole affair to the chief members of the council; and also, of arming himself to the teeth in the event of the worst. It was a noble sight to see that gallant old man, clothed in costly under-garments, a gold-velvet barret cap, from which flaunted a mag-

resplendent ostrich plume, on his gray head, a rich Spanish mantle hung over his shoulders, and his keen kurt Roman glaive by his side, go forth alone to face his foes, greeted by the smile of his friends, the reverence of his fellows, the gratulations of young and old of both sexes, and followed by the prayers and blessings of all. Thus accompanied, and thus only, he soon reached the precincts of the cathedral.

The ponderous portal of the monastery sprung wide to his first touch, and a handsome page, in the archbishop's livery, stood before him. He entered, the page preceding him; and, ascending the steps at the further end of the ample hall, soon stood in a suite of apartments on a level with the garden. Here he was received by the two canons, who had invited him thither, and managed the negotiation for the meeting.

"Welcome, most noble burgomaster," spoke they; "thrice welcome to these walls. All feud between the archbishop and the burghers is now at an end; and once more the city shall enjoy peace. Welcome, therefore, brave and noble burgomaster."

"I thank ye, gentles," replied the burgomaster; "freely I thank you for the cordiality of your welcome: and can assure you, that on my part nothing shall be left undone to promote that peace which none desires more than I do—always assuming it to be consistent with what we free citizens of Cologne consider our just rights and privileges. But where is my lord, the archbishop?"

"You are fond of the beauties of nature," resumed one of the canons; "and so is his

highness, too. We are but poor priests, as you wot, and have little to shew that a rich burgher, whose traffic extends to the ends of the earth, may deem worthy to see. But yet there is a something yonder, in a corner of the garden of this house, which is well worth the looking at, more especially as our lord the archbishop is there admiring it also. Most noble burgomaster, would you while away the moments there, until our frugal meal is served up, in the company of his highness?"

"Most willingly," answered Grein; "lead onwards."

They entered a narrow winding passage, which looked into the garden; Grein followed them unsuspectingly. They soon emerged into the garden itself. It was a lovely spot, furnished with all the known exotics of the period, and also with native flowers and fruits in the highest state of perfection. Short time was, however, allowed the burgomaster to admire them, for his conductors seemed impatient to bring him to the spot where he should find the prelate. They traversed the walks with rapid steps. A small door presented itself, bound with iron, and of uncommon thickness and strength.

"Here, most noble burgomaster," said the leader, "is our private garden, into which none but those we prize the highest are admitted. Enter. You will find his highness at the further end. We may go no further; for the spot is sacred to the heads of our house, and is not to be intruded on by any save the archbishop or his guests. Go in, and God speed ye."

As this was said the door opened with a

touch; and, ere the hesitating burgomaster could reply, he found himself forced within it. The heavy crash of the shutting postern recalled him to a sense of his situation;—and what a situation! From the darkest corner of a narrow enclosure, bounded on all sides by high dead walls, beyond which was nothing to be seen save the unfinished tower of the cathedral, the earth covered with the skulls and bones of beasts, like the floor of a slaughter-house, gleamed forth like two lambent fires a pair of hideous eyes, and resounded a terrific growl, like to the voice of distant thunder. In this spot stood Hermann Grein, his only companion a fierce lion; the only human sound he could hear, a mocking fiendish laugh from the traitors who had thus betrayed him to certain destruction.

“Now, most noble burgomaster,” they scornfully shouted “our archbishop is avenged. Call all your proud compeers as loud as you list, they cannot deliver you. Henceforth shall the city have peace, such as our holy church may permit of.—Ha! ha! ha!”

A moment's consideration sufficed for the brave old burgomaster—in another moment he was ready, for life or for death. Drawing his sword, he wrapped his mantle in thick folds round his left arm, to serve as a shield, and took his position in the angle opposite the raging animal. In a moment more the beast emerged slowly from his den.

“God prosper the right,” prayed the old man; “if I fall, there are many more as good as me to watch over the freedom of this fair city.”

He had scarce spoke the words when the furi-

ous beast, with a roar and a bound, was on him. He had, however, foreseen the direction which the animal would take, and, by leaping a little on one side, escaped the full force of the spring. But he could not escape a severe wound from the animal's claw, which, however, he returned with another in the brute's right side. And now the combat commenced in good earnest. The lion raised himself on his hind legs, and grasped the hapless burgomaster in his paws, as a cat would a mouse, while he attempted to swallow his head in the enormous mouth which gaped to receive it; but Grein defended himself desperately; and, while he thrust his arm, enveloped in the mantle as it was, down the monster's throat, he stabbed him in various parts of the sides and belly. This unequal battle lasted but a few minutes. Grein, by a fortunate thrust, succeeded in reaching the lion's heart, - at the same moment that, exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, he fell to the earth himself, beside his formidable adversary.

As he lay thus, he was recalled to life by the loud shouts of a raging crowd, and the deep boom of the alarm-bell of the city. Opening his eyes, he saw that the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and that it was late evening. A few minutes more awoke him to a recollection of the past; and, making an altar of the dead lion's huge carcass, he prayed fervently to that Omnipotence which had vouchsafed his deliverance from such imminent and fearful peril. While thus occupied, the little wicked was forced open, and thousands of his friends and followers rushed into the narrow enclosure.

Suspecting that his long absence boded no good to him, or to the cause, his brothers of the council, in accordance with his advice, had made preparations to seek him. The rumour of his death got wind in the city, and thousands followed the troops sent to his rescue. When the traitorous canons saw them coming, they cunningly rushed forth to meet them, tearing their robes and crying aloud that the burgomaster had, by accident, gone into the den of the archbishop's lion, and had been there devoured by the animal. But the crowd gave no credit to their affected grief; making use of them only to point out the spot where the brave old man was cast, as a prey to the raging beast.

A few words sufficed to tell the tale of their guilt, and of the burgomaster's escape; and a few moments sufficed for their trial and condemnation. Short shrift was allowed them by the maddened mob; and no respect was paid to their priestly condition by men who were honest enough to believe that the greater the enlightenment the greater the guilt. They were hung at once, in the clerical garb as they stood, at the gate of the monastery, since known, from that circumstance, as the "Priests' Gate." The struggles of death had not ceased, nor was consciousness even extinct, when the friends of Hermann Grein bore him past them, in a rude litter hastily constructed for the occasion; crowned with laurel, covered with flowers, and accompanied with shouts of gratulation and triumph.

Such is the legend of the Lion Fight on the portico of the Rath Haus.

A word or two respecting the consequences

that accrued from this act may not be misplaced here. The city of Cologne formally complained to the emperor of Germany, the brave and wise Rudolph von Habsburgh, of this outrage; and the archbishop was cited before the imperial tribunal to answer the accusation. But he denied all participation in it; and, as there was no direct proof against him, by reason of the hasty execution of his accomplices, he was legally exculpated. Morally, however, he was not: for no one, not even the emperor himself, believed in his innocence. He never afterwards entered Cologne. Failing in various unsuccessful attempts to obtain the mastery of the city, principally by underhand means, he was again made prisoner, in a battle between the burghers and their allies, and his troops; and only liberated through the intercession of his ancient friend, Albertus Magnus. He died of mortified pride and disappointed ambition, A. D. 1275.

UDORF.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

There is a lonely mill, close by the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story; which, whether it be regarded as an instance of presence of mind in a female, or as a special interposition of Providence, is equally remarkable and worthy of attention.

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hersel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Bottelor. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbade his house; but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too; and, although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him, and have a gossip, while he despatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labour all day long, and you do nothing. But, never mind! 'twould go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in

good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time; "where is master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money, or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her—"The grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles: a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly;

"what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you hug me so tight. And if I can't stir you can't get the money, that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the household will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and, finally, let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said; "quick! quick!—no delay. The money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in a corner of the room; "this will wrench it open at once; and, while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immedi-

tely broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tiptoe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill and gave the alarm.

"Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly! fly to father! fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered and he haste not back! Fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl; and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward, and inspirited his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy! bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart; "an master arrive in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed Lady of the Kreutzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit, and she wept, as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for

this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout; "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance; and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however; and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger; and, in a moment more, she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself; "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee!" he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye! *Tausend Teufel!*"

"If you can, you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you; and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her to reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hanschen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant; and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to bide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces

with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sword, as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied: perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill; and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen of the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance; and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set it a-going now? It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbours, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the

cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed; "'tis God sent it to me !"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprung up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as they came into action: the mill was in full operation,

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hannchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added, that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotatory prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the mean time, the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion;

and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round, and round, and round, in the untiring wheel, until, at last, feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine; but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances, in connexion with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbours. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention; and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords where-with the child was tied; but he was unable to obtain any account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hannchen, in a few words, told all; and then

the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with great difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well; but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years; and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger and her deliverance.

B O N N .

*"Bonna solum felix, celebris locus, inclita tellus,
Florida martyrio, terra sacrata Deo—
Eulibus requies, asylum mite fuisti
Semper, et externi te reparare suam."*

Bonn is one of the oldest cities on the shores of the Rhine. It was first a camp of the *Ubii*, and was then known as *Ara Ubiorum*. Mercury was worshipped there with great state. On the coming of the Romans, it was converted into one of the strong field-settlements of that all-

conquering people. During the early period of their dominion, it bore the names of *Verona* and *Bonna*, or rather *Bonnensia Castra*, from the sixteenth legion which lay there intrenched for a considerable period.

Bonn was subsequently the site of one of the fifty castles built by Drusus Germanicus, along the shores of the river, to overawe the barbarians. Tradition states that this hero built a bridge there, to unite the Roman territories on both sides of the Rhine; but there is no mention made of the fact in authentic history, and no remnant of such a structure now exists to corroborate the tradition.

The Christian religion is said to have been preached in Bonn, by the Apocryphal Saint Maternus, in the first and second centuries after Christ; but of this allegation, also, there is not any thing like historical proof. It may suit the patriotism of local antiquaries, to make their city as early a convert to the true faith as the centre of Christianity itself; but to adopt their prejudiced opinions, were only to be willfully misled. The Christian creed, there is every reason to believe, was not generally known on any part of the Rhine until the latter end of the fourth century, and the most incontrovertible authorities fix its propagation as the acts of the Irish missionaries, Fridolin and Boniface.

It is to be presumed, that the original nucleus of the city of Bonn was the Castle of Drusus Germanicus, for the Camp of the Ubii can scarcely be so deemed. The advantageous situation of the place, however, recommended it, in process of time, to the masters of the world; and

it became, in consequence, very early in the Christian æra, of considerable importance among the colonial cities of the Roman empire.

Bonn suffered severely, in common with all the Roman possessions on the Rhine, during the latter period of the reign of Constantius (A.D. 350—359). It fell a prey to the barbarous *Allemanni*, in their several invasions of Gaul; and was more than once reduced to a heap of smoking ruins by those abhorers of the restraints of walls and houses. But Julian the Apostate, after his third successful campaign against them, reconstructed the fortifications, and re-edified its public structures, and Bonn was soon raised to a more flourishing condition than ever.

The history of the city for some centuries subsequently is very obscure. It is only known with certainty that it was thrice destroyed by the Normans, in their incursions on the kingdom of the Franks, about the latter end of the ninth century.

In the year 921, Bonn was the scene of an interview between Henry the Fowler, Emperor of Germany, and Charles the Simple, King of France; and there, also, that memorable alliance was concluded, which subjected the weak-minded French monarch as a vassal to his strong-minded imperial brother. This interview took place in the middle of the Rhine, opposite the centre of the city. Bonn was also the seat of a great council of the church, A.D. 942; from whence, however, nothing memorable emanated.

Conrad von Hochstetten, Archbishop of Cologne, so frequently alluded to in these pages, was the

first of the spiritual princes of that arch-diocese who took up his abode in Bonn. He strengthened the fortifications, concentrated all his forces in the city and its neighbourhood, formed an extensive dépôt of arms and munitions of warfare within its walls, and, finally, established his court there. Succeeding electors followed his example; and, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, to the annexation of the electorate of Cologne to the kingdom of Prussia, in the early part of the nineteenth, Bonn was the seat of the electoral power, the residence of the elector himself, and the capital of the spiritual and temporal principality.

For this reason, when almost every other city on the Rhine was democratic in its institutions; those of Bonn were still purely monarchical. In the struggles of the citizens of Cologne for selfgovernment, the citizens of Bonn felt no sympathy; and they took no part in the various quarrels between the archbishop and his subjects, except against the latter. The citizens of Bonn willingly afforded refuge and assistance to the archbishops, on all occasions of distress or defeat by their turbulent brethren of Cologne; and these princes endowed them, from time to time, with the greatest privileges, in requital for their fidelity. In Cologne, the archbishops were hated at all times, and only feared when they had sufficient power to make themselves masters of the city; in Bonn, on the contrary; whether powerful or powerless, "through good and through evil report," they were uniformly beloved, as fathers and as friends. This was the cause of great animosity between the citizens of both cities;

and, in the course of time, it led to much strife, and many other most serious consequences.

It was from Bonn, in the rule of Engelbert, the second archbishop of that name, Count von Falkenberg in his own right, that the memorable expedition went forth against Cologne, which, including the entire forces of the see, aided by those of the Archbishop of Mentz and the Counts of Berg, Cleves, and Gueldres, and threatening inevitable destruction to that proud and opulent city, ended—in a dream. This is its history.

Immediately after the escape of old Herman Grein from the deadly snare into which he was led by the archbishop's emissaries,* an insurrection took place, as already related, in Cologne, and that prelate's officers and friends were driven out of the city by the enraged burghers. Engelbert, excited beyond measure at this defeat, resolved to be revenged on his rebellious subjects, cost him what it might. Aware, however, that open force would avail but little against a people so powerful in themselves from numbers and union, and then so irresistible from the consciousness of recent conquest, he set on foot, with the usual effect, the old clerical agency of corruption, and treachery, and intrigue among them. At this period, the city of Cologne was a prey to intestine discord; the different noble families were arrayed in parties against each other, similar to those of the Italian cities in the same æra; and the common people were divided between these respective

* Vide the Rath-Haus.

parties, or engaged in asserting their own rights, or augmenting their own privileges, by means of the several guilds, or trade companies. The state of society there was quite out of joint. To increase this confusion, the wily prelate despatched one of his most faithful servants and expert diplomatists, Anselm von Vinstigen, thither, with instructions to spare neither money nor promises for the purpose of exciting the contending parties against each other. In the meanwhile, he concluded a secret alliance with his neighbours, the Archbishop of Mentz and the Counts of Berg and Cleves, by which he bound them, in requital for certain territorial concessions to be made by his subjects, to assist him with all their disposable forces, in the event of his attacking Cologne.

Anselm von Vinstigen performed the task entrusted to him most effectively. His first step was to win over the plebeians. These he easily persuaded to the belief that the patricians, or nobility, were their natural enemies and inexorable oppressors. When did rank, and riches, and station, ever find friendship or sympathy with the mob of a civic community? He pointed out that the contests of these, their hereditary foes, were for their own private aggrandisement, and not for the good of the state; and he shewed them that, whichever triumphed, the condition of the lower classes would not be bettered, but, on the contrary; there was every reason to suppose would be made infinitely worse. He was successful: few who appeal to the bad passions of a mob are ever otherwise. With the nobility, however, he took another course:

but it was one equally skilful, and equally effective for his purpose. The ancient families of the city were divided into two principal bodies, named after their different leaders, the Overstolz and the Weise parties; and they hated each other with a hatred only known in narrow communities, when the struggle is for precedence of rank or superiority of power. To the one he spoke of the pride and haughtiness of the other; and he was always sure to find willing auditors for a theme so acceptable to either. He told each in private, of the archbishop's desire to put down the other; and both swallowed the bait, without perceiving the deadly barb concealed beneath it. When there exists a causeless animosity between individuals, or parties of men, there are not long wanting to them sufficient excuses to justify, in their own eyes, the most unwarrantable acts of treachery, of violence, or of cruelty to one another. Thus it was with the nobility of Cologne. Each party entered into the conspiracy against the other, with the common foe of both, the archbishop; and every man among them was prepared to slay his neighbour for the gratification of an idle hatred, which, if he had but ordinary forecast, he would not fail to perceive could only terminate in the most slavish subserviency to that ruthless prelate. A fearful gulf yawned before them, though in their furious blindness they could not perceive it.

In accordance with the suggestion of Anselm von Vinstigen, the plebeians of Cologne, determined on striking a bold stroke, by which the patricians were not only to be humbled in their

power, but also annihilated in their persons. The heads of the trades or guilds held a secret meeting, at which it was resolved that, on the following Whit-Monday, a public fête should be given by them in the open space called the Kirch-markt (Church Market.) This resolution was come to for the following reasons:—It was deemed that the patricians would either prevent the assemblage of the common people in the first instance, or, in the second, that they would be present themselves to participate in the amusement in a peaceful manner. In either case, it was a part of the plan of the conspirators to attack them, and, if successful in the onset, then to proceed to their entire extirpation.

The day arrived, and the plebeians prepared to assemble at the place of appointment. But the patricians, who had an inkling of their intentions, and who had held meetings on the subject also, were prepared to oppose them. A strong muster of mounted knights, and men at arms to back them, blocked up all the passages leading to the rendezvous. The result was a fierce and protracted contest between the two classes, which lasted the entire of the day, and ended in the total discomfiture of the common people.

This event was most inauspicious for the designs of the archbishop; for by its means a reconciliation was, to all appearance, effected, between the contending parties, into which the nobility, his direct enemies, were previously divided. The proud and wrathful prelate cursed his ill-fortune, his agents, his friends, and his foes, and wished himself dead, in the bitterness of his disappointment.

This disappointment, however, seemed destined to be but temporary. Once more, within a few weeks after this occurrence, the patrician families of Cologne were in the field against each other. They had reduced the common enemy to subjection; they no longer feared the broken power of the plebeians; and they again turned their hatred into its old, accustomed channel. Engelbert availed himself of the circumstance, with the ruthlessness of a fiend and the cunning of a serpent; nor did he fail to find numberless agents as active and as unscrupulous as himself. Among them was one whose name deserves eternal reprobation, and whose memory will be a mark for obloquy and contempt as long as treason is abhorred by mankind. He was a monk, a native of Cologne, and his name was Wolfart. He proposed to the archbishop to set fire to the city in several points; and he offered himself to be the incendiary. The prelate at once acceded to the proposition; it was in strict keeping with the quality of his own character, and the state of his feelings at the time. An arrangement to that effect was accordingly made: the monk was to proceed to Cologne (his holy office securing him from any violent suspicion of such a nefarious act); and the archbishop, it was agreed, should march on the city privately, and be prepared to attack it when the first fire was lighted.

But some one or other of those incidents which occur to defeat the deepest laid schemes—incidents which, whether they be referable to the chapter of accidents, or to the special interposition of Providence, are always, perhaps rightly, attributed to the latter—occured to defeat this

foul plot. The monk was suspected; he was made prisoner; the time of operation accordingly passed over without result. The archbishop, together with his allies, waited and watched in vain for the signal,—it appeared not. To attack the city without concert, would be to try a hopeless experiment; they were consequently forced to encamp in its vicinity until the morning, the current of the river being too rapid to permit them to ascend to Bonn before the dawning of the next day.

It was, however, resolved, by the archbishop in secret, that an assault should be made on Cologne before he left its walls, and, without imparting his designs to his allies, he issued orders for preparations accordingly. But the Counts of Berg and Cleves became aware of his intention—by what means is not known; and it is to be presumed, from what followed, they had agreed with one another to defeat it.

At day-break, the proud and restless prelate was visited by the Count of Cleves in his own tent. The object of the visit was to communicate to him a singular vision which that prince purported to have had in the preceding night, and which he gave the prelate to understand considerably affected his mind with regard to his future proceedings.

“Methought,” he said, “I saw in my sleep—or rather in my waking, for sleep it was none;—methought I saw, as I lay on the ground and looked out on the city in the dim starlight, last night, a virgin form, of exquisite beauty and angelic sweetness, float through the deep, dark, azure atmosphere. She was followed by eleven

thousand virgin forms (I counted them all), each beautiful and angelic in their aspect also, but none of them so beautiful as she. They, every one, bore palm-branches in their hands, and sang a loud Hosannah."

"Bah! bah!" interposed the petulant Engelbert. "Bah! an idle dream. You drank overmuch of your favourite Liebfrauenmilch last night before you lay down. But it was ever the way with you."

"Nay, my lord archbishop, you wrong me much; I did but break bread and taste water since yester-noon," replied the count.—"But, to proceed. They passed over the town in glorious array, their long white garments floating on through the skies, surrounded with radiance and brilliant light; and blessed every roof in the city. They then blessed the walls. I hoped that they would next bless our camp; but they held out their fair hands, as if to ban us, instead, and finally disappeared. I do assure you, my lord, I was wide awake as I am now. And so, with your grace's good leave, I'll none of this war more. It is unholy. Heaven fights against us."

The archbishop raged and reasoned, threatened and expostulated, prayed, and swore, almost in the same breath, at the cowardice and the superstition of the count; but that prince was too much of a politician to be affected by either his ire, his entreaties, or his arguments. While they were thus engaged, the Count of Berg suddenly entered the tent: He came unannounced. Deep determination sat on his brow.

"My lord archbishop," he spake in his rough

manner, "we must separate. I'll take no part against Cologne at present."

The astonished prelate inquired the cause of this hasty resolve.

"I had a dream," said the Count of Berg, "and, by the God above us! I know it to be true. The saints are leagued against us. Let us break up the camp, and return to our homes."

The count then proceeded to relate, in rude, but circumstantial language, a similar vision to that which his predecessor and colleague purported to have witnessed.

Scarcely had he concluded his narrative, when the Bishop of Mentz entered.

"Your grace will excuse my drawing off my contingent to your army," he gracefully insinuated; "but St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins have visibly forbade us to interfere just now with the city of Cologne. You know, my lord, that it is under their especial patronage; and you know, also, that the church prohibits the prosecution of any design which heaven has interposed to prevent. God wills it so."

The Bishop of Mentz then told his tale of a vision, exactly tallying with that of the two princely laymen who preceded him in the same wondrous narration.

"And you, too!" was all he said to the Bishop of Mentz; but these words were equivalent to volumes of reproach. It was the *tu Brute* of Cæsar: for by Engelbert's influence had that prelate been placed on the episcopal throne.

Engelbert saw that he was betrayed.

Within an hour from that interview, the Counts of Berg and Cleves had drawn off their men from

the archbishop's army; and the Bishop of Mentz had actually set out with his quota of troops on his return to his own territory. Engelbert, left almost alone, with a force quite inadequate to defend himself in the event of an attack on the part of the citizens of Cologne, abandoned his position, and retreated as speedily as possible to Bonn. Thus ended the expedition, — in a dream.

Bonn became, subsequently, the temporary abode of the Weisen, one of the parties into which the nobility of Cologne was split, on their defeat and expulsion by their opponents, the Overstolzen, and was, in consequence, for a considerable lapse of time the focus of additional plots, intrigues, and unceasing attempts upon that city. One of these attempts was so very nearly successful, and the circumstances which led to its defeat were so very singular, that it is deemed not inappropriate to detail it briefly here. It shall close the history of this stormy period.

The Weisen were, naturally enough, most eager to recover their lost power and possessions in Cologne, and most anxious to subdue their adversaries. To effect this double purpose they spared neither trouble nor expense, and paid no regard to any thing but the means of its fulfilment. In pursuance of these objects, they held private correspondence with their friends and emissaries in that city, and neglected no opportunity of annoying their enemies. Their agents were active and daring; and, being equally unscrupulous as their employers, they soon became fitting instruments for their worst designs. One of them, a venal villain, named Habenichts, who dwelt in a house which adjoined the city

wall on the side of Bonn, agreed to cut a passage beneath the bastion from his house to the opposite side, for a certain sum of money. The local historians of the period say the sum was thirty marks of silver; but it is more than probable that it was much greater; and that they only fixed on that amount to make the parallel between him and Judas, the betrayer of Christ, the more striking. The passage was cut accordingly; and, the money being first paid, all was in readiness to admit the enemy.

The more effectually to subdue both friends and foes in the event of gaining access to Cologne, the archbishop once again allied himself with the Count of Cleves, who was not so scrupulous on this occasion as on the former; he also obtained the aid of the Count of Limburg, who had an old grudge against the citizens, and was desirous to do them some deadly injury. The combined forces marched from Bonn in the evening, and reached the entrance of this passage unobserved, in the darkness of the night. A portion of them made good their entrance undiscovered; a circumstance, unforeseen and unprovided for, prevented their acquiring the mastery of the city, or even succeeding in getting any distance within its walls.

The Count of Limburg was among the first who emerged from the subterranean way into the cellar of Habenicht's house; and, in the gladness of his heart, he gave utterance to his joy aloud.

"Ha! by God!" quoth he, "an the burghers sleep not less soundly than they do now in a half an hour hence, we will even slay them in their beds, beside their wives."

These words were spoken too loudly, as it turned out: for a man named Herman Winckelbart, who dwelt in the next house, overheard them. The truth flashed upon his mind at once. Being a zealous partisan of the Overstolz party, he rushed forth, half-clothed as he was, and gave the alarm in the quarter of the city where their principal men resided. The alarm soon became general—the citizens, patricians and plebeians, thronged to the place of combat. The walls were speedily manned: the house in which were the enemy closely surrounded. All further ingress and egress was cut off from those within and from those without: the latter were prevented from entering the mouth of the passage—the former from leaving the spot in which they now held out.

The ardour of these partial prisoners was, however, too great to be so easily repressed. They burst forth from their narrow quarters, and, to the number of three hundred, rushed on the mob before the door with the effect of a whirlwind, scattering all before them. The archbishop's own first cousin, the Lord of Falkenberg, one of the bravest warriors of his day, headed the *sortie*. The citizens gave way to the impetus, and fled in every direction. Victory seemed, for a moment, to declare in favour of the assailants. At this juncture, Mathias Overstolz, the head of the party which took its title from his family name, rushed to the van of his flying friend's auxiliaries, and rallied them back to the combat.

"Gentlemen and brothers," 'twas thus he spoke, "our lives and liberties are at stake.

There stands our foe. They will subdue or stay us, if we let them. They may do so if they can; but, for my part, I shall not die until I have dealt such destruction among them as will furnish them with subject-matter of conversation for a hundred years to come. I, for one, shall not live to be their bondsman."

A loud cheer of defiance answered this spirited appeal. At the head of his reunited forces he dashed on the invaders. The fight was long and fearful: every inch of ground was contested with the energy of despair—every blow dealt destruction. The street was heaped with the dead and the dying. But the battle was very unequal: for, of all the Overstolzen, only forty remained, while the foe brought full one hundred to bear on them, commanded by those brave and experienced captains, the Lord of Falkenberg and the Count of Limburg. The result was for some time a matter of much doubt and uncertainty. This doubt and uncertainty did not, however, long continue: for a fresh reinforcement of their friends arrived to their aid, accompanied by some thousands of the infuriated mob. The tide of victory was turned, at once, into a tumultuous defeat by this great accession of strength: and the Weisen left their bravest warriors on the field, retreating towards the house by which they had obtained entrance to the city. From thence they finally effected their escape into the open country, and reached Bonn, in a most disastrous plight, the same evening.

The victory and the defeat cost both parties their principal leaders, as well as their best men; the Lord of Falkenberg, the archbishop's cousin

being slain in the action, and the Count of Limburg made prisoner: Mathias Overstolz, on the other side, died of his wounds.

For a considerable period subsequently Bonn became daily more opulent and more powerful, in consequence of the accession of the old noble families of Cologne, who resorted thither when driven from their native city by the turbulence of the commonalty. It arrived at its highest pitch of riches and greatness in the years 1254-6, when it joined as a member the famous Hanseatic league. Two disastrous sieges which it sustained in the beginning of the sixteenth century, both arising from one cause—a contest for the principality—gave the first deadly blow to its power and opulence.

In the year 1480, the chapter of Cologne elected to the episcopal dignity Rupert, Pfalzgraf of the Middle Rhine, younger brother to the celebrated Pfalzgraf of the same title, better known as Frederic the Victorious. He was called to that station because of his family influence; but he did not answer, in other respects, the expectations of those who elected him. Calculating for support upon his brother's power, he paid no attention to the wishes of the superior clergy: the consequence of which was, that, after various complaints and much disputation, the chapter of Cologne ultimately deposed him, and elected Hermann, a Landgraf of Nassau, in his stead, A.D. 1500. Rupert was taken unawares by this bold act of his clergy; but he did not lose his courage. He fled to his brother's court, and claimed his assistance. Frederic was not slow in affording him assistance the most

ample and efficient.. At the head of an immense army, inured to fatigue and accustomed to conquest, the brothers dropped down the Rhine; and, making themselves masters of several refractory towns on their way, finally took post before Bonn. The siege was short, but effective: the city surrendered unconditionally, and was once more placed in the power of the exiled prelate.

But, though Rupert succeeded in gaining the city of Bonn and the greater part of the territory of the archdiocese of Cologne, he alienated, by this act of calling in the aid of his family influence, the hearts of those of his subjects who were not previously adverse to his cause, as well as of those who were indifferent parties in the struggle between him and his more immediate enemies. Hermann, his opponent, besides the support he received from his brother, the powerful Landgraf of Hesse, succeeded, also, in winning to his side the still more powerful Duke of Gueldres, and several other princes his neighbours. The Emperor of Germany, the weak and wicked Frederic III., also abetted his cause, and identified himself with his quarrel more through hatred of the great Frederic, his namesake, than through any feeling for him, or against Rupert. As if to complete the misfortune of Rupert, his brother, the victorious Pfalzgraf, died suddenly at this time; with him died all his hopes of effectual resistance to his foes. The chapter, on the news of this event, once more took heart; and the hapless archbishop was again constrained to fly from Bonn. Being now without the aid of his mighty relative, he

cast about for assistance in some other equally influential quarter. Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, was at this period one of the most powerfull and most ambitious princes in Europe prompt to embrace any cause which promised him aggrandisement: heedless of the justice of any quarrel in which he engaged, so that it brought him an accession of power, or an increase of territory: unscrupulous as to the means he employed—always, however, preferring force to cunning—so the end he sought was attained; he was, perhaps, more fitted for an emergency of the kind than any other sovereign in existence. To him the deposed prelate applied to reinstate him once more in his lost sovereignty; and his application was at once entertained and acceded to.

The history of the siege of Bonn, undertaken by this ambitious prince at the suit of this desperate prelate, differs in no wise from that of those which preceded it. It was brief, but bloody. A glance at the composition of the beleaguering host will not, however, be without interest to the general reader.

Immediately on the conclusion of the treaty of alliance with the archbishop, Charles despatched heralds to Bonn, and, subsequently, to Cologne, demanding the re-instatement of Rupert in the temporal and ecclesiastical government of the diocess; the expulsion of Hermann of Nassau from the episcopal chair; and the delivery up to him of all the leaders of the opposition; all, in short, who took part in deposing his friend and ally, the archbishop. These conditions the chapter refused to comply with, and returned

an answer of defiance instead. Charles then set his army in motion, and descended the Rhine, ostensibly for the purpose of constraining them to his purpose, but, in reality, to make himself master of the lower part of the river; and thus to possess that important thoroughfare from Basle to the sea, in furtherance of his long-conceived design to make himself master of all western Europe. His forces consisted of thirty thousand of the best and bravest soldiers in Christendom, all picked men from various nations—Burgundians, French, Italians, and English—commanded by the duke in person, assisted by the ablest generals of the age. They were accompanied and followed by about ten thousand other beings, of both sexes, to administer to their wants or their pleasures. Among them were fifteen hundred *filles de joie*, and four hundred priests, suttlers innumerable, and a host besides of those idlers who follow a camp as the raven follows the scent of carrion.

Bonn soon fell before this irresistible power; and was delivered up to the archbishop, after it had been duly plundered.

The subsequent history of this city may be rapidly related. It was ravaged once more, A. D. 1584—1589, in consequence of siding with the Elector Gebhard of Walburg, who at the outbreak of the reformation, after marrying Agnes von Mansfeldt, a nun, attempted to secularise the diocess, and constitute it into a temporal principality. In 1673, it surrendered to the united powers of Holland, Spain, and Austria. Frederick III., Duke of Brandenburg, afterwards the first King of Prussia, made himself master

of it in 1689; and, in 1703, the Dutch, under the command of the celebrated General Cöhorn, or Kùhorn, the great engineer, assaulted and carried it after a short bombardment. About the latter end of the same year, it fell into the hands of our Duke of Marlborough and the allies. From 1795 to 1814, it continued in the possession of the French government, republican and imperial. In the latter year, it was entered and occupied by the allied forces on the expulsion of Bonaparte from France; and in 1818, two years subsequently, it was annexed to the territories of Prussia, part of which kingdom it still continues.

THE MÜNSTER.

THE VEHMGERICHT, OR SECRET TRIBUNAL.

Certainly the most prominent public structure in Bonn is the Parochial, or *Münster-Kirche*. Tradition assigns its origin to the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; and the crypt is, undoubtedly, Roman in its construction: but the present superstructure, however, dates no further back than the twelfth century; and it is, most probably, a re-edification of the ancient church, constructed, perhaps, by that celebrated patroness of Christianity.

It was in the crypt of this venerable edifice, according to the most credible traditionary authorities, that the terrific tribunal, known, in the middle ages, as the *Vehmgericht*, or Secret

Tribunal, held its chief court, and issued therefrom those fearful mandates, which made even the proudest princes of the period quail and tremble.

From the date of the decay of the ancient institutions of Charlemagne, the German empire became a prey to intestine discord, until it was afflicted with almost every evil incident to an unsettled state of society. The power of the strong hand (*Faustrecht*) predominated; might grew into right in the minds of men; and no redress existed for oppression or wrong, provided the culprit could afford to set the insufficient laws, and the venal and weak authorities appointed to enforce them, at defiance. At this juncture, happily for the peace of the land, the great Elector and Archbishop of Cologne, Engelbert the First, made his appearance on the public stage (A. D. 1213—25), and set about effecting those reforms in the social condition which the disordered state of the times, and the general disorganisation of all classes, rendered absolutely necessary.

Of Engelbert's character, mention has already been made: he was truly the greatest man of his age and country. To remedy the general disorder which prevailed, not alone in his own dominions, but also over the entire empire, he projected, as a first step, the establishment of a secret tribunal; and then he obtained from the emperor and the pope, their sanction to his self-appointment as its chief—the grand inquisitor of the empire. This tribunal was termed the *Vehmgericht*.^{*} He next entered into the strictest se-

* Subterranean Tribunal not unprobably derived from

cret alliances with the princes neighbouring on his diocess, and also with the great barons who were interested in the preservation of order; and bound them, by the most strongest oaths, to further the decrees and execute the judgment of the Vehmgericht, of which they were all constituted members by this compact. The original object of this tribunal was one of the most laudable description possible; it took extrajudicial cognisance of all murders, assassinations, rapes, robberies, sacrileges, and adulteries; and punished them accordingly. The culprit, or accused party, was cited before the secret tribunal by means of a summons, generally affixed to some conspicuous part of his bed-chamber; but often also conveyed secretly on his person, or offered to his sight, under circumstances of peculiar mystery, by the numerous emissaries of the tribunal. If the citation was answered by him, he was tried in secret, and privately punished, if he refused to appear, he was proceeded against as if he were present, and the guilt of contumacy was added to the other charges of which he might be accused. In the latter case, he very rarely escaped the doom pronounced against him; for the agents of the terrific tribunal were every where; and no place was deemed free from their allpervading power and presence. In the camp, on the high-roads, on the by-roads, in the heart of the most desolate solitudes, on the mountain peak, in the depth of the valley, yea, even in the midst of his own retainers and friends, fortified within his

Weem Ang Sax a subterranean vault, from the Gaelic Uamba a cove

own strong castle, the culprit could never calculate for one moment on his life, once that the mandate for his destruction had gone forth from the Vehmgericht. Rank, station, courage, and daring, were no safeguards against a power which seemed omnipotent as well as omnipresent; and which was, moreover, never known to have permitted the escape of its victim. It was a desperate remedy; but the disease to which it was applied was of an equally desperate nature. In so far there is justification for it.

The existence of such a power, the circumstances under which it was exercised, and the invisibility of its agents and actors, were soon the source of terror to all evil-doers in the land but especially so to those who dwelt in the diocese of Cologne. The consternation it caused among them soon extended itself to every other portion of the empire; for the secret tribunal had established branches in every chief ecclesiastical city in Germany; and it was firmly believed, that no village even was without one of its agents. Perhaps it did not altogether suppress crime—perhaps it only caused it to be perpetrated less openly than before: but even so, however, it produced a salutary influence upon public morals; and made men more cautious of outraging the sacred bond which binds society together. This influence lasted for a considerable time; and Engelbert, though he fell a sacrifice to his zeal for order, lived long enough to witness the best results produced by its operation. Like all things merely human, however, it had its abuses, and in the lapse of ages, fell into contempt and deserved decay. The system

of secret accusation which it established was the source of many crimes, and of much of the worst description of injustice. When it was once discovered that a charge of the gravest nature, involving the most serious consequences, might be made against any man with impunity, the wicked and the wanton were not slow in availing themselves of the fearful power so carelessly permitted to their grasp. The result, therefore, often was, that many an innocent person perished before the tribunal had time to discover the falsity of the accusation, or an opportunity afforded it of rectifying its judgments. The progress of information, too, was altogether unfavourable to its continuance. It could only have existence in a country where civilisation was in a very low state among the mass of the people, or was solely confined to a few individuals, or small communities. As knowledge, however, increased; as the arts of life became more known, and oftener practised; and as the social compact grew to be better understood, the power of the Vehmgericht became every day weaker and more weak, and its influence less fearful and far less extensive. In the thirteenth century, it was dreaded by all men; in the fourteenth, it was spoken of as a thing still formidable; but, in the fifteenth, it altogether disappeared from their minds,—thanks to the invention of printing, and perhaps, also, to the first convulsive throes of that mighty moral earthquake, destined to effect such an entire change in the social condition of Europe during the early part of the succeeding century—the Reformation.

Of the countless legends, traditions, and historical relations to which the mere name of such a tribunal must necessarily have given rise, one is selected for these pages, to serve rather as an illustration of the circumstances of the time, and the mode of proceeding adopted by that fearful association, than as an authentic or credible narrative. To which of these it belongs — legend, tradition, or history — there are no means of ascertaining; perhaps it may be rightly designated as a combination of all three, it approximated so closely to the province of each. That, however, is left to research of local antiquaries to discover. This is the tale:—

The Freiherr von Feyermahl was one of those robberknights who infested the archdiocese of Cologne in the thirteenth century; and a lawless man was he, even among those who acknowledged no law but to violate it. His castle stood on the acclivity of the Mountain of Feyermahl, at the entrance of a thick wood, in the immediate vicinity of the ruined Roman aqueduct from Treves to Cologne; and from this inaccessible situation he made almost daily forays on his neighbours, carrying off their cattle and their provisions, their money, and their valuables, and sparing not the chastity of their wives, sisters, and daughters, whenever they fell into his hands. It was quite the same to him their quality; high and low, rich and poor, were alike in his eyes; he impartially plundered them all, without scruple and without remorse; and well was it for them, and they might consider themselves fortunate, too, if they were not maltreated by his troopers into the bargain. Yet, in the opinion of the times,

he was "an honourable man:" for in those days, few that had the power failed to exercise his occupation; and his birth and station gave a sanction and a grace to his crimes, in the eyes of those who then constituted public opinion—the nobility and knighthood of the country.

Among the most flagrant of his misdeeds, however, was one which brought the infallible vengeance of the church upon his head, and made him a mark for all its concentrated wrath. In the adjacent village of Kommern, which is situated in the mountainous district that contains the Bley-berg or Lead Mountain, dwelt a rural clergyman of blameless life and spotless fame, the pastor of the vicinity. He had only one member in his small family, a niece, the daughter of a beloved sister long dead, who made his home happy and cheered his heart, when the spiritual labours of his simply spent day were over. She was surpassingly beautiful; and she was, moreover, innocence personified. Her, the bold Freyherr von Feyermahl saw, and at once determined to possess. To resolve and to act was with him but the work of a moment. In the dead of the night he surrounded the house of the aged priest with his myrmidons, and tore this lovely girl, his dear child, as he always called her, shrieking from the roof which had sheltered her infancy, and rung with her girlish glee, and under which she had grown up to grave and gentle womanhood. The ruffian crew that accompanied him first plundered it according to custom, and then set it on fire, either in pure wantonness of heart, or to prevent detection. It was with considerable difficulty that the villagers—aroused too

late to his assistance—succeeded in rescuing their aged pastor, overwhelmed with the extent of his affliction, and debilitated by grief and years, from the flames. The devouring element, however, destroyed every vestige of the little property left him by the ruthless ruffians who had robbed him of her who was dearer to him than all worldly treasures, and only second to heaven in his estimation. He was beggared.

The author of this calamity was well known in the neighbourhood; but silence was kept in regard to him by all persons, for fear of a similar fate. The old priest, however, was placed by the grateful villagers in a new house, smaller, it is true, than the one which had been so basely destroyed on him, and far less fitted for his declining years, but still large enough for his very restricted household; and not the less acceptable, perhaps, to him, for standing alone and apart, at the extremity of the village, and totally unconnected with any of his flock.

Twelve months had come and gone since the disastrous occurrence just related had taken place: it was almost forgotten in the vicinity. The old man, bowed to the earth by sorrow and unceasing grief, sat in his solitary chamber at the fall of a late autumn evening, musing on his hapless fate, and praying for his lost child. The day had been dark and gloomy, and the rising of the wind, on its decline, foretold a gathering storm. Not a star was to be seen in the sky—all was pitch dark above and below, for even the villagers had retired to rest earlier than usual—and no “glimmering taper’s ray” announced human existence in the neighbourhood.

"God of goodness!" soliloquized he; "I may not question the wisdom of thy decrees, or repine at thy acts; but she was sinless as an angel, and me-seemed to deserve not such a doom as she has met with. Oh! that I could but clasp her once more in these withered arms, to this sorrowful heart! Oh! that I could but lay these trembling hands on her gentle head again, and bless her with a father's blessing! I would then pass away in peace. But the spirit of my sainted sister hovers over me, and forbids me to die till her daughter be avenged. Oh! God of Justice, when, in thy mercy, wilt thou judge the unrighteous author of this great wrong? I care not for myself. I ask not for punishment on him on mine own account—but for her, the pride, the hope, the joy of my heart; the fond, the fair, the gentle, and the good, shall her wrongs be unredressed? Forbid it, Heaven!"

The old man spoke impassionedly, and more energetically than was his wont; but he soon corrected his error, and resumed his usual calmness of mood.

"Pardon, O God!" he exclaimed, prostrating himself on the earth; "pardon the feelings of poor, suffering humanity, and forgive, in the abundance of thy goodness, the frailty of a penitent heart! Do with me, Lord, as thou wilt; but, oh! preserve my dear child, and judge her enemies."

This half-penitent adjuration had scarce passed his lips, when he felt a hand on each of his shoulders, and heard voices bidding him arise, and make ready to go forth. He started to his feet as quickly as his failing limbs would allow,

and gazed in awe and wonder at his mysterious visitants. They were three in number, all garbed in long dark cloaks, which they held up to their faces, and wearing large broad-brimmed hats, which, flapping over their brows, completely concealed their eyes, and every other part of their countenances uncovered by their cloaks. The old man was for a moment dismayed. He could not conceive how they came thither, not recollecting at the moment his own previous abstraction of mind; he had heard no footfall to announce their presence; the door had not even creaked, as it usually did, on being opened.

"Are they," he thought, "of another world? and has the Lord heard my impious ravings, and sent them hither to punish me? Be it so, I trust to his justice. Lord, look with mercy on me!"

"Art ready, father? spake the foremost of the group, who seemed also to be the chief, and to have command of the others. "Time presses—we must away, ere the night advances."

The voice was human.

"Whither?" mechanically asked the much-alarmed, but still somewhat re-assured old man.

"To Bonn—by midnight, replied the speaker sententiously.

The old man felt still more re-assured by this answer. He thought that there could not be much danger intended, as the destination pointed out to him was Bonn; and he had a vague presentiment, that the mission of these mysterious men was somehow or other connected with the all-absorbing idea which occupied his mind, to the exclusion of every other—his lost darling. He had but momentarily believed that they

were of the other world, for his own good sense soon shewed him that they were mortals like himself.

"On what business, good sirs?" he inquired, after a brief pause. "Why so late in the night? And why ask me to journey so far, wherefore I know nothing as yet? I am old and infirm—I am a priest, and protected by the church—say, then, on what business, or for whose cause, am I required to proceed thither?"

"By the mandate of the *Vehm!*" slowly and solemnly enunciated the chief of the party, throwing open his cloak at the same time, and displaying the symbols of that tribunal—a coil of rope, a dagger, and a scroll of parchment.

The old man's heart sank in his bosom, as he heard that awful name; his limbs tottered; his breath failed. It was, in truth, a name of potency and terror; for just at that period its influence was in full force, and its victims daily paid the forfeit of their real or supposed delinquencies in every part of the empire. He would have fallen to the ground, but for the interposition of the official who had spoken to him.

"Fear not," whispered his supporter, with a touch of natural tenderness and compassion, in his scarcely audible tones; "it is for thy child's sake."

This word was a word of power with the old man; it awoke all his dormant and decaying energies; he stood erect and undaunted; his brow cleared, his eye became bright.

"I am ready," he exclaimed; "come, quick, let us delay not a moment."

"Be it so," was all his companion said in reply.

They left the chamber as silently as they had entered it. At the door stood a black-covered vehicle, with three steeds yoked to it. They ascended, and severally took their seats; the chief and the old man within; the others, one on the driver's bench, and one behind. Off they dashed; the village was soon cleared; they were on the high road.

"When shall we reach Bonn?" were the only words which escaped the aged priest during the journey:

"At midnight," was the answer.

Further communication passed not between them.

In the crypt of the Münster Church of Bonn, that portion of the sacred edifice which originally took form from the piety of the Empress Helena, and still remains, through time, and chance, and change, a monument to her memory, as the first Christian sovereign of Bonn, were assembled, on the night in question, the brotherhood of the Vehmgericht. The judges alone were absent; the archbishop and the arch-chancellor had not yet made their appearance; neither had the secretary of the tribunal. It was evident, however, though the most intense silence pervaded the dimly lighted, damp vault, that some extraordinary circumstance had caused such a full attendance and that the business to be transacted was not of an ordinary nature. As the great bell of the church boomed twelve,

the black curtain which hung across the eastern extremity of the immense apartment, was drawn back; and in the recess beneath the altar, above their heads, in the church, were seen the judges of the tribunal seated, clothed in the costume fitted for the occasion, and prepared to fulfil the functions of their fearful office. The usual ensigns of the tribunal—a dagger, a coil of rope, and a scroll of parchment—lay on the plain table before them. In advance of the table was an open grave; and at the head of the grave stood a headsman's block, with a sharp heavy axe glittering in the dim light, as the rushing wind, ever and anon, caused it to flicker luridly on its polished sides and edge. A tall, athletic man, bared to the waist, but his face concealed by a dark crape covering, lounged against one of the massive pillars which supported the low roof of the crypt, half visible and half hidden from the multitude which filled the spacious apartment. He was the executioner in chief of the tribunal, and only called on to exercise his functions when the condemned was noble.

"Let the culprit stand forward," spake the president.

"Let the witnesses appear," he added also after a moment's pause.

Slowly and solemnly two figures emerged on the precincts of the judgment-seat, from side doors which turned noiselessly on their hinges. They approached each other with measured tread, while a third tottered up the centre of the crowded crypt, through a passage apparently made for the purpose by the silent spectators. The first who stood forth was a man in the prime

of life, caparisoned as a noble knight, but wanting his sword, and all other offensive weapons: he was totally disarmed. The second was a maiden of tender years, but wasted by care and sorrow: she was deeply veiled, and looked like the dim spectre of departed beauty. The third was an aged man in the clerical garb, bent with grief as much as with age, but seemingly sustained in his bearing by some powerful immediate excitement. The maiden held a babe in her arms, which she pressed repeatedly to her emaciated bosom. The open grave, and the headsman's deadly apparatus, intervened between her and the knight: they stood at each side of the table.

"Freiherr von Eyermahl," said the president (the Archbishop of Cologne), in the deep, solemn tones of unbounded authority; "Freyherr von Eyermahl, knowest thou this maiden?"

The sullen culprit, for such he was deemed, made no answer to the interrogatory.

"You are accused, before this holy tribunal," pursued the speaker, "of having violated her person. You are accused of having desecrated the home of a priest;—destroyed and plundered it,—to accomplish your foul purpose. Speak, if you have aught to urge in denial or extenuation of this grave charge?"

Still the culprit replied not.

"She bears your child on her bosom—the offspring of your guilt, but not of her shame: she is innocent."

The impenitent man made no answer to this appeal either.

"The Court, therefore, adjudges you," added the prelate, "to expiate your crime to her, as far as you may expiate it, by making her your wife. The Court also adjudges that the offspring of your guilt shall be the inheritor of your name and lands, and the representative of your lineage, though born without the blessed bonds of wedlock."

"Never!" exclaimed the hardened culprit; "I am a free baron of the empire; I deny your power!"

The Archbishop made a sign, and the struggling villain was in a moment pinioned from behind. At another sign the aged priest of Kommern pressed forward:

"Maiden, stretch forth thy hand, spake the prelate.

The maiden did as she was directed.

"Officers, hold out his hand," he continued, motioning to the refractory culprit.

It was done; his hand was held forth as rigidly as if it had been in a smith's vice.

"Priest, perform your duty," he concluded.

The old man then stood forth and read the marriage ceremony. The interchange of rings took place between the parties; on the one hand perforce, on the other mechanically. The emaciated mother and the sullen culprit were man and wife: the little, innocent babe crowed with infant glee. At the conclusion of the ceremony the veil fell off from the face of the maiden.

"My child! my child! my long lost child!" exclaimed the old priest, rushing into her arms.

For a moment the solemnity of the Court was disturbed, and many an indurated heart, among

those who were present, was throbbing in sympathy with that ancient man's natural emotions. Even the president, the proud prelate himself, seemed touched at the scene. Order was, however, soon restored. The principal parties were again placed in the same relative positions towards each other; and the business of Court thus proceeded.

"Freyherr von Feyermahl," spake the Archbishop once more, and his tones grew deeper and deeper still, as he said the words. "You have been guilty of robbing and slaying my harmless people; you have been guilty of destroying the peace of my dominions; and you have been guilty of sacrilege, in despoiling the abode of one whose life is consecrated to the service of God, and whose property and person are under the protection of the holy church. What have you to say why the judgment of this Court should not go forth against you?"

"I am a free baron of the empire," replied the accused; "I claim to be judged by my peers in the Diet: I deny your right to try me."

"Freyherr von Feyermahl," pursued the prelate, in the same cold, unchanging, passionless tone; "you are condemned, by this tribunal, to die; your moments are numbered; the confessor awaits you; the headsman is ready. May the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

At these words, and a slight sign which accompanied them, the executioner advanced from one side of the hall, where he had, as already related, been lounging carelessly against a massive pillar, and took up his place beside the

block, handling the heavy axe the while, to ascertain that its edge was in order; from the other glided forth a priest in full canonicals, with breviary and cross in hand, and approached the culprit, for the purpose of shriving his departing soul. But his proffered aid was unaccepted; the prisoner obstinately refused to confess; confining his dying words entirely to insult of the Court, and denial of its authority.

"I'll none of your mummeries," quoth he; "a free baron have I lived, and a free baron shall I die,—if die I must. But my fellows, I hope, will avenge my fall. I appeal to the Germanic Diet."

At another sign from the Archbishop, he was seized and laid prostrate on the earth;—his head on the block. The headsman's axe was upraised; it glittered in the dim light of the apartment; it quivered to fall on his neck.

"My husband! my husband!" shrieked his bride. "Save him! save him! the father of my babe! save him!"

"Save him! save him!" exclaimed the aged priest. "Mercy! mercy!"

Both attempted to rush to the archbishop's seat—to fall at his knees,—to beg the ruthless robber's life; but the powerful grasp of the officials withheld them, and pinioned them immovably to the spot. In the same instant the bright axe of the executioner crashed heavily on the culprit's neck, cutting through flesh, and bone, and beard; and the dissevered head rolled on the sanded floor, convulsed and contorted in the most fearful manner. The aged priest and his

niece fainted. The latter lost all consciousness at once; the former only recollected that the lights were on a sudden extinguished, and that the scene, in a single moment, was involved in total darkness.

It was noon the next day when the old man awoke from his trance. The occurrences of the past night flitted before his mind, as the remembrance of a dream, or the creations of a fevered fancy. He could not believe in their authenticity. How could he?—he was in his own bed, in his own lonely cottage, in the village of Kommern. He hears an unwonted noise without.

"It's but Hans coming home from the field," he said to himself. "Ah! I should not be here!"

He hears a voice; it is a voice familiar to his ear, though long unheard.

"What may this mean?" he soliloquised aloud.

The door of his chamber creaks on its hinges as of yore, and a light foot-fall approaches his bedside. The curtains are gently drawn aside; a pale face, with long dark hair hanging dishevelled on each side of it, bends fondly and gently over him.

"My child! my child!" he exclaims.

"Father—my father!" was the answer.

It was his long-lost niece again restored to his arms.

The certainty of the past was soon made apparent to him by a journey to Bonn. In the Münster, close by the high altar, on a newly

raised monument, he read, within a week after this occurrence, the following inscription:—

To the Memory
 OF
THE FREYHERR VON FEYERMAHL.

BY
THE VEHMGERICHT,

A.D. 1250.

This monument has been long since destroyed, if ever it existed. Ages ago were all the descendants of this ancient house extinct.

Thus ends the story.

POPPELSDORF.

CLEMENSRUHE.

The archiepiscopal palace of Clemensruhe, in the adjoining hamlet of Poppelsdorf, or, more properly speaking, suburb, for it is strictly a suburb of Bonn, has been some time converted into a museum. Our Bishop Burnet* tells an incredible story in connexion with the palace. These are his words:—

“The elector has a great many gold medals,

* “Some Letters, containing an Account of what seemed most remarkable in Switzerland, Italy, &c. Written by G. Burnet, D.D. to T.H.R.R., at Rotterdam. Printed by Abraham Acher, bookseller by the Exchange, 1696.” A curious but somewhat credulous book.

which will give me occasion to tell you one of the extravagantest pieces of forgery that perhaps ever was, which happened to be found out at the last siege of Bonn; for, while they were clearing the ground for planting a battery, they discovered a vault, in which there was an iron chest, that was full of medals of gold, to the value of a hundred thousand crowns; and of which I was told that the elector bought to the value of thirty thousand crowns. They are huge, big, one weighed hundred ducats, and the gold was of fineness of ducat gold; but though they bore the impressions of Roman medals, or rather medallions, they were all counterfeit; and the imitation was so coarsely done, that one must be extremely ignorant in medals to be deceived by them. Some few that seemed true were of the late Greek emperors. Now it is very unaccountable, what could induce a man to make a forgery upon such metal, and in so vast a quantity, and then to bury all this under ground, especially in an age in which gold was ten times the value of what it is at present; for it is judged to have been done about four or five hundred years ago."

All that can be said of this story is, that it is most wonderful, if true.

THE KREUZBERG.

Among the curiosities of the vicinity of Bonn, the Kreuzberg ranks foremost. It is a hill, on which now stands a splendid church, formerly attached to a monastery of Servite monks. Though

the name properly applies only to the hill, it is also used to designate the church. This appellation, Kreuzberg (Hill of the Cross), is bestowed on it by reason of the numerous crosses marking what they termed prayer-stations in the Roman Catholic Church, which are affixed at various points along the path to the church on its summit. The present structure was erected in the year 1627, on the site of a very ancient chapel, which was supposed by antiquarians to stand on the foundation of an old pagan temple, raised either by the Ubi or the Romans, when they held the adjacent country. The monks try to persuade their visitors, who are many, that their church possesses a *santa scala*, or sacred stairs, containing a portion of those which led to Pilate's judgment-hall, and up which Christ ascended to be pointed out by the Roman pretor to the people of Jerusalem, in the words *Ecce homo*; and they still shew some dark marks imbedded in the marble, which they describe as being stains from the blood of the Saviour. "A trap-door in the pavement," says an intelligent compiler,* "leads into the vaults under the church. They are remarkable for having preserved, in an undecayed state, the bodies of the monks buried in them. They lie in twenty-five open coffins, with cowl and cassock on; the flesh in some is preserved, though shrivelled up to the consistence of a dried stock-fish; they are, in fact, natural mummies. They have been interred here at various times from 1400 to 1713. The church

* "A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent—Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Northern Germany." London: J. Murray, 1836.

is annually visited by numerous pilgrims, chiefly the rude peasants of the Eifel."

So much for the matter-of-fact description of this strange place.

An ingenious and agreeable authoress* has, however, given such a pleasant description of the scene and its concomitant circumstances, combining so well the fanciful with the real, and shedding over both the graces of an elegant imagination, an easy style, and that *couleur de rose* which, springing from a happy temperament, makes all the productions of her pen so delightful to peruse, that it is deemed it will be neither an unwelcome nor an inappropriate contribution to these pages.

"Another day of our stay at Godesberg," pursues this lively writer, "or, at least, the morning of it, was spent in visiting Kreuzberg, a high and very singular hill near Bonn. The road which led to it passed through Poppelsdorf, where some handsome buildings, connected with the university of Bonn, are situated. Every feature in the scenery of this village is beautiful, and the road that leads to the top of Mount Calvary, or Kreuzberg, magnificent.

"The isolated building that stands on the summit of this hill was formerly a convent of Servites; it is surrounded by an ample garden, and contains one of the finest views in the neighbourhood. At present it appears to be occupied solely by peasants; and the only trace left of this once celebrated establishment is the church, which is still considered as an edifice of peculiar

* Mrs. Trollope, "Belgium and Western Germany in 1833." London: John Murray, 1834.

sanctity. All travellers are sent to this spot, both to see the wondrous chapel, and to look upon the long-interred, but still undecayed bodies of the monks, which lie in a vault beneath it.

"We met here, as indeed happened to us in many other points of our wanderings, a very agreeable party of Dutch travellers, who, like ourselves, were come to look at the wonders of the place. The rencontre was particularly fortunate upon this occasion, as we had long to wait before the guardian of the tomb returned from an excursion he was making in the neighbourhood. Meantime, however, we had the church to see. Having sufficiently examined its various altars and antique monuments, we were led, by a narrow staircase behind the high altar to a small chamber above. As there was nothing whatever in the room to gratify curiosity, its only decoration being a few copes and surplices hanging upon the walls, we were at a loss to guess why we were brought there; but after a few moments' delay our conductor opened a door, and led us from the dark obscure room in which we stood, into a chapel, extremely rich in its decorations, but of a most singular form and arrangement. The entire width of the building (between thirty and forty feet) is occupied by a magnificent flight of stairs, divided into three compartments. The centre one, which occupies about half of the entire space, is of superb Italian marble; this is fenced on each side by a handsome double balustrade, dividing it from the inferior staircases which flank it, and which reach to the outer wall of the building, at the top of the marble stair is an

altar, with a large figure of the Saviour suspended over it.

"The door by which we entered was on a level with this altar; and, having stepped to the front of it, I was about to descend the marble flight, when our conductor seized my arm and exclaimed in French, with much vehemence, 'These stairs are sacred!'

"I apologised for my indecorous attempt, by stating my ignorance of their history: the offence, I imagine, is not an uncommon one among the numerous heretic travellers who visit the shrine, for he readily accepted the excuse, and proceeded to inform me that three drops of the Saviour's blood rest upon these holy stones. 'They fell,' he said, 'from the wounds the thorns had made, and dropped on the steps which led to the judgment-seat of Pilate.' The morsels of stone which received them are inserted in three of the marble stairs, and are covered by thin plates of gold. This relic, together with the sumptuous marble in which it is lodged, was a gift from one of the Archbishops of Cologne to the monastery of Kreuzberg; accompanied by a bull from the Pope, which hangs near the entrance to the chapel, announcing to all pilgrims who may visit the holy spot, that it is sacrilege to place a foot upon the centre stairs (except for an armed knight, whose armour would prevent him from using his knees); but that, to mount them kneeling, insures plenary indulgence for a year.

"The form of the ceiling is very graceful, and ornamented with fresco painting. On the floor of the building, immediately at the foot of

the stairs, are a pair of enormous folding-doors which open upon the forest; through these, in more Catholic times, vast numbers of pilgrims used to pour, at particular seasons of the year, to perform this act of devotion.

"Beneath this chapel is a subterraneous chamber, representing the stable, and all the accompaniments of the nativity. Among the numerous plaster figures which occupy the scene, we recognised our friends, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, in the act of presenting their gifts. Every thing about this singular place seems to mark the very extremity of superstitious devotion.

"The examination of all this took more than an hour, but still the sacristan had not returned. The Dutch party, as well as ourselves, were desirous to wait for him; for it was, in fact, the sight he had to shew which brought us there: so we walked in the garden, we climbed the tower, we ate cherries, we read every inscription in the church, yet still he came not. At length, much fatigued, but nevertheless steadfast in our determination to wait for him, we all assembled round the high altar, near which was the large trap-door that opened upon the vault; and having seated ourselves upon the steps and benches round it, endeavoured to beguile, by conversation, the still prolonged absence of the sacristan.

"I remarked, on this occasion, and, in truth, on every other that gave me an opportunity of conversing with them, that the Dutch are not only extremely courteous in their manner to stranger, but that they are particularly well informed and intelligent. After this observation

it will appear like national vanity, if I say that they resemble the English; but they certainly do so in their passion for travelling, and in the active perseverance of their researches for information. I do not, however, claim these remarks as my own; they were made to me by a German of high rank, who knew both countries well. He added, that the English and Dutch were often mistaken for each other at the German inns; 'but this,' he said, 'probably arises from the wealth and indifference to expense so remarkable in both.'

"At length, the person we were all so anxiously awaiting entered the church. I hardly knew what we had expected from this sepulchral examination, but it certainly must have been something very different from the reality, for we were jesting and laughing when the man arrived; and even when we saw the two lads who accompanied him raise the massy door, I believe not one of us felt any portion of the awe which the scene it opened to us was calculated to inspire. The sacristan, with a lighted candle in his hand, descended a dark and narrow flight of steps, desiring us to follow him: I was the first that did so; and I shall not soon forget the spectacle that met my eyes. On each side of us, as we entered the vault, was ranged a row of open coffins, each containing the dry and shrivelled body of a monk, in his robe and cowl. They are so placed as to be exposed to the closest examination both of touch and sight, and the remembrance of my walk through them still makes me shudder.

"The wonderful state of preservation in which these bodies remain, though constantly exposed

to the atmosphere by being thus exhibited, is attributed by good Catholics to the peculiar sanctity of the place; but to those who do not receive this solution of the mystery, it is one of great difficulty. The dates of their interment vary from 1400 to 1713; and the eldest is quite as fresh as the most recent. There are twenty-six, fully exposed to view; and, apparently, many more beneath them. From the older ones the coffins have either crumbled away, or the bodies were buried without them. In some of these ghastly objects the flesh is still full, and almost shapely upon the legs; in others it appears to be drying gradually away, and the bones are here and there becoming visible. The condition of the face also varies greatly, though by no means in proportion to the antiquity of each. In many the nose, lips, and beard remain; and in one the features were so little disturbed, that

. 'All unruffled was his face,
We trusted his soul had gotten grace.'

Round others the dust lies where it had fallen, as it dropped, grain by grain, from the mouldering cheeks; and the head grins from beneath the cowl, nearly in the state of a skeleton. The garments are almost in the same unequal degree of preservation; for in many the white material is still firm, though discoloured; while in others it is dropping away in fragments. The shoes of all are wonderfully perfect.*

"The last person buried in this vault was one

* "There's nothing like leather."—*Old Fable.*

who acted as gardener to the community. His head is crowned with a wreath of flowers, which still preserves its general form; nay, the larger blossoms may yet be distinguished from the smaller ones; but the withered leaves lie mixed with his fallen hair on either side.

"Althogether the scene is well calculated to produce a cold shiver in the beholder; and yet we all lingered over it. There is certainly some nerve within us that thrills with strange pleasure at the touch of horror."

No apology is offered for this extract to the reader, inasmuch as it is at once the most accurate and most graphic account of this strange scene extant.

THE HOCH KREUZ.

A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

The Hoch Kreuz (High Cross), on the main road between Bonn and Godesberg, is a remarkable monument of the middle ages. It was erected, according to the best authorities, by Walram von Jülich, the second Archbishop of Cologne of that name (A.D. 1649-50), to commemorate the completion of the noble choir of the cathedral of that city.

The spirit of fiction has, however, consecrated it to itself. Though the cause and time of its erection are placed beyond doubt, still a legendary origin has been given to both, by the

active imaginations of the dwellers in its vicinity. This is the tale; it is only a fragment.

"Nay, my Lord, an I hope for salvation, what I tell ye is the truth," spake an aged woman to a dark-browed, swart knight, as they sat together in a small turret chamber of the castle of Drachenfels.

This knight was the head of his race—the lord of the castle. The aged woman was his nurse. He had but just returned from that disastrous crusade (the second), in which the flower of the German chivalry had so fearfully perished under the banners of the Emperor Conrad; and he bore on his aspect, and in his bowed form, the impress of the suffering which all engaged in that expedition had endured, from the emperor himself down to the meanest man at arms in the host. Pallid of look, bearded to the waist, and bent nearly double with toil, he wore the appearance of extreme age; yet was he still but little past the prime of life—the maturity of manhood.

"It cannot be—it may not be," he argued involuntarily with himself, as he hurriedly paced the narrow apartment;—"nay, nay, Bertha, you must be deceived! False to me! nay, confess that you were deceived! Faithless to her husband, even while he fought for the faith of Christ—while he carried the banner of the cross? Nay, nay, I may not credit even thee, my good Bertha! Confess, then, that thou art deceived!"

"The world is worth naught to me, now," replied the aged woman: "your fair fame out-

weighs all that exists on earth, or in my imagination. I tell ye, my child—as sure as these withered breasts gave ye the first nourishment ye ever tasted—as sure as we be here together his hour—as sure as God lives—as sure as I love ye, beyond every thing in the world, now that my own dear boys have long been dead; nay, as I look for mercy from heaven, and have hope in the Most High, so surely I tell ye but the truth. I could not rest till I saw ye peace I might not know till ye were acquainted with the dishonour wrought your noble name. Now, die when I may die, I shall rest content. My very spirit would have burst from the grave, an ye had not returned before my departure from this life; such was the desire I felt to inform ye of all I knew."

"False! false!" was all the hapless man could utter; "false! false! false! God help me!"

"I was present at her delivery," continued the aged crone; "they would fain make me swear to keep the secret, but I would not. They threatened me with death, but I cared not for them. What was death to me, for your sake—you, to whom I have been as a mother, ever since the hour of your birth? They sought to win me by fair promises, and by rich largesses; but what was gold or flattery to me, in thought of your dishonour? I swore to myself to tell ye, an I survived to see ye—I have kept my oath. Time passed—you returned not—their fears ceased—they forgot me. You are now here; and I tell ye once again, that your wife has been faithless to you—that she has

borne a son to your betrayer; and that that son, now a lusty youth, of some seventeen years old, is living on yon side of the river. Where I may not say, for I know nothing further."

The knight and the ancient dame parted, as they had met, in secret and in sorrow. His was a weary heart that night.

Early the next morning he rode forth, and descending to the banks of the river, and embarking in a small boat, dropped down with the current to Godesberg. The son of his father by a female dependant, a half-witted hanger-on at the castle, followed him as his attendant and guide.

"Rupert," said the knight of Drachenfels, breaking silence for the first time since they had left the castle; "you are sure you know where he abides?"

"Yea, full sure," replied his attendant. "Many and many a time has my lady sped me thither, with missives for the youth. He is a fine boy, and of a noble bearing, I warrant ye."

"Enough!" said his master; "lead on."

They proceeded apace, neither speaking a word; the one for intense anguish, the other for fear of his master.

"I would fain know his description," abruptly asked the knight, as they rode onwards towards Bonn.

"As like to thy ladye wife as child may be to mother," answered Rupert; "fair, fragile, delicate of face and form—long yellow hair, waving adown a swanlike neck, and ever and anon curling over his gentle brow—mark him, beyond mistake. His garb is green, like a free forest-

ter's, and he wears a hunting knife and a horn at his girdle. He is a lovely youth, I ween."

"You may return to Drachensfels," said his master; "that will do - delay not."

Rupert, right glad of the permission, wheeled about his horse, and was soon out of sight. The knight rode onward slowly, sad, and silent, and thoughtful.

On the spot where the Hoch Kreuz now stands, he shortly encountered him of whom he was in quest, the living symbol of his dishonour and his disgrace. On the spot where the Hoch Kreuz now stands, he smote with the sword that „sinless child of sin," and poured out his young heart's blood on the green sward, as an offering to the evil spirit of vengeance. And on the same spot, in after years, when time had effaced all bad feelings, and brought peace back again to his soul, he raised that pillar as a memento of his wrong and his crime:

"Of her he loved, of him he slew."

Within twenty-four hours after the fate of the boy became known, there was a death in the abbey of Villich, on the other side of the river: it was that of his frail and faithless, but still pitiable mother. She had lived the life of a recluse, from the time he had attained the age of adolescence, and she now followed him she could not save, and to whom she should never have given existence, it is to be hoped, to that region "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

An elegant writer has already told this tale

in agreeable verse.* It is quoted here with much pleasure:

"It was a Ritter, old and gray,
Who stood with his bright sword bare;
And at his feet a stripling lay,
All bathed in his life-blood there!
It was a piteous sight to see
The youth in his mortal agony!

But grimly smiled that Ritter old,
As the red tide ran so fast;
And the glazing eye of his victim told
That the struggle was well nigh past.
He gazed 'till the boy lay stretched and stark,
Then strode away through the forest dark.

There was a nun in Villich fair,
Who had lived a life of sorrow;
They brought her a lock of that stripling's hair,
And she died upon the morrow.
This cross was built on the fatal spot—
More of the tale man knoweth not."

GODESBERG.

THE BISHOP'S BRIDE.

"Stranger than fiction," almost, is the "truth," in so far as relates to the history of Gebhard,

* Planché, "Lays and Legends of the Rhine." C. Tilt, London. Pp. 35. 1832. M. Planché says, that this tradition was communicated to him by a gentleman of Bonn, then resident at Godesberg, and that he had never met with it in print. Neither did the author of this work, although he has searched all the authorities on the subject extant. He has, however, heard it repeated by more than one peasant in the vicinity of Godesberg on many occasions.

Archbishop of Cologne, whose fate is so intimately connected with that of the ruined castle, Godesberg. Schiller's graphic account of the man, and the time, and the circumstances of the period, can never be tiresome.

"But of greater importance," pursues he,* "were two other attempts made by the Protestant party, to extend their influence and their dominion. Gebhard Elector, Archbishop of Cologne, Truchsess of Waldburg by birth, had long felt an ardent passion for the young Courtess Agnes von Mansfeld, canoness of the nunnery of Gerresheim; and his passion was not unreturned nor unrequited by her. As the eyes of all Germany were attracted to this scandalous connexion, the two brothers of the lady, both zealous Calvinists,** insisted on the Archbishop's repairing the honour of their house. So long, however, as the Elector remained a Catholic bishop, this was impossible, and they therefore threatened to wash the stain out in his blood, and in that of their sister, unless he at once renounced her, or led her to the altar as his wife. Gebhard would listen to nothing but the voice of love, all things else were unheeded by him; and, whether it was that the Reformation had affected him too, or whether, as seems most probable, the charms of the lady alone worked the miracle, certain it is, that he abjured the Roman Catholic faith, and married, due in form, the fair Agnes von Mansfeld.

* Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Kriegs. 1. Theil. 1. Buch.

** It was on a mission undertaken by him for the purpose of reconciling these brothers, the Counts of Mansfeld, that Martin Luther died:

This circumstance was then considered of the highest moment to the Protestant cause. According to the canons of the Roman Catholic church, the Elector, by this act of apostasy, lost all title to the archbishopric, as a spiritual dignity; and if the Catholic party in the diocese could only succeed in deposing him from the spiritual power and dignity, the step was easy to a deposition from the electoral and temporal authority. On his side, the bitterness of a possible degradation from both was much increased by the fact that it would likewise involve a young and tender wife, for whom he had sacrificed all in his own fate. The deposition from the spiritual dignity in such a case was, doubtless, one of the contested articles of the peace of Augsburg; and it was of importance to the Protestant portion of Germany, to win this fourth electorate from the Catholic party. There were recent examples in many parts of the empire, of bishops retaining their sees after renouncing their religion. Many members of the chapter of the cathedral of Cologne were Protestants, and on the side of the Elector; and in the city itself there was a very large and important proportion of Protestant citizens. All these circumstances, combined with the persuasions of his private friends and relatives, and the promises of support which he received from many of the German Protestant courts, induced the elector to come to the conclusion to retain his ecclesiastical as well as his temporal power, although a member of the reformed church, and professing its anti-papal doctrines.

But he was not long in discovering that he

had undertaken a struggle to which he was utterly incompetent, and to which there seemed to be no probable end but his own defeat, and perhaps destruction. The tolerance of the Protestant form of faith in the archdiocese of Cologne, was opposed with great bitterness by the states of the principality, as well as by a great majority of the canons of the cathedral; and the interposition of the Emperor in favour of the Catholic religion, together with a bull of excommunication launched against Gebhard by the Pope, at once deprived him of his temporal and spiritual authority, and cast him out from his dominions, as well as from the pale of the church. In this extremity, he raised a strong body of armed men for the purpose of using force, if necessary, to retain both; and the chapter of the cathedral immediately did the same, for the opposite purpose. To strengthen themselves, however, still more, the latter proceeded to the election of a successor to Gebhard; and as it was their object to secure effectual aid, as much as to fill the vacant archbishopric their choice fell upon the prince, Bishop of Liege, one of the powerful house of Bavaria.

A civil war now commenced in good earnest, which, as it appeared to necessitate a participation in it by the two great parties that then divided Germany, seemed likely to dissolve the peace that, up to that period, had prevailed in the empire. The Protestants were greatly incensed that the pope should have dared to depose an elector of the empire by his mere apostolic authority. In the palmy days of the papal power, such a proceeding had always been op-

posed by the diets of the empire; how much more should it be so now, in a century which saw such revolutions, and at a time when the church of Rome rested on such a fragile foundation in the minds of men? All the reformed courts of Germany pressed the matter on the attention of the emperor: Henry the Fourth of France, then King of Navarre, also left no means untried to urge the German princes to assert their rights boldly and bravely. The result would be decisive for the religious liberty of Germany, if carried into effect. Four Protestant votes against three Catholic, in the imperial diet of election, would effectually outweigh the latter; would give the former the preponderance in the election of emperors; and would finally, perhaps, bar for ever the succession of the house of Austria to the empire.

But Gebhard had embraced the reformed, and not the Lutheran religion; and to that circumstance he owed all his subsequent misfortunes. The animosity that existed between both creeds, and pervaded each party, prevented the evangelical people from thoroughly identifying themselves with him or his abettors; and, consequently, they only supported him in appearance, not in reality—gave him the shadow, but kept back the substance. It is true, that the Protestant princes had promised him assistance to a man; but it is equally true, that one alone of their number, the Pfalzgraf, John Casimir, a fanatical Calvinist, had kept that promise faithfully. This prince, with a small force, hastened to form a junction with the elector, then hardly pressed by his enemies; but the activity

and power of the newly elected archbishop, aided as he was by the Bavarian court, and the Spanish government in the Netherlands, prevented him from carrying his intentions into effect. The troops of Gebhard, who were discontented because of his inability to pay them, proceeded from murmurs to insubordination, and from insubordination to treachery; and city after city, fortress after fortress, and castle after castle, was surrendered by them to the foe, until there was not a single strong place left him in the territory he so lately swayed. After holding out for some short time in his Westphalian possessions, he finally relinquished the struggle, and fled from Germany. During his exile, he made many ineffectual attempts to excite England and Holland in his favour. In a state of hopeless prostration, he finally retired to Strasburg, where he still held the office of deacon of the cathedral. In that city he shortly after died—the first offering on the altar of the spiritual restriction, or, rather, on the altar of the discord which prevailed among the German Protestants.

Godesberg was the last fortress that held out for Gebhard, in the territory of Cologne; and it was there, says tradition, that he finally parted from his fair and fond, but erring bride, Agnes von Mansfeldt. It was surrendered to the Bavarians A.D. 1593, and was by them reduced to its present state of ruin.

An elegant writer,* before quoted in these

* J. R. Planché, F.S.A., "Lays and Legends of the Rhine." London.

air of heaven, by the Teutonic ancestors of the present inhabitants. The ruins, however, which now crown the summit of the hill, are those of a strong castle erected there by Theodore, Count of Heinsberg, the predecessors of Engelbert the Holy in the see of Cologne, A.D. 1208-13; but as that structure was raised on the foundation of another ruined edifice of a similar character, there is no doubt that the occupation of this site is of a much more ancient date. There are still remains of Roman masonry visible in the basement of the circular tower; and the little chapel of St. Michael seems wholly composed of it. The early traditions respecting the spot, go the length of fixing the date of the erection of the first castle in the time of Julian the Apostate, about the period of his second and third expeditions across the Rhine (A.D. 357-359). They are kept in countenance by the legends attached to it; one of which relates how, in former times, it was the residence of a mighty king, who, with a countless host of followers, took up his abode in the neighbourhood. The legend adds, further, that this foreign potentate was in league with the spirits of darkness—that he sacrificed human victims on the altar of his divinities—and that he tyrannised, in the most cruel manner, over the hapless inhabitants of the vicinity. His power, however, it concludes, was completely overthrown by the arrival of a holy Christian priest, who banished his diabolical agents and emissaries, and drove him from the country along with them.

THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS.

We now reach that cluster of volcanic hills known as the Seven Mountains (*Siebengebirge*.) Here the romantic in natural scenery commences on the Rhine; and, in the whole course of that mighty river if we except that portion of it which passes through the Canton of the Grisons in Switzerland, near its source—there is nothing more magnificent offered to the view. This cluster of mountains forms the *terminus* to the great central chain which crosses Thuringen, the country of Fulda, and Hartz Forest. By a singular anomaly, they are higher here than in the heart of the chain; but that circumstance is easily accounted for, by considering them in connexion with their volcanic origin.

In former times, every summit of this cluster—which, by the by, consists of more than seven—was crowned with a castle; and every castle had, of course, a legend. The castles, in most cases, have crumbled to dust; but the legends still survive—still flourish, fresh, and green, and gay, like ivytendrils on a ruined wall: thus proving the immortality of mind, and the perishableness of matter, to whosoever takes the trouble to consider the subject. Of those legends—and “their name is legion, for they are many”—the most striking are selected for these pages. The first mountain which presents itself to view is.

THE STRÖMBERG.

Thus runs the legend relating to the little chapel which stands on its peak, dedicated to the

prince of the apostles, St. Peter, and called after him St. Peter's Chapel.

In ancient times an old knight, named Rudolf von Isenburg, dwelt in the Castle of Argensfels, a little higher up the river. He had two fair daughters, and no more; and he loved them with all the fondness of a father's pure affection. And he was fully justified in doing so, for they were not only the most beautiful maidens on the Rhine, but they were also the best. About the period when they had attained the full bloom of feminine beauty, the second crusade was depopulating Germany of its bravest barons and gayest knights, and leaving young brides and betrothed virgins to bewail the infatuation of their lords and lovers, in exchanging peace at home and pleasure for toil, and turmoil, and tumult, and strife, under the burning sun of Syria. St. Bernard was then at Spire, engaged in the strange operation, but still most successful, of kindling up the flame of blind zeal in the bosom of a people slow in their nature, and wholly ignorant of the language in which he addressed them. Among the throng of knights and nobles who abandoned their stately abodes on the Rhine shore and its vicinity, was the young Baron Diether von Schwarzenek, who dwelt in the Castle of Wolkenburg (Cloud Castle) which then stood on that one of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, which still bears the same name. As he travelled up the right bank of the river with a stately retinue, on his way to Francfort, which was the rendezvous for the crusaders, he was belated in the neighbourhood of Argensfels; and, with the freedom of primitive times and ancient manners, he at once made

that castle his abode for the night. Rudolf von Isenburg bade his noble guest welcome, and offered him all the hospitality his house could afford; while his fair daughters, according to the usages of those simple days, waited on the stranger and vied with each other in their endeavours to entertain him. The calm grace and dignified beauty of Bertha, the elder of the two, won, however, on his heart, more effectually than the joyous manner and sprightly sallies of her younger sister. Before the hour of parting for the night arrived, he felt that, without her, the world was naught to him. He loved her. It was not difficult to perceive that the manly mien, and handsome face and figure of the young knight, had produced a similar impression on the fair Bertha; and with a perfect consciousness of this fact, the lively Nina did all in her power to advance the progress of this mutual passion. Her kind heart felt a pure pleasure in promoting the happiness of her sister, and one whom she saw, with the keen glance of woman, was worthy of her in every respect. Need it be said, that circumstances often annihilate space and time? He was bound to depart next morning, and he felt that a moment should not be wasted. The same feeling was participated in by Bertha; so that, when he urged his suit, he found in her a willing auditor; and when he pledged his troth, he was met with a respondent sentiment. Neither slept much that night; indeed they slept not at all, for it was gray dawn before the sister could persuade Diether to separate from them; and their souls were much too full of each other to find room for slumber. Morning, however, came,

and they parted. Diether went forth with a heavier heart than he had entered; and Bertha—how shall I describe her sorrow? The work of years, under ordinary circumstances, had been effected in her gentle heart within the few hours in which she had conversed with her lover.

Diether proceeded on his journey, and arrived in due season at Francfort. From thence he traversed the centre of Europe, in the host of the Emperor Conrad, passing through the Greek empire in his course, and ultimately arrived in Palestine. But neither the chivalry of the German court, nor the pomp and splendour of the Greek, could efface from his memory the image of his beloved Bertha: in peril and in toil, amidst the eternal Alpine snows, and on the burning sands of Syria, he thought of her, and her alone.

“She was his hope, his joy, his love, his all,”

It is the province of history to tell of the disasters which befel the Christian host, and of the wondrous achievements which they performed, under the command of Frederic Barbarossa, nephew of the Emperor Conrad. In one of those furious and destructive onslaughts which they had to sustain from the Saracenic power, Diether was cut down, severely wounded, and, while in a state of helplessness and insensibility, made captive by the Saracenes. For seven long years he languished in a loathsome dungeon in Joppa, loaded with chains, and subject to the daily insults of his ruthless jailors. While thus captive, he had, however, his pleasures as well as his pains. In the darkness of his cell, as well as while under the palm-trees of Palestine,

or in the rocky clefts of Lebanon, he still saw in idea his Bertha—young, beautiful, and true as ever; and thus would memory picture to his mind's eye, “the broad and bounding Rhine,” the vine-covered hills, and gay valleys on its banks, and the old oak that stood in the courtyard of Argensfels, beneath which he had taken his last farewell of his betrothed and beloved. It is natural for a man, when he is in danger or distress, to bethink him of the means to avert or alleviate it. Diether did so. But the only means which his circumstances allowed him to use, was prayer to a power superior to that of his persecutors. He bethought him of the Virgin—in that rude age, the stay and hope of the destitute, the desolate, and the abandoned of the rest of mankind, as her sex ever have been, and ever will be, while the world is a world; and he vowed a vow to erect a chapel to her honour, if, through her aid, he should again obtain his freedom, and regain his own country and his love. A body of crusaders shortly after assaulted the fortress in which he was confined, and liberated him, with many others, his fellow-captives. He then returned to Europe, along with the wreck of the crusading force. From Venice, the first port at which he landed, he hastened, on the wings of love, over the Tyrolean Mountains, and across the intervenient country to Francfort. Without a moment's unnecessary delay in that ancient city, he set forth on his journey down the Rhine to the abode of his Bertha. His soul was filled with pleasing and painful emotions—with

"Hopes, and fears that kindled hopes,
An inextinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long."

The quickest form of travelling was far too slow for his feelings; and his impatience to see again his sweet Bertha was not to be repressed by any consideration—not even by a perfect consciousness of the impossibility of proceeding faster than he did. How his heart leaped within him, when, at the bend of the river just below Andernach, his barque hove in sight of Argenfels, the highest towers of which were just visible in the distance, and bore down on that beloved spot as rapidly as oars, and sail, and current could carry it! Nearer and nearer drew the barque, impelled by the current and the breeze, and urged on by the stalwart rowers, encouraged by the promise of rich largess. What does he see? Do his eyes deceive him? Alas, no! The lordly towers of Argenfels were a blackened ruin! Grass grew in the courts and passages of that once noble pile; and beasts of prey, and foul reptiles, made its stately halls their obscene dens and horrid banquetting places.

The story of its fate was soon told.

"Old Sir Rudolf," 'twas thus spoke an aged herd, whose scanty flock pastured freely, and at large, on the walls and in the fosse of the building: "Old Sir Rudolf von Isenburg was slain by a deadly foe, in an unexpected onslaught which was made on the castle in the dead of night; and the castle itself was then plundered, and afterwards burnt, as you see."

the one, and a mass of long, rich, yellow hair, floated in the breeze.

Diether sprang forward.

"Stay!" he exclaimed; "stay!"

The form turned round at the cry.

"Bertha!"

"Diether!"

"Nina!"

They were all clasped in one embrace.

It was, indeed, his own beloved Bertha and her sister. On the death of their father they had taken to flight, to save themselves from the destroyers of his castle; and, accompanied by one aged retainer alone, to whose care their expiring sire had confided them, they wandered forth. They had succeeded in effecting their escape through the subterranean passages of the castle, and they received no harm in their flight. Their first place of concealment was the hut of a charcoal-burner, in the neighbouring wood. In this retreat they were made acquainted with the death of their father, which they previously knew was inevitable; and the pillage and plunder of their paternal towers, which they also augured, from the intense redness of the sky a few nights previously. Finding, from the statements of the old servant and the charcoal-burner, that they were not quite safe in their seclusion, as armed men were seen in the vicinity, apparently in search of some fugitives, they betook themselves, in the darkness of the night, to the inaccessible solitude of the Seven Mountains. There, aided by their faithful old servant, they raised that humble cell and the cross be-

fore it, on the only cleared spot they could discover. The old man shortly after died.

"Since then," concluded the lively Nina, gaily anticipating her sister, "we have not seen a single man. How miserable!"

Diether smiled at the girl's gaiety and light-heartedness.

"Since then," concluded the graver Bertha; "we have communed with none, save our Creator."

Diether did not find it a very difficult task to persuade the fair Bertha to become his bride, and the mistress of his home. Strange, however, to say, the lively Nina could not be induced, by any arguments, to quit her solitary cell. She was determined, she said, to devote the rest of her existence to the service of God; for that life had no longer any pleasures for her, since she saw her aged sire struck down before her eyes, weltering in his gore—dying—dead! As her resolution was unchangeable, Diether caused a more commodious building to be erected for her; and, in addition to it, he built a chapel to the prince of the apostles, St. Peter.

Bertha and Diether lived happily, and became the parent stock of a long line of Rhenish knights and nobles.

Nina died very soon afterwards; but not, however, before her little cell had become the nucleus of a small nunnery. She lies buried in the chapel.

'Twas said she loved her sister's spouse; but that her gentle nature caused her to sacrifice

herself rather than disturb the happiness of one so dear to her.

This is the legend of the Strömberg.

The true history of the mountain is less remarkable. It was the site of a Roman fortress, if any credit be due to generally received tradition; and it became subsequently the seat of a castle, erected, perhaps, on the ruins of that structure, by a chief of the Ripuarian Franks, and transmitted by him to his Teutonic successors. In the beginning of the twelfth century, a settlement of some monks of the Augustinian order was attempted here, under the patronage and by the advice of Bruno, Count of Altena, the second of that name, and the forty-eighth Archbishop of Cologne, A.D. 1181-37. It did not succeed, however, for reasons which are not now known. A similar failure, probably from a similar cause, took place in regard to another attempt to settle some Cistercian monks here in 1188, by the Archbishop Philip von Heinsberg, the conqueror of Westphalia (A.D. 1167-1191). The monks found the climate of the mountain too cold and inhospitable for them; so that, after a few months' abode there, they abandoned it for one of the contiguous valleys, where they founded the monastery of Heisterbach. Since then the Strömberg has remained in its present state; it is now a period of nearly seven centuries.

The Strömberg is reckoned to be 1123 English feet in perpendicular height; but some measurements make it less—only 1053 feet.

The next to this mountain is the Nieder-Strömberg, more generally known as

THE NONNEN - STRÖMBERG.

The subsequent legend is related of it.

In those days of darkness and violence which overcast Europe in the middle ages, when might was right, in Germany as well as in every other country in the world, there dwelt in the castle, which then stood on the summit of the Nieder-Strömberg, one of those stronghanded knights who knew no law but his own will, and whose power was as extensive as his means could afford to make it. He had a large family of sons and daughters at one time, but, as he grew old, they all perished around him; the sons, in the scenes of bloodshed and violence so peculiar to the period; the daughters, of various descriptions of disease: all but one, and she was a vowed nun in the neighbouring abbey of Villich. The proud, turbulent old man, thus saw himself cut off from every hope of posterity. But he was not to be baffled of his will, even though heaven was to be arrayed against him on its accomplishment. Having fixed his eyes upon the only son of an ancient race in the neighbourhood, he negotiated with the father of the youth for a marriage between their children; and then, despite of tears and entreaties—despite the maledictions of the church, the holy horror of the nuns, the protestations of the noble abbess, and the strong objections of the maiden herself—he

bore his daughter off by force to his own castle on the mountain.

Matilda—that was her name—had been, from her earliest youth, of a pious, contemplative disposition; and having been brought up with her relation, the Abbess of Villich, from the age of infancy, she felt the greatest reluctance to quit the convent. In truth, she knew of no other home; and she desired to have no other. Her agonies, therefore, may be more easily conceived than described, at this violent disruption of all associations, human and divine, she grieved, and was sorrowful to the death for it; and, like the gentle mourner in holy writ, “she would not be comforted, because they were not.”

It so happened, however, that her destined bridegroom was already in love with another, and that, having no hopes of obtaining the hand of his mistress, he had vowed within himself never to love a woman more. He had, moreover, unknown to his father, abjured the world at the altar of the neighbouring abbey of Heisterbach; and though, with the concurrence of the superior, he still lived abroad in the world, he did so only until the death of his sire should release him from the necessity of simulating appearances, and enable him to place all his patrimony at the disposal of the church. His father, too, like the father of Matilda, was a harsh, hard-hearted man; and being proud, besides, of his ancient lineage, he determined that it should be no fault of his if his name were not transmitted to posterity. Thus matters stood when Albert was made acquainted with the mar-

riage contemplated for him, and commanded to hold himself in readiness to espouse the young nun. It was to no purpose that he adjured the stern old man to desist from his intention; to no purpose did he appeal to his feelings: appeal and adjuration were equally useless; and the only alternative offered him was immediate compliance or the deepest dungeon in the castle, there to rot out the remainder of his life, under the malediction of an offended father. The hapless youth adopted the former proposition, and agreed to the union.

"Father of mercy!" prayed the pious Matilda, on the eve of her intended nuptials; "deliver me from this deadly peril. At any price do I ask it; for even life itself is naught to me, if my vow be broken!"

"Mary, mother!" prayed the afflicted Albert, almost at the same moment; "interpose thy powerful aid, and let me die rather than renounce my God."

Even as they prayed, a sign of hope appeared in the sky; a white dove hovered for a moment over them, and then flew upwards, where it was lost in the vastness of the heavens.

The morning came. The chaplain of the castle was at the altar of the little chapel, long unused by any of its inmates; the old baron was by his side; the weeping Matilda stood before the figure of the crucifixion. In another minute the melancholy Albert entered, following his fa-

ther. They took their places, the bridegroom opposite the altar, beside his destined bride; the sire opposite the stern father of the victim. Bride and bridegroom were garbed in a most extraordinary manner for such an occasion; the former wore her white habit as a vowed nun, and the latter had, for the first time in his life, assumed the long, dark, coarse cassock of a Cistercian monk. Nothing could induce either to adopt another form of dress for the nuptial ceremony. It was a singular and a solemn sight to see; the one, with her thick white veil concealing her tearful eyes and pallid features; the other, hiding his troubled traits and care-worn countenance in the deep folds of his uncomely cowl.

The sacred ceremony was performed; the marriage was complete, all save the usual responses. The profligate chaplain, as well as the proud, violent, hard-hearted parents, awaited impatiently the final words. At this moment the bride and bridegroom, as if impelled by an unseen power, involuntarily held forth their hands to each other, and clasped them firmly.

"*In te, Domine, speravi,*" spake the gentle Matilda, in a voice which thrilled through the hearts of the hearers.

"*Non confundar in æternum,*" responded Albert, as if animated by the same impulsive spirit.

"*Amen,*" echoed around the walls of the chapel. The voice of some invisible being seemed to fill the surrounding space.

Even as the words were spoken, the earth yawned at the foot of the altar, and bride and bridegroom disappeared in the deep chasm. A

chorus of celestial sounds floated in the air, as the gulf closed over them; and their souls, linked hand in hand, were seen ascending to the throne of mercy and of grace.

The chaplain fled from the chapel, howling like one possessed; the next morning he was found dead at the foot of the mountain.

The cruel sires died off shortly after; and the name of each died with him. Neither left scion, of the remotest degree, to tell to future times that their stock had ever existed. Their possessions were wasted and destroyed, even in their brief lifetime; and their very castles crumbled to ruin over their heads, before the frail wrecks of their own forms had found a resting-place.

Since then, tradition tells us, the mountain of Nieder-Strömberg has been called Nonnen-Strömberg.

The Nieder- or Nonnen-Strömberg is said to have been crowned by a Roman fortress also, built, according to tradition, by the Emperor Valentinian (A. D. 368). There are no remains of it now in existence.

This mountain is reckoned to be 1066 English feet in perpendicular height.

DRACHENFELS.

The Drachenfels—literally, the Dragon's Rock—is, to English readers, the most interesting of the Seven Mountains; from its association with the muse of one of our greatest poets, Lord Byron. It is, however, as an object of admiration, in a picturesque point of view, perhaps

not less interesting. There is none of them which presents such striking features to the eye of the spectator; none of them, in which the elements of sublimity and beauty are so largely blended.

Of the countless legends and traditions which necessarily attach to this most romantic spot, the two following possess, perhaps, the greatest share of general attraction. The first bears relation to the hero of the "Nibelungen Lied," the oldest and most singular modern epic poem in Europe, "Siegfried the Horned;" the second, to the period when Christianity was first propagated on the Rhine by the Briton Winfried, or Boniface, Bishop of Mentz, contemporary and friend of Charlemagne. An opportunity will be taken, in the course of this work, to give entire the story of the Nibelungen, only glanced at in the notes of the subsequent legend.

SIEGFRIED THE DRAGON-KILLER.

The Lord of the Nibelungen, Siegfried great,*
Hath left his father Siegmund's home in state:
He whom the bards have hymn'd, the priests
 have praised;
He in whose honour every voice is raised;
Why fares he forth at distance, and through
 danger,
With twelve true knights alone, to the land
 o' the stranger?

* The Nibelungen were, or rather are, supposed to have been a tribe of the old Burgundians, "a warlike and numerous people of the Vandal race (says Gibbon, in his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' cap. 25), whose obscure

His heart impels him to far Burgundy.*

Oh, that the book of fate he could but see!

He wends him thither for Chriembilda fair;

Fain would he win the great king's daughter there.

Joyously greets he now the Rhine's mid shore,
And hails the huge Seven Mountains towering
o'er

"Let us"—thus spake he to his warriors true—

"Our ancient plight with Childerich renew! **

name insensibly swelled into a powerful kingdom, and has finally settled on a flourishing province." They separated themselves from the parent stock about the time the latter overran the Roman Empire (A. D. 300-400); and settled on the banks of the Lower Rhine. Xanten, near Cleeves, now in Holland, was the seat of their government. Very near the æra of Arthur, King of England,—the fifth century,—Siegmond, their king, held his court in that city; and Siegfried the Horned, his celebrated son, was born there. "Der Nibelungen Lied," one of the oldest epic poems in modern language, is almost exclusively occupied with the feats of Siegfried, who bears also the honourable cognomen of the Dragon-Killer. A large portion of another old German epic, of nearly equal antiquity, "Wieland der Schmidt," (Wieland the Smith), is likewise devoted to the deeds of this hero, who is uniformly represented as a young giant; or, perhaps, more properly speaking, an incarnation of human strength and power.

* In the year of our Lord 407, the Burgundians, of the same stock as the Vandals, broke forth from their settlements between the Oder and the Weser, and overran a great portion of Gaul. Helvetia, Savoy, Dauphiné, the Lyonois, and Franche Comté, were erected by them into an independent monarchy; Lyons and Geneva being alternately the seat of government.—HERMAN. *Allgem. Geschichte.*

* The Franks, a German people, composed of several tribes, — the Chauci, the Sigambri, the Bructii, and

See ye his palace yon, with grape - vines
wreathed ?

Catch ye the fragrance from its flower - beds
breathed ?

Him many a kindly speech my sire has sent :
Within his halls be till the morrow spent."

He ceased : and to the king's abode they turn.
But there no longer brilliant torches burn ;
No longer greets the ear the voice of song ;
Solitude seems to sit its towers among.
Along its silent courts the sad winds moan ;
Siegfried finds the monarch all mute and lone.

The old king's trembling arms can scarcely
hold,
In kindly clasp, the hero young and bold ;
Thorough the long gray locks which shade his
eyes,
His stanch friend's son he scarce can recognise.

Chatti, &c.—deriving their name from the circumstance of their freedom, had settled on the lower Rhine about the middle of the third century, and had there continued until their irruption into Gaul, about the middle of the fifth century. They were, subsequently to their settlement there, divided into two races, the Ripuarian and the Salique Franks; each of which was governed by a supreme monarch, elected by the feudatories of the kingdom. The territory of the Salique Franks comprised the northern portion of the Roman Belgium; that of the Ripuarian Franks, the land lying between the shores of the Rhine, the Maas, and the Mosel. Clodio, or Chlodion, is the first king of the Franks on record. Merovaeus, the founder of the Merovignian dynasty, was his successor, A.D. 437; and Childerich, who was subsequently deposed, followed, A.D. 456-81.—HERMANN. *Allg. Gesch.*; GIBBON, *Decl. and Fall*; MONTESQ. *Esprit des Lois*.

Sorrow and age have bowed his noble form;
He soon will be a banquet for the worm.

"I greet thee, potent prince," spake Siegfried,
free;

"How comes this cloud of grief, methinks I see,
Upon your brow? You rule the Franks so
brave:

Their troth is true—what more may mortal
crave?"

"Alas!" the old king answered, "that I live!
To lay me down and die, what would I give?"

"Once on a time, O king! the voice of song,"
Thus Siegfried, "echoed aye these halls along;
Even as the stately swan o' the glassy water,
Floated its tones in praise of thy fair daughter.
Where braids Gunhilda now her golden hair?
'Tis years since I beheld that maiden rare."

Slowly and sad the old king heaves his hand,
And points it upward, where the mountains
stand

"Alas, and wo is me!" he sigh'd; "no more
Dwells here my darling daughter—all is o'er!
Deep in a cavern, in yon rude rock's breast,
In chains she lies, by magic power opprest.

"The tale is sad." "Oh, tell it!" Siegfried;
cries;

"Sir Hunold—he whose towers touch yonder
skies—

Lord of the Drachenfels, long wooed my child:
But he was fierce, she as a dove was mild.
She loved him not unheeded was his wooing;
And he, the wizard vile! then vowed her ruin.

"It boots to tell not how his end he gained;
 "Suffice it, in yon cavern new she's chained:
 While he, in semblance of a dragon fell,
 Watches her day and night—the spawn of hell!
 Full fifty knights, in her rescue, he's o'erthrown;
 Who saves her, shall divide with me my
 throne."

Then gravely thus the Nibelungen's lord,
 "To meet that dragon I may well afford;
 One I've already slain*—'twere odd, in sooth,
 If for another I had any ruth.
 What though Chriemhilda's court my presence
 lack!
 Comfort thee, king! I'll bring thy daughter
 back."

With gladdened soul, and glance of ancient fire,
 Folds the young hero to his heart, the sire.
 "If on this earth," he cries, "there lives the
 one
 To slay that fiend, 'tis thee—the deed is done!

* According to the "Nibelungen Lied," "Wieland der Schmidt," and other veridical authorities of equal historical value, Siegfried, when little better than a boy, and still learning the craft of an armourer and swordsmith, along with several other young princes and nobles of the north, from Mime, a celebrated worker in iron of the time, resident near Xanten on the Rhine, slew Faffner, a magician, his master's brother, who dwelt in the woods of Toxandria, close by the capital of the Nibelungen, and usually assumed the shape of a fierce dragon. The legend runs, that Mime, afraid of the young giant's strength, sent him on a simulated errand to his formidable brother, to the end that he might be made away with, and no more trouble he had from his turbulence; but that his plan was defeated, as it has been already related.

Thou—thou, my Siegfried, thou alone art he!
Oh, blest for ever shall thy coming be!

“ And winn’st thou her, and wilt not have the
prize—

My throne partake—drink rapture from her eyes;
A hundred of my starkest steeds shall be
Laden with my richest treasures—all for thee.”
Siegfried the offer waved, with friendly word;
For was not his the Nibelungen’s hoard?^o
The monarch bids the stream of music flow;
Quick round the festal board the goblets go.
High at his side sits Siegfried over all;

* The Nibelungen hort—hoard or treasure—cuts a conspicuous figure in the ancient epos, “*Der Nibelungen Lied*,” already alluded to. It belonged to the magician Fafner, who was slain by Siegfried; it was composed of countless heaps of gold and precious stones; and it fell to the conqueror on the death of its guardian. Let by a nightingale, who seemed to watch over the fate of the young hero, he sought it in a deep forest in the Nibelungen land, and found it guarded by dwarfs, and gnomes, and other fanciful beings. Alberic, their chief, had for offensive weapon only a golden whip. A brisk battle ensued between them, in which Siegfried found as much as he could do to sustain himself against the dwarfs’ scourge. Victory, however, declared herself for him; and the dwarf prince had his life on conditions. These conditions were, his aid and assistance to win the hoard. A fearful giant was next to be encountered; his name was Wolf-grambar: he was taller than the tallest pine in an alpine forest; and his weapon was an immense iron bar. Siegfried conquered him of course; but not without considerable trouble, says the story. The result of his labours was, however, the acquisition of the Nibelungen treasure, and with it, what was still more prized by him, the sword *Balmung*, the best blade ever forged, and the *tarn-kappe*, or magic cap, which made the wearer invincible, by rendering him invisible. — *Nibel. Lied.* &c.

The guests enjoy the banquet till they fall.
'Twas late that night ere he his pillow press'd,
Or gentle slumber lulled him to soft rest.

But yet, by time the day had dawn'd, was he
Fully equipp'd, in all his panoply.
His steed he strides *—the palace leaves—

anon

Upward he spurs — and now the rock he's won.
The towers of "holy Coeln" ** glance afar;
And dim i' the west is seen the morning star.

The fields of Orient lie i' the light beneath —
Blandly the breezes through the foliage breathe.
Siegfried, undaunted, lance in rest, draws near
That cavern dank—that den of death and fear.
"Monster, come forth!" he cries; the cave re-
sounds;

Hissing and shrieking forth the monster bounds.
It was a sight the stoutest heart to chill:
Sufficed the dragon's look almost to kill.
Back leaped Sir Siegfried, in affright, I ween,

* "The best steed that ever a warrior's stable bred—the strong Grani, swift as the wind—stole Siegfried from his master Mime's stall, and sped forth."—*Nibelungen Lied*. This was subsequent to the death of Fafner, the dragon-magician.

** Cologne, in the middle ages, was commonly called the Holy City; and was considered only second to Rome itself, in sanctity. "The crowd of churches and religious foundations so increased in the middle ages," says the historian of the Rhine, "and their number became so great, there being very nearly as many churches and chapels within the walls as there are days in the year, that it is little to be wondered at that it should have obtained the name of the Holy City."—*Vogt. Rhein. Geschichte, &c. Dritter, Band. s. 370-1.*

For never aught so loathsome had he seen ;
 And were he not all heart, from foot to head,
 The aspect of such foe had felled him dead.

Sparkled his eyes, like coals from hell's own
 fire ;

Pestilent vapours from his throat expire.

A thousand coils his tortuous tail contains :

Echo his roar the valleys and the plains.

And, as he shrieks and tears the trembling
 ground,

The woods and rocks are groaning all around.

Rises erect a rugged mane, all down

His narrow neck, and back of murky brown :

Like a portcullis gapes his awful jaws,

His fangs are swords—huge hooks his fearful
 claws ;

His deadly crest with venom swain, so wan,

Heaves its misshapen mass o'er horse and man.

A prayer to heaven the hero puts, and then

Begins the battle. Dreadful 'twas, I ken.

The dragon, in a reek of hellish hue,

Envelopes him : he wists not what to do.

His lance is broke, his strength is gone—oh,
 woe !

A moment more, he's crushed !—Is it not so ?

Not so !—He springs beside the gaping jaws ;

His trusty blade—bright Balmung*—quick he
 draws ;

* This weapon has already been adverted to in a preceding note.

That well-tried sword, which none of mortal
mould,
Without to shrink, unsheathed, might well
behold.

The fair Gunhilda, too, comes then in sight,
Clasping her lily hands in piteous plight.

Stern in his stirrup stands he—onward dashing;
Bright o'er his head his burnished blade is
flashing;

A thunderbolt might do no more at best,
Than did its crash upon the dragon's crest.
Ten thousand bulls match'd not the monster's
roar; —

Ere the broad sun arose the fight was o'er.

'Tis o'er. Gunhilda's thralldom now hath end.
Downward to hell doth Hunold's dark soul wend.
From out that cavern's gloom * the lovely
May,

Flits as although she feared the light of day.
To her deliverer holds she forth her hand;
Mute and amazed, a moment does he stand.

Bedecked her graceful form a garb of white,
Her long hair rolled in waves of yellow light;
Twin tears—twin pearls—stood in her soft blue
eyes,

Even as the dew at dawn o' the violet lies.

* The cavern in which the old Rhenish Dragon, from whom the Drachenfels is said to take its name, had his den, is still pointed out by local *cicerone*, under the sanction of immemorial tradition. It is on the south-west side of the rock, considerably below the ruins of the castle which crown the summit of the mountain—*Rheinische Sagen-Kreise*, &c.

A gentle sigh just heaved her swanlike breast,
But on her face sweet smiles of joy did rest.

"Soon shalt thou see thy sire!" the hero said.
Then on his steed he sets the blushing maid;
And hastes adown the mountain-brow; but ere
They'd measur'd half, the good old king draws
near.

Quick as he may he toils with tiresome gasp.
His long-lost child in his fond arms to clasp,

Anon he holds her to his aged breast;
To her deliverer then his thanks express'd.
Full fain had both detained him in soft guise,
But vainly—forth the restless Siegfried flies.—
In silence vows the fair maid, that no other
Shall ever wed the daughter of her mother.

Honoured and loved—loved, honoured—Siegfried
goes

From thence—from friends—to find, alas! but
foes.

Musing upon the fair Gunhilda's beauty,
A tear-drop tells him he forgets his duty.*
From far he greets the broad Rhine's verdant
shore;

Alas! alas! he'll never greet it more.

* Siegfried, it will be remembered, was at this time on his journey to the Burgundian court, to woo and win the fair Chriemhilda's hand. He appears to have been a sad fellow among the women; for, shortly after he destroys the magician Fafner, and acquires possession of his own liberty, we find him in the frozen regions of the North, at the court of the King of Iceland, successfully suing for that monarch's beautiful daughter Brunhilda.—*Nibelungen Lied*, &c.

Oh, had he but among the Franks remained!
Oh, had Gunhilda's charms his soul enchained!
He had not fallen by traitor's hand. ** Shall I
Sing how his bride he won?—how came to
die?—

No! mute be my lyre!—Another time, may-be,
Unto his fate I'll tune my minstrelsy.

The second legend, as it has been already stated, is connected with the period when Christianity

** Siegfried was slain in the chase, near Worms, at the instigation of Brunhilda, while he stooped down to drink at a cool fountain. The circumstances were nearly as follows. Günther, King of the Burgundians, who held his court at Worms, wooed and won Brunhilda as his bride; but in consequence of her love for Siegfried, she would not permit him to consummate the marriage the first night; and the extraordinary strength with which she is represented to have been endowed, was employed by her for that purpose. This circumstance came to the ears of her former lover Siegfried, now the admirer and admired of Chriemhilda, the king's sister; and he charitably undertook to remedy it. Putting on his tarn-kappe, he entered the nuptial chamber on the second night, with the cognizance of Günther, and exchanging places with him, after a fierce and dangerous struggle with the Amazon, succeeded in making her cry quarter. At that moment he again changed places with the king, and left him to the enjoyment of his troublesome bride. It was, however, the most unfortunate act of Siegfried's life: for Brunhilda learning, subsequently, the trick which he had played her; and likewise animated with mortal jealousy of his spouse Chriemhilda, bribed Hagen, one of her wicked counsellors, to slay him in an unguarded moment. Hagen treacherously thrust him through with his own spear, as he stooped to drink at a fountain, heated with the toils of the chase; first, however, taking the precaution to remove his sword *Balmung* out of his reach. Thus perished Siegfried the Horned; according to the "*Nibelungen Lied*," &c.

was first propagated on the shores of the Rhine and in the circumjacent country: but it should also be added, that it is the one of the two which has become most popular in the annals of local tradition, though not more beautiful than the former, and having far fewer claims to remote antiquity. There are many versions of this legend current in the country, but none of them is more common in the mouths of the many than that which is here presented to the reader. Whether the story has any foundation in fact, like most of those traditions of the middle ages, which have been traced to their true source, or, whether it be pure human invention, the author of these pages has scant means and little desire to ascertain: he has no wish to disturb the fond illusion of ages by letting in the cold light of historical research on the subject.

Thus it runs in the rude original. In the olden time a grisly dragon had his den in the great cavern of the Drachenfels, where he received divine honours from the heathen inhabitants of the vicinity. The usual sacrifice offered to propitiate him was a human being. Captives of every class were generally selected for the obscene maw of the monster; but those who were made prisoners in battle or in foray, were deemed the most acceptable to his peculiar taste. Among the hapless beings who were in the latter predicament, was a young, and beautiful, and high-born Christian maiden. She was captured in a descent made by the mountaineers on the adjacent villages in the plains, where about that period the belief in a true God had begun to be common amongst the inhabitants. Like Briseis

in the "Iliad," two conquerors contended for the possession of her person; but, unlike that fair cause of commotion in the Greek camp, she had no willing participation in the deadly strife which ensued between them. Both claimants had their partizans; and their quarrel threatened a dismemberment of the tribe.

"This must never be," concluded the ancients, in a council called to appease the feud, and at which each of the claimants attended.

"She is mine," urged the one.

"I won her," cried the other.

"Silence!" said the senior, gravely, rising and waving his shrivelled hand. "She is not yours—she is not ours—she is our God's—she is from henceforth the property of the mighty dragon."

The other old men applauded this cruel decision; and, as the contending parties could no longer prefer any pretensions to her, they applauded it also. Preparations were accordingly made to hand her over to the monster; and certainly never yet was there a more beautiful peace-offering to the foul spirit of intestine discord. Garbed in long flowing white robe, and covered with a garland of the fairest flowers, she was conducted at sunset up the steep, stony side of the mountain, as close to the cavern of the loathsome deity as his wretched worshippers dared approach. As they toiled up the rugged mountain path, the elders recited a rude ditty, the crowd taking up the *refrain* in a monotonous and melancholy cadence. Thus they chanted:—

"With garland crown'd, unwreathed in fair flowers,
Alas! and wo is thee!
We hear thee where yon fearful dragon glowers,
Alas! and wo is thee!
Stark for thy love is many a hero lying,
Alas! and wo are we!
Our fields, even now, with their best blood they're
dying,
No joy we know for thee!
Then, Christian maiden!—more thou'lt injure never—
Alas! and wo are we!
The Drachenfels be now thy hier for ever!
Thither we hie with thee!"

The effect of this dismal chant was singularly saddening; and many of the funeral throng wept the sacrifice of beauty to peace, and humanity to political expedience, as its echoes rolled heavily over hill and dale, through all the valleys of the Seven Mountains. Slowly and solemnly they halted at their destination,—the spot to this day known as “the Dragon’s Den.” There she was bound to a blighted tree, and abandoned to her fate, amidst the songs of triumph and shouts of devotion of the departing crowd. It was a dreadful moment for her when the last echoes of their receding voices died in the distance. No hope of earthly aid now remained longer: to heaven, then, alone she humbly looked for succour and assistance; or for an alleviation of the bitter pangs of death.

The sun set gloriously in a mass of refulgent clouds, and the yellow moon uprose, filling the lovely valley which lay stretched below, far and wide as eye could reach, with its pure and holy light. Midnight approached, but it came, alas! with the lingering pace of painful years to the

agonized mind of the maiden. Still, however, she placed her trust in God, and calmly awaited the moment when her spirit, disunited from the flesh, should be freed from persecution, and fly to join his saints in those regions of the blessed where all is peace, and love, and purest happiness.

At the hour of midnight the monster emerged from his den, making a horrible noise, and rushed with all the eagerness of insatiate appetite towards the spot where she stood bound, his lovely and unresisting prey. The furious beast made as though he would devour her in one morsel, and his hideous jaws gaped wide for the purpose; but all of a sudden he stopped short, as if struck by a thunderbolt, and then fled backwards with a most awful outcry and a horrid hissing. Twice, thrice did he essay to seize her: each time, however, more ineffectually than before. What was the cause of his impotence to injure his gentle victim? The maiden bore on her breast a little cross; and the fiend had no power over one who was guarded by that sacred symbol of our redemption.

Frustrated in all his efforts—wild with disappointed rage—maddened with unsated appetite—and overpowered by infernal passions, the monster flung himself over the precipice, and was never heard of more.

The maiden thanked God, as well she might do, for her happy deliverance, and prayed fervently for His further blessing and protection.

Next morning the mountain was thronged with a curious crowd, who came to witness the catastrophe of the dreadful tragedy, which they deemed to have occurred over-night, and to

collect the remains of the murdered victim for inhumation. What their wonder was at beholding the maiden unharmed and full of holy confidence, in place of finding only her mangled limbs and fleshless trunk, may be more easily imagined than related.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted they one and all.

"A miracle! a miracle!" echoed in a million voices the multiplied echoes of the Seven Mountains.

The elders fell at her feet and worshipped her; but the maiden bade them rise, and told them not to fear. She then related to them all that had passed.

"Her God is greater than our god," said the chief of the elders; "let us worship Him alone."

"Let us worship Him! let us worship Him alone!" echoed the admiring multitude.

"Worship Him alone! worship Him alone!" echoed the mystic voices of the valleys and the mountains.

The fickle crowd now unbound the maiden, and led her adown the rugged side of the mountain; triumphant and exalted now above all, along the road where she had been so recently the fearful sacrifice offered to a loathsome monster, and from the spot where she had been abandoned of the world. They entreated her with one accord to instruct them in the Christian faith, and to be thenceforth their ruler. She sent, accordingly, to her own home for pious priests to undertake the office of teachers; and assumed, at the desire of the tribe, the full sovereignty over them.

On the same day that she was proclaimed queen of this people, the ancients, and the chiefs, and the principal warriors, were baptized in the Rhine; and from thence, and ever since, Christianity has been the religion of that part of the country.

A chapel to the honour of the Saviour was built on the place where the maiden had vanquished the dragon by the symbol of His sufferings, in commemoration of that wonderful event; but it has crumbled before the touch of time, and for ages past not a fragment has existed to tell with aught like certainty where it stood. Tradition, however, the foster-child of time, still points out the alleged locality; and many a soft heart has thrilled, and many a bright eye been dimmed with a tear, as they looked on the spot and remembered this legend.

THE WOLKENBERG.

The Wolkenberg (Cloud Mountain), the next which claims attention of the Siebengebirge group, is not one of the least interesting among them. It is also known as the Wolkenburg, or Cloud Castle, because, says Schreiber, "in former times there was likewise a castle at the top of this mountain, which was often covered with fogs and clouds, and thence derived the name of Wolkenburg (Cloud Castle)."

This is the tradition which attaches to that castle, now only existing in the popular imagination. It is a stirring tale.

THE FATE OF THE FAITHLESS.

In ancient days, when the Roman empire succumbed under the swarms of barbarians from the North, which fell upon it like a cloud of locusts on a fertile soil,—when the Franks and the Germans divided northern Europe, as it were, between them, a noble knight of the former people inhabited the strong castle which then crowned the summit of the Wolkenberg. His name was Walter, and his power was great as a chief,—his reputation high as a warrior.

At this period the Franks were divided into two distinct tribes, the Ripuarian and the Salique; the former inhabiting Northern Belgium, the latter the shores of the Rhine, from the canal of Drusus, near Nymüegen, to the Mosel,—on both sides of the river. Walter, the hero of this tradition, was of the latter. As the greatest unity then subsisted between the heads of the two tribes, there was, consequently, a considerable intercourse among them; and, as a result of this intercourse, our hero is found, at the outset of the story, in the court of the Ripuarian monarch, at Xanten, close by Cleves. This sovereign, like Jephthah, judge of Israel, had

"One fair daughter, and no more
The which he loved passing well:" *

"*Hamlet.*—O, *Jephthah*, judge of Israel, what
a treasure hadst thou!

Polonius.—What a treasure had he, my lord!

Hamlet.—Why—'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Polonius.—Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*"]

Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. ii.

and on her account was his palace the resort of the young and the brave, and the witty and the wise, from all quarters of France and Germany. Among her numberless suitors, however, there was one who had the preference of the maiden and the particular approbation of her sire. He was only son to the king of the Salique Franks; and had come from his home on the shores of the Upper Rhine to sue for her hand. The maiden's troth was plighted—the day was fixed for their union—and all manner of preparation was made to greet this auspicious junction of the two races. At this time it was that Walter appeared at her father's court, attracted thither as much by the anticipated festivities, the news of which had been spread far and wide, as by the fame of Helgunda's wondrous wealth and beauty.

Walter saw the princess;—to see her was to love her. His active mind immediately set about devising the means to make her his own. In the middle of the night, the first of his arrival, he ascended the towers of the palace, and having purchased the permission of the warden, sang so sweetly beneath her chamber window, that her soul was ravished with delight. The next eve his serenade was repeated, and for six successive nights the maiden was alternately enraptured with his melody, or overcome with his grief.

"Who is this that sings so tenderly of love and truth?" asked the princess of her favorite damsel, one morning at her toilette, it was the morning of the seventh day.

"I wist not, noble lady," replied the damsel;

"but the warden will tell me, and I inquire by your leave.

"Go, then, and God speed thy errand," sighed the princess.

The damsel went forth, and soon returned with the desired intelligence. The warden was her lover, and he could not, therefore, refuse her any thing. The princess was quickly made acquainted with the name of the love-lorn minstrel, and from that moment she desired her betrothed no longer. That night Walter sang not in vain; nor did he sing so long as he was wont: for Helgunda's hand-maiden cut short his minstrelsy by a welcome invitation to her lady's bower; and he entered the abode of hope and joy a happy man. Until the morning dawn the lovers remained together, and then they separated with sighs and tears, and vows and promises, as young people usually do at the first blush of the tender passion.

In seven days thereafter, however, Helgunda was to espouse the young Salique prince: such was the will of her sire, a will not to be gainsayed by any one. What was to be done? Walter was bold, and the princess was desperate; so they agreed to quit the palace together, and flee to his castle on the Wolkenberg. On the eve of the morrow, when the nuptial ceremony was to have been celebrated, they had passed, disguised through a secret portal, and hastily bent their course towards the ferry on the Rhine most distant from the royal palace.

But their flight was not unnoticed, nor did they escape unpursued. They had just reached

the ferry, when they heard the quick, hard tramp of a horse, in full gallop behind them.

"Robber!" shouted a voice, which she at once recognised as that of the deserted prince; "stay, stay! ere ye will have her, ye must win her first. Be she to the victor!"

Walter at once stopped short in his flight; reining up his foaming steed, and consigning Helgunda to the care of the ferryman, he addressed himself to the battle with their pursuer. It was a fierce and a fearful combat. Victory for a long while hung doubtful in the balance, but at last it o'er fell to the side of Walter. The prince was vanquished, and left for dead on the field. The happy pair then pursued their dangerous journey unmolested. They reached the Wolkenburg in safety the same night.

It was a good year from the occurrence of this event, when the prince, who had recovered of his wounds in the meanwhile, forgetful of his defeat, and remembering only the injury that had been inflicted on him, at the head of a large body of troops laid waste the territories of Walter with fire and sword, and threatened to assault his "cloud capt" castle. Walter hastily collected his vassals and retainers, and went forth to the encounter with this formidable enemy. A deadly conflict ensued between them, and again the hapless prince was defeated. This time, however, he was more severely punished by his conqueror than he had been before; for whereas, in the former case, he had only been deprived of his horse and arms, in conformity with the usage

of the Franks and other warlike people of that period, in the present case he was also deprived of his liberty, and retained a prisoner at the mercy of his foe. Manacled hand and foot, his neck and waist also encircled by an iron chain, he was dragged at the tail of a horse up the Wolkenburg Mountain, and there was cast into the deepest and darkest dungeon of the castle. His followers were irremediably dispersed. His power was irrecoverably lost. He had no longer consolation but in the hope of death.

Another year had now elapsed: in the interim, Walter had headed an expedition to a distant part of the country; and Helgunda was left sole mistress of his castle, and sole regent of his lands in his absence.

"Alas! and wo is me!" she spake to her favourite damsel, one morning as they sat together in her chamber; "My husband returns not. God help me! I am now neither maid, nor wife, nor widow."

The cunning confidant, who knew her mistress's propensities but too well, at once made answer and said:

"The young prince, your first love, now pines in the lowest dungeon of the castle—a pitiful place that for a pretty fellow to abide in, while a fair lady is in want of a fond lover! Why should my lady languish?"

Helgunda heard this remark without a word of observation; but it was not the more unheeded by her; on the contrary, it sunk deep into her depraved soul. The next morning saw the prince

free, sitting by her side at the matin meal, lord of her love once more, and master of the Castle of Wolkenburg and its contiguous territory. The late autumn, the dreary winter, and the cheering spring-time, were spent in a round of dissipation by the guilty pair. On the coming of summer-tide, Helgunda received intelligence of the approach of her husband. She made her arrangements accordingly.

The unsuspecting Walter arrived at Wolkenburg in due time; and Helgunda surpassed herself in the simulated fondness with which she received him. He was overcome with joy; and in the excess of his feelings, he blessed God for giving him such a fond and faithful wife. The prince had been returned to his dungeon to prevent discovery; nothing of the change which had passed was apparent in the castle. Walter awoke the next morning a fettered prisoner, in the place of his faithless wife's minion. That treacherous woman had drugged his drink; and in the dead of the night, while he slept, she and her lover had loaded his limbs with chains, and borne him thither. The castle was filled with their retainers; the hapless husband had therefore no remedy but submission; sorrow and rage were equally idle, and alike unavailing. But their malice did not stop short here: to aggravate the tortures of their victim, they caused a massive collar of iron to be fastened in the walls of the banqueting room; to that Walter, the captive, was shortly fastened. A soft couch was then placed opposite it, so that the wretched husband might witness them at all times, either at their luxurious meals, or in the amorous dalliance which succeeded.

He, that while, was fed only upon the refuse of the kennels, black bread, half-gnawed bones, and fetid water. Thus passed over the sunny summer.

In the meantime, a sister of the prince had come to the Castle of Wolkenburg by special invitation from her brother. She witnessed the punishment of Walter, and her gentle heart pitied him. Anon, that feeling changed into love; and she now only thought to save him. Unmindful of aught—of her brother's safety or even of her own, she assisted him in the dead hour of the night to file away his fetters; and when, at length, they might be broken by a touch, she brought him his tried and trusty sword. All she prayed of him or requested for this service was a kind look—a tender word—a single smile. It may be that she would have had him love her, too, as much as she loved him, but she said no word about it; and he was too much occupied with the work of his emancipation to think of any thing else at the moment. That night he slept soundly;—he was free. With the morning dawn, however, he resumed once more his chains, and stood again in the degraded position he had so long occupied. The hour of vengeance rapidly approached.

At noon, the prince and Helgunda dined as usual in the great hall of the castle, which served at once as a banqueting room to them, and a prison to its rightful lord; and also, as was their daily wont, they held free amorous converse in his presence. As they dallied together, thus outspoke their prisoner threateningly:—

mystic halo of legendary lore. The following tender tale is told of the dwellers in the castle which once stood on its summit. It is better known to the general reader than the greater part of those which have been already related; but still it will be found not less interesting, nor less capable of exciting renewed sympathy.

GOD'S LOVE. *

In the middle of the twelfth century, when the papal rule was supreme in Europe, and the haughtiest princes bowed their heads to the proud lords of the church, an old baron, Balther von Bassenich, dwelt in the noble castle which then stood on the highest point of the Oehlberg. He had no child but one, a daughter, named Liba, who was "passing" fair, as well as gentle and very virtuous. Her beauty and her goodness, conjoined with her father's possessions, attracted to her feet many suitors from far and near; but the favoured of the throng was a young knight of the neighbourhood, named Schott von Grünstein. They "loved and were beloved;" and the aged sire of the maiden had given his assent to their union.

* "Whom the god's love die young," was said of yore,
 And many deaths do they escape by this;
 The death of friends, and that which slays even more—
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
 Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
 Awaits, at last, even those who longest miss
 The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave
 Which men weep over, may be meant so save."—

Don Juan, c. iv.

"And they were happy; for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradises."

The days which were to intervene between their bridal were to them like a long, long dream of delight. Alas! they could not foresee the storm which was about to burst upon them, and bury their fond hopes in darkness and desolation. How should they? There was not a dark spot in their bright, serene, beautiful heaven. Perhaps it was all the better for being so.

The aged father of Liba had long entertained a deep and implacable hatred against Engelbert the holy, the pious, but severe prince-bishop and elector of Cologne, to whom he stood in the relation of feudatory, or, more properly speaking, of knight-vassal. The quarrel arose from a very trifling circumstance at first; but it soon increased, as such quarrels generally do, to a pitch altogether unwarranted on either side. Unfortunately, it only strengthened with years, and the growing infirmity of the parties, instead of decreasing in virulence and intensity.

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues will poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And youth is stormy, and live is vain,
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth act like madness on the brain." *

So it was with the prince-bishop and his noble vassal. They had been fast friends in youth; they were now bitter foes in their old age. Neither sought to conceal his enmity from

* Coleridge's "Christabel."

the other, or from the world. The results were fatal to both.

One day, as Balther sat at table in the great hall of his castle, surrounded by a crowd of guests,—knights and barons of the neighbourhood,—the conversation turned upon some recent act of the bishop, their sovereign, which these free-livers, or, in strict truth-speaking, these free-booters, complained of as arbitrary and oppressive. The punishment of one of their "order," for setting on and plundering a caravan or company of merchants travelling through the territory of Cologne towards the Rhine, on their way to the far-famed October fair at Frankfurt, was that which they discussed, and at which they were all very wroth to a man. Every one at table was excited at it, for each was likely to be placed in a similar predicament, and to merit, perhaps, similar treatment, at the hands of the rigid prelate. As the feast proceeded, and the wine-cup circulated more freely among them, their complaints waxed louder, and their expressions of anger and discontent became bitterer and bolder. Threats were uttered against their feudal sovereign; and "curses deep and loud" were muttered by mouths that dared not to have spoken them in a state of sobriety. Balther saw the turmoil with delight; and he sought to exalt their anger still more by his own observations.

"Alas!" said he; "it is ill for me that the days of my youth are gone! Wo is the man who may not do his own battle! Would that I could but wield a sword as I was wont to wield it in days of yore! I should not long tolerate this

clerical insolence! He treats us as if we were not his equals! Is there one among us whose birth is less noble than his?"

His auditors cheered this inflammatory and self-flattering speech. The applause was boisterous, loud, and long-continued. It is usually so on such occasions, and under such circumstances.

"—But never mind," he continued, "we must only live on, like so many whipped hounds, to lick the hand that smites us."

"Never! never!" shouted the excited assembly, as with a single voice.

"Never?" echoed their host, incredulously; "Alas! alas! we speak only—we do nothing more."

"What shall we do?" up and spake a fierce, black-browed, thick-bearded baron, who dwelt on the shores of the Rhine. The salutary severity of the bishop was particularly obnoxious to him, for it had more than once prevented his plundering all passengers on the river.

"What shall we do?" echoed the maddened revellers.

"Pledge me in a beaker," quoth Balther dryly.

They rose as one man. Their deep cups foamed over the brim with the generous juice of the Rhenish grape. Deadly hatred was imprinted on every countenance. Each right hand was held aloft, each left hand grasped its sword-hilt with a short convulsive motion. Balther stood at the head of the table, towering over all.

"Here's to the speedy downfall of our enemies!" spake he. "If you have the hearts of

men in your bodies, you'll understand my meaning. Death to our arch foe!"

"Death to our arch foe!" shouted the drinkers; and they drained off their beakers to the dregs.

In that hour the fate of the archbishop was decided.

A conspiracy was then and there formed, plans were laid, and every precaution taken to ensure the destruction of the obnoxious prelate. Within a brief space they had accomplished their diabolical object, in what manner it boots not the present purpose to relate.

The horror excited in Germany by this foul deed was fully equal to that excited by the murder of Thomas à Becket, about the same period, in England. The whole nation were up in arms against the perpetrators. The common people, with whom the bishop, in his clerical character, was a great favourite, demanded justice with loud outcries and wild threats; the free cities of the empire denounced the assassins, because of the enormity of the act, and the protection which that prelate had always afforded to traffic in his territories; and the electors of the Germanic body insisted on the persecution to the death of all connected with the murder, as an example to the robber-knights, and as a safeguard against any similar attempts on their own persons. The emperor could not withstand the united voice of the empire, the solicitations of his friends, and the prayers of his best supporters, even if he had entertained an intention to do so. But he never did; and he acted accordingly. Without a moment's delay he issued the strictest orders

to seize and execute all the conspirators; to level their castles with the earth; and to dispossess their heirs and descendants for ever. The terrible punishment of fire and sword to the *outrance* was pronounced on all concerned, mediately or immediately, in the murder of the prince-bishop: such was the fearful sentence that went forth against them.

Balthar had never concealed his hatred of the deceased prelate; and he had, moreover, taken, little pains to keep secret his participation in the plot by which he had been deprived of life. The first burst of the national vengeance was, therefore, naturally directed on him. Before he was even aware of his danger, his castle was surrounded by a large body of troops, detached for the purpose by forced marches across the most unfrequented parts of the country, and all within it completely enclosed, as in a net, by a determined host of assailants.

It was a dark, dreary, wild, winter night, and all in the castle had for some time retired to rest, when the alarm of foes at hand was shouted from the ill-watched turrets by the half-awakened wardens. Long ere any thing like effectual oppositon could be organized against them, the imperial forces were in the courtyard, and on the walls. A brief space more, and they filled all the lower apartments, and were almost in complete possession of the keep. In this moment of doubt, and dread, and danger, and dismay, Liba, scantily clothed, rushed into her father's chamber, and apprised him of his situation. Aroused from a deep sleep by her fearful cry, he sprung up and hastily grasped

his arms. The castle was in flames; the fire raged in every visible part of the pile.

"Fly, father! fly!" shrieked the maiden.

Balthar gazed around him for a single moment as though labouring under the influence of a fearful dream; the next instant he unsheathed his sword, and made for the door of the apartment.

"Where are the incendiaries?" he shouted. "Where are the villains, the robbers, the cowardly assassins?"

Liba flung herself in his arms. Another glance shewed him that all hope of resistance was useless—that all hope of escape was vain. The flames rolled heavily up the staircase; he and his child were almost suffocated with the thick black smoke. In a few seconds the massive oak door was in one fierce blaze. Balthar flung down his sword in despair; but Liba shewed a woman's coolness and a woman's heroism in this trying moment.

"Come," she cried, dragging the unresisting old man towards the further end of the apartment. She touched a concealed spring in the wainscot, which disclosed, through a movable panel, a secret entrance to the vaults of the castle. "Come, my dear father," she continued, "the subterranean passage is still open. Let us fly in that direction, it leads to the woods."

They entered the aperture, and, plunging into the passage, were soon lost in darkness. A moment more, and the room they had left was one mass of fire, and smoke, and crackling flame. The devouring element followed them so fast, that the hair and eyebrows of the knight were severely scorched, which rendered it difficult for

him to see his way; but he was under the guidance of a guardian angel, his gentle daughter, who led his tottering steps onward, until they found, at length, a place of rest and safety. The way they tracked was long, and damp, and dim, and dreary; they emerged, however, to the earth again, in a deep cavity of the mountain. There the subterranean passage terminated. Weary, weak, exhausted with fatigue, and sick at heart with grief and sorrow, the hapless fugitives sank to the earth in a state of insensibility, on breathing once again the free air of heaven. A deep sleep fell upon them in that state of unconsciousness, in which they continued so long, that when again their eyes opened to the light, the sun was high in the sky, and the lark and the wood-thrush, and all the little birds o' the bush, were merrily welcoming his meridian.

Liba—the good, the gentle, the beautiful, and the fond—at once bestirred her to provide food for her fainting father. She plucked him wild berries from the thick underwood which overhung, on all sides, the chasm in which they were concealed, and she dug up, with her own fair fingers, those roots which she knew were nutritive to life. Balther was in a most miserable plight; his eyes had become so swollen and painful, that he could no longer see any thing distinctly; the fever of his blood produced an intense thirst in his parched throat, and he languished for a drop of water to appease it, as much as ever did Dives in the parable, or a hunted hart in the burning desert. But he languished not long; for that, too, was soon supplied by the affectionate care of his devoted daughter. In this

place they tarried until twilight; and then, with a heavy heart, they bent their course towards the remoter recesses of the Seven Mountains. As they pursued their toilsome path in darkness and in silence, they came all at once on a narrow dell, in the centre of which stood the ruins of a small chapel, with a little hermitage attached to it.

"Here," said Liba, "we will take up our abode. Providence points it out to us!"

"But what shall become of us here?" sighed her aged sire, despairingly.

"What God wills," replied the noble-hearted girl, with an unabated confidence in Him who protects the meanest of his creatures, so that a solitary sparrow shall not fall to the ground without His will; and, so saying, she kissed her father's forehead.

"Be it so, my darling child," was all the old man said in answer. "You are now, alas! the only light of my eyes—my only staff—my only hope."

In this wretched dwelling they abode for some time. In the meanwhile, Balther became stone-blind; but he bore that worst of all earthly bereavements with an exemplary patience, and a resignation to the will of God, which was most edifying and beautiful to witness.

"I am a grievous sinner," he would say to himself; "and I am justly punished. But I thank God for his great and surpassing mercy, that he has given me time to repent."

Thus they lived together in that wild and solitary dell.

In the lapse of time, however, the immediate vicinity of their hovel was quite exhausted of

its scanty stock of food; the bushes were all stripped of their berries, and even of the green tops of their leaves; the earth no longer afforded them any edible roots. Liba had, therefore, to extend her search in quest of their wretched sustenance to a still greater distance. In one of these peregrinations she suddenly caught a glance of a man seated under a tree, not a hundred yards from the spot she stood on. His head rested on his hand in a musing, or, it may be, in a melancholy attitude, a hunting spear, and a *couteau de chasse*, lay on the grass beside him; and a couple of stalwart, white, wire-haired hounds crouched silently at his feet. What to do in this emergency the maiden knew not. Fear, and an involuntary feeling, somewhat akin to curiosity somewhat akin to hope, chained her, as it were, to the earth: she could not stir, for the life of her, even if she so willed it; but she did not. A minute more, and the dogs began to bark and bay: the hunter sprang on his feet, and turned quickly round—it was Schott von Grünstein—her lover, her betrothed, her all but husband.

She stretched forth her arms towards him without knowing what she did, and, in an agony of spirit, she essayed to call his name; but the thick underwood completely hid her from his view; and her voice failed her, in the extremity of her agitation. The youth flung himself on the earth once more, and chided his dogs for the false alarm they had raised. Liba had now time to think of what course she should pursue in this unexpected conjuncture.

"Shall I," she soliloquized, "shall I make him acquainted with our wretched condition? If I do so, he will certainly insist on relieving it; and thus will he be made a participator in my father's guilt, and a sharer of my father's punishment. If I do, he will compel us to accompany him to his castle; and the vengeance of the emperor will fall on him for sheltering my poor sire; then I shall have to mourn for two in place of one—to weep his fate as well as my father's. No; I must and shall repent with my sire alone, and pray for him in solitude, to the end that the judgment of the all-righteous God may be averted from his aged head, and Heaven be moved to look on him with pity."

Her soul was now at peace with itself. The spell which had bound her to the spot was broken by this high-minded resolve; and she stole away softly once more to the side of her wretched father's sorry couch in the deep wilderness. He was calmer than usual. She sat over him, and spoke of hope and of happiness hereafter, just as an angel of light might be imagined to do. He grasped her soft white hand, and pressed it fondly to his failing heart.

"I know not," he said, "why it is, but my spirits are lighter now than they have been for many a long, long day. Methinks, too, my eyesight has returned to me. Surely that is the sky I see above me; is it not beautiful and clear, my own Liba?"

"It is clear and beautiful, my father," replied the rejoiced maiden; "there is only one black cloud in the blue heavens, and that is passing fast away from view."

"Lead me forth into the sunshine," pursued Balthar, after a short pause. "I would fain feel once more the warmth of his beams—I would die in his light, if it be permitted me."

"Alas! alas!" rejoined Liba; there is no sun in this dell. The height of the precipice above us, and the depth of the valley in which we are placed, precludes it from ever penetrating here. But I will lead you to the top of yon rock by an easy path, and there you can enjoy your desire, my father."

She assisted his tottering steps to the summit of the rock: the ascent was long and painful. There, seating him on a mosscovered fragment of rock; over which an old oak tree spread its gnarled branches, she took up her position at his feet, looking anxiously into his sightless eyes.

"Liba," said he on a sudden; "Liba, my love! I see the sky—I see the sun!"

"You see again, my father?" exclaimed the delighted girl. "Thank God! thank God!"

"Not with these eyes, my child," he replied, shaking his head sorrowfully; "not with these eyes, they are rayless; sight is extinct in them for ever. But I see with those within me a heaven and a sun, and a sky without cloud, and a glory beyond the sun of this world."

Liba fell on her knees in silence, and folding her hands to heaven, prayed fervently.

"Oh, righteous Judge, she spake, in the depths of her spirit; "give us, I beseech thee, a token of thy forgiveness and mercy."

Balthar folded his hands and prayed in silence also. It was a touching sight, to see guilt and

innocence pleading together to the throne of mercy and of grace.

"Amen," said the old man meekly as though his daughter's pious but silent supplication fell on his awakened ear.

All on a sudden the face of the sky was darkened, the thunder rolled heavily over their heads, and a flash of forked lightning smote the supplicants. Father and daughter were in a moment struck dead. The body of the former was consumed to ashes; that of the latter, the fair and fond Liba, lay near the smouldering and blackened heap, untouched and unmarked by the finger of death. Her pale face seemed as calm and peaceful as that of sleeping infancy—her long lashes closed, as if only in slumber.

Schott von Grünstein happened to be hunting in the wood at that very moment. He heard the thunder, and saw the flash which followed it; and he felt both fear and surprise at the sudden crash. Curious to trace its effects, he penetrated to the place where it fell; there lay his Liba, beside the ashes of her departed sire. In mercy to ourselves, we draw a veil over his sufferings. On that spot he built a small chapel or oratory, where he thenceforward took up his abode, dedicating himself to the service of the mother of God. Since then, that rock has been named the Treuenfels, or Cliff of Truth.

In a wild, lonely dell, deep in the bosom of the Oehlberg, so thickly overgrown with shrubs and underwood as to be scarcely visible, are still seen the remains of an old wall, the work of former ages. Central in that relic of the past is a gravestone, on which alone the letters

"*LIBA*" are distinctly traceable. The remaining words of the inscription are quite obliterated by time, and the influence of revolving seasons. That stone is the only memento of the once lovely Liba—that fragment of wall is all that is left of the oratory built by her lover.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

'Tis a singular tale: but there are those who even yet believe it; and still sorrow for the fond youth and gentle maiden.

THE HEMMERICH.

The Hemmerich, though now a solitude, was once the seat of a noble race, who abode there in love and in joy for many generations. The last scion of this ancient stock, who occupied as a residence the *fortalice* which then stood upon its highest peak, was that Lord of Helnsberg who perished in a fray with the Archbishop of Cologne, near Lechenich, on the other side of the river.

This is the legend of the mountain.

THE DEVOTED.

In that stronghold castle, when the world was younger than it is now, Siegbert, an old noble of the ancient Allemanni, held his abode. It was about the time that Attila, "the scourge of God," with his wild Huns, swept over the Roman empire like a destructive torrent, devastating and destroying every thing in its fearful course. The valley of the Rhine, of course, could not escape them; for where was a fairer

spot to be found in the wide-spread territories of Rome? They poured their thousands and their tens of thousands through it on their way to the invasion of Gaul; * and they left, in every part of it, traces of their violence and their ferocious barbarity. Siegbert was faithful to the Roman rule, and he consequently suffered more at the hands of these merciless barbarians than many others of his neighbours. His castle was dismantled; his retainers and domestics were slain or dispersed; and he himself was only saved by the presence of mind and fidelity of an old servant. While the Huns remained in the Rhine-land, he, together with his only child, the fair Friedhilda, and this aged menial, took up his abode in a cavern of the cliffs in the most rugged and inaccessible part of the adjacent mountains. There they continued for a considerable period, undisturbed of their enemies, kept alive by the hope of again regaining their lost possessions: their precarious subsistence being derived from the chase of wild animals, and the scanty crop of wild berries which the woods afforded. Friedhilda, in the meanwhile, grew daily in beauty and in goodness: but the aged Siegbert, notwithstanding her filial cares, drooped and pined away visibly to all. He sorrowed much for the change that had taken place in their fortunes, and he would not be comforted for the great deprivations endured by his dear child. Thus stood things for some time.

Early one morn in midsummer, Friedhilda descended from the cavern where they abode, to

* A. D. 451.

the little valley which lay at the foot of the mountain chasm in which it was situated, to collect berries and roots for their matin meal, and to seek some herb of grace for the appeasement of her beloved father's malady. A little rivulet ran through the dell, and murmured musically in the pure atmosphere of the morning. She sat down on the green bank to listen awhile to its melody, and to muse a moment on the past. On a sudden, however, she was startled from her reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. Dreading equally the sight of a human being or of wild beasts, she rose to take flight up the hill-side; but her progress was at once arrested by the appearance of a young man of noble mien and courteous bearing, who besought her in mild tones, and with a glance which found its way immediately to her heart, to stay, and fear him not; for that he would not harm her. Almost unconsciously she did as he desired; and a degree of confidence soon sprung up in her bosom for him. In a moment more she feared him no longer.

"I have lost my way in these mountains," said the youth; "and I know not how or where to find my companions of the chase; from whom I parted by accident in the forests at their foot overnight. Lovely maiden, can you direct me on my path?"

Friedhilda blushed, and cast down her eyes modestly.

"I am myself but a stranger to the mountain ways," replied she, pausing, as if in doubt, "and I know but little of their intricacies."

"Well then," resumed the youth, "I must

even track my course as best I can;" and he prepared to depart.

"—But," continued the maiden, as she furtively glanced upwards at his manly form and clear open countenance; "but, if you come with me to my dear father's dwelling, you will be welcomed as his guest, and our old servant will assuredly set you again in the right road."

The youth thanked her in a manner which spoke more than words could express.

"No," murmured she to herself, "no, he is no traitor; he will not betray my dear, dear father. No; I feel that he will not."

The youth took her arm; assisted by him, she sprang up the mountain-side like a young fawn. The cavern was soon reached. Her fair face, suffused with the glow of healthful exercise, her eyes sparkling with pleasurable excitement, her heart throbbing with nameless sensations unfelt and unknown 'till then, she stood before her fond father, and introduced to his notice the young stranger, her companion. Siegbert received him with all the hospitable heartiness of ancient days and oldworld customs, and offered him the best of those refreshments which his straitened circumstances afforded. Berries and water, for the grape then grew not on the banks of the Rhine, were all he could give; but even these were most acceptable to the youth, who had tasted no food since the preceding evening; and they were made sweet and sufficient by the solicitations of the gentle Friedhilda. When the frugal meal was finished, then, and not until then, did the old host inquire the

name and condition of his guest, and ask after his place of residence as well as about his people.

"My name is Griso," frankly answered the youth, to the plain and undisguised interrogatories of Siegbert; "I live in the Upper Rhine district. My father was an Allemann noble. He was slain not long since in a foray against the neighbouring Franks. My mother died shortly after, of grief for his loss. It is about a year, now, that I have known no settled home. Since their death, the solitude of my castle has become insupportable, and I dwell chiefly in the woods, following the chase for my amusement. When a house has no woman at the head of it, it is worse than a desert or a dungeon."

Siegbert smiled and nodded approval, while his fond glances fell on the fair girl, who sat at his feet in a beautiful attitude of filial affection. After much conversation on various subjects, in all of which the young Griso exhibited the ingenuousness of his years, and the goodness of his natural disposition, Siegbert himself conducted him to an outlet from the rocky dell, and there they parted. That brief hour had made them as fast friends as though the acquaintance were of years' standing. Griso was captivated with the charms of Friedhilda; and the fair maiden felt within herself that her heart was not wholly insensible to the merits of the youthful stranger. Days fled, but still they effaced not his image from her recollection. Moons waxed and waned, but the impression seemed only to become deeper. The old song says

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

It was so in truth with the fair Friedhilda. Alas, for her, she soon found out that she loved; alas, for her aged father, he soon found it out too!

"Daughter—my daughter," said Siegbert to her one sultry summer eve, as they sat within the cool, dark shade of the cavern; she combing out her beautiful long yellow locks and sighing, as though her gentle bosom would burst, he musing and silent. "Daughter—my daughter, I fear you have set your heart upon yon stranger youth."

She started, and coloured up to the forehead; her swanlike neck at once grew suffused with the purple current of life, and her eyes glanced around timidly and in fear. She then cast them on the ground, as though she were detected in the act of committing some heinous crime.

"Blush not, my child, nor be ashamed of it as you be," kindly continued the old man, who now saw clearly how the case stood; "he is a brave and a good youth, and seems, to my thought, to be every way worthy of you."

Friedhilda blushed even more deeply than before, but still she said nothing. It was manifest, however, that her confusion had considerably decreased.

"Besides," pursued her sire, "I am sure he loves you."

"Father, father!" was all she could exclaim. Her utterance became choked with emotion, on hearing him speak these welcome words.

"Father, father! do you say he loves me?" repeated she, recovering at once, and flinging herself into the good old man's extended arms

She clasped his aged neck with her lily-white hands; she hugged him to her heart: it was beautiful to behold.

"I do, my child," replied he. "And I say, moreover, that you shall be his bride, if you wish it."

"Father, father!" was all she could say, for another access of emotion stifled her words. She buried her fair face in her father's bosom, and there she wept like a little child for very joy. That day, indeed, she was happiest of the happy.

In a short time after this occurrence, Griso paid them a visit. He lighted on the maiden in the same spot where he had first beheld her. This may seem a surprising coincidence; but it will be explained when it is stated that she spent the greatest part of her leisure time there, thinking over their first meeting, and imagining to herself his step in the rustle of the leaves, his voice in the murmurs of the little rivulet, or his sigh in the soft whisper of the breeze. Need it be said, that she was as much pleased as surprised at the meeting?

"Lovely maiden," spake the youth, sitting at her feet, and holding her fair hand fondly clasped in his; "since first I saw you I have known no peace of mind—no happiness. My own home has been a place of banishment, a desert to me, more solitary than ever. The chase has no longer any charms for me,—the sports of my youth, once loved so well, now delight me no longer. Permit that I pray your father to give me your hand. Wilt thou be my bride?"

Friedhilda knew not what answer to make to

this abrupt declaration; and so, like most maidens similarly circumstanced, she blushed "rosy red," cast down her eyes, and said nothing. The heaving of her beautiful bosom shewed, however, that she was not insensible of what passed, unmoved by her lover's presence, nor untouched by his passion.

"May I ask your sire?" repeated the enraptured youth. "Gentle maiden, speak."

She raised her long, dark-fringed eye-lashes for a single moment, and moved her lips murmuringly.

"Yes!" echoed her delighted Griso, whose faculties were quickened by love, or in whose mind, mayhap, "the wish was parent to the thought;" "I may—you permit me! Thanks—thanks—a thousand times thanks!"

He covered her passive hand with fervent kisses; he overwhelmed her with protestations of love, and happiness, and joy.

Arm-in-arm they proceeded together to the cavern; there Griso told his hopes to her sire, and prayed his consent to their immediate union.

"If it be my daughter's desire," said the old man, "I have no earthly objection to offer; and may Heaven prosper you both."

The lovers knelt to the aged man, and he blessed them with a father's blessing. Griso then drew a massive gold chain from his bosom, and proceeded to place it on Friedhilda's swanlike neck, in token of their betrothment.

"This chain," said he, and he sighed deeply as he spake; "this chain once encircled the neck of my own sweet sister. She sent it to me as a keepsake, in the last moment of her life, when

she was conducted to the sacred grove of Hertha,* there to be offered up a sacrifice to the goddess Hertha, in the still, deep, deadly forest-shade."

Friedhilda shrunk back, with horror and affright depicted on her beautiful countenance. Her heart sunk within her, as she heard these ominous words. Siegbert, her sire, shuddered and changed colour; his mind misgave him—he seemed to foresee but misery for his child. Griso looked aghast; he knew not what those appearances boded, nor how this scene would end.

"But you are now a Christian?" asked the old man, after a long pause. His voice trembled as he spoke.

Friedhilda's soul shook within her as she awaited the reply. It was a sublime scene to see.

"No," answered the youth proudly; "I am not."

Like to a crushed lily leaning on its stem, Friedhilda sank for support on the bosom of her sire, and there lay for some moments—pale, thoughtful, and all unconscious of every thing passing around. In the meanwhile it was evident that Siegbert had taken his resolution, and that he meant to abide by it.

"We are followers of the cross," said the old man solemnly, after a brief but painful silence; "in Christ alone is our faith; through Him only we hope for heaven. Never shall daughter of mine marry a heathen. Unless you embrace our holy religion, and be baptized in the Cristian creed, she sees you no more—all is at an end. Decide!"

* Hertha, the Earth, worshipped by the Saxons, occasionally with human sacrifices.

"I love the maiden more than I love my own life," replied Griso, his faith struggling fearfully with his affection; "but I cannot consent to draw down on my offspring the rage of the gods."

"There is but one God," interposed Siegbert; "there is but one God, and He is neither Woden nor Thor."

Griso shook his head incredulously, but answered not. His soul was very sorrowful.

"Go, youth," continued the old man, whose heart was now filled with pity for him, and for his devoted daughter; "go, and bethink thee of my proposal. Put up thy prayers to heaven, and to the true God, for enlightenment and strength in this season of doubt and difficulty. He will not fail you in your need. Then come again to me."

Griso departed a sadder, "but not a wiser man." A prey to the deepest emotions, his heart was torn in different directions; by the passion of love in the one way, and by the prejudice of early education in the other. His path homeward's lay through the thick forest—the Oden-wald, and as he wended his way beneath those aged oaks consecrated to the worship of the god from whom it takes its name, and bethought him of his departed sires, he resolved within himself that where they were, in the world to come, even there would he be also, and nowhere else. His journey was at an end the next morning. As he entered the court of his castle, his eye fell on a large cross which lay in the entrance and blocked up the road. At that period of the year, in accordance with immemorial custom, it was usually dragged

along the ground, and subjected to every species of desecration, as an insult and degradation to that faith of which it is the received symbol.

"It is the emblem of my gentle Friedhilda's belief," said Griso to himself! "for her sake I shall not see it cast down and trampled on."

He approached to raise it from the spot in which it lay, with the intention of placing it out of the reach of further insult; but the disembodied spirit of his father appeared to flit before his eyes even as he did so; and a warning voice from Hertha's mystic grove seemed borne to his ears by the breeze of the evening, to forbid the pious act.

If he had vacillated before between the faith of his father and that of his beloved Friedhilda, he now vacillated no longer. Filled with holy horror, he fled to the recesses of his lonely chamber; and there, in silence and in solitude, he vowed a vow, that in life or in death he would know no gods save those which had been worshipped by his predecessors.

But how was it all the while with Friedhilda? How fared she in the time that followed?

When her lover left her, she felt that life was from thenceforward to her as nothing. Like a fair flower with a worm at its root, she drooped, and pined, and faded away, day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute. A deep devotion to God, a high sense of filial duty, and a noble consciousness of what was due to her own honour and dignity, caused her to acquiesce in a separation, which every moment made but more and more apparent to her as final in this world, if not in the world to come; yet still

she could not altogether cast away from her heart the consuming passion which withered her hopes, her joys, her feelings, yea, her very sensations, and which wasted away her bloom and her beauty, even as that of a delicate blossom nipped by the returning blight of unexpected winter. She had grown old before she was young; she knew many sorrows, and was acquainted with grief. Every thing seemed changed for the worse with her—all went wrong.

“Misfortunes never come single,” Siegbert died shortly after this occurrence; and the old faithful domestic did not survive him many days. She was now alone in the world. But what was solitude her? She had no fears—no hope—naught to live for nor to love.

After performing, as well as she could, the last sad offices for the dead, she abandoned for ever the cavern they had so long dwelt in; and, penetrating deeper into the recesses of the forest which then covered the side of the mountains, as well as the interjacent valleys, she there sought out a still more solitary residence. There with her own hands she raised a rude, wretched hut, and beside it she piled up an altar of loose stones, on the top of which she erected the holy cross. In this solitude, serving God in faith and all humility, she abode in peace for many years. The beasts of the forest harmed her not; it seemed as though they were awed by her presence, or by the protection which some unseen power extended over her: the birds of the air built their nests without fear in the thick foliage of the old oaks which shadowed her dreary dwelling—why should they fear her?—and the

wild deer would bound exultingly before her as though she were one of their own species, and then playfully lay them down at her feet, or couch quietly by the foot of the altar, when she prayed there at morn: and noon, and evening.

Thus passed her time: she, the while, patiently awaiting the moment when her sufferings would have an end; and when her chastened spirit should be reunited to its God. At length she fell ill. She felt at once that her sickness was mortal. It was at the close of a bright and beautiful summer day, when the slanting sun shed his effulgent light through the intertwisted branches of the forest trees, touching every leaf with a tender transparent hue, and flinging the shadow of the thick trunks in bold, black lines, on the green sward before her lowly cell, that she crept forth from the gloom which ever dwelt within that dim abode, and crawled slowly and painfully towards the long-venerated cross which she had herself erected.

"Here," murmured she, "shall I die; oh, God, receive my spirit!"

She extended herself at the foot of the rude altar, and stretched forth her wasted hands in the attitude of prayer. Death came upon her even like a deep sleep as she did so, she expired without a struggle or a sigh. Friedhilda, —the once beautiful Friedhilda, —the lovely, the beloved, the good, and the virtuous, was now an inanimate lump of mortality — a mass of "dust and ashes."

Before life was extinct, however, an aged priest, as though despatched thither by Providence, approached her last restingplace. She

smiled, and bade him to her. He was the chaplain of her sire when her sire had a home; he, too, had been a refugee since the destruction of the castle.

"Father," faintly murmured the dying saint, for a saint she was, if ever saint existed on this earth; "Father, Heaven has heard my last prayer, and sent you to my aid in this trying moment. Shrive me and sain me, that I may depart in peace with the Lord."

The aged priest obeyed her injunctions.

"Now, father," she faltered forth, "one more request, and I go to join the blessed—to join my beloved sire, and my longlost, gentle mother."

The old priest listened intently, promising to perform her wish, whatever it might be.

She placed a small scroll of parchment in his hands, and proceeded.

"Bury me beneath this altar, on the spot where I now lie; and let what is written on that scroll be engraved on my humble tombstone—my only epitaph. Farewell, father; I die."

The face of a sleeping babe could not present a more peaceful appearance than did that of her corpse: it was "beautiful exceedingly."

The old priest was not unmindful of his promise. The next morning he gathered together the few simple herds who dwelt at the foot of the mountain, and proceeded forthwith to its fulfilment. As they pursued their pious task, the wild beasts of the wood flocked around, but shewed no disposition to injure or to harm them. Her favourite fawns, too, were there with hanging heads, and with big tears in their soft,

full eyes. While the body of the hapless maiden was being laid in the deep grave, audible sounds, expressive of sorrow and deep grief, were heard from that extraordinary concourse of mourners. Her dirge seemed to be sung by the ravens who dwelt in the thick trees of the forest: the fierce beasts groaned her elegy. When the grave was filled, and the sad ceremony had concluded, they departed slowly, and, to all appearance, full of sadness. A tombstone was placed on the grave as she had requested; and the following legend, copied from the scroll which she had given the old priest in her last moments, deeply engraven on it:—in Gothic characters.

**HERE RESTS FRIEDHILDA WHO SACRIFICED
HER LOVE TO HER FAITH, TO SAVE HER IM-
MORTAL SOUL. BLESSED FOR EVER BE THE
BELIEF IN CHRIST, FOR IT STRENGTHENS POOR
WEAK SINNERS.**

In the lowly cell, which had been consecrated by her long residence, the aged ecclesiastic who buried her took up, from thenceforward, his abode.

Years after her remains had rotten to earth in that silent desert, Griso, now no longer young, in the eager pursuit of a noble stag, insensibly strayed towards the heart of the Seven Mountains. The poor hunted animal took refuge at the foot of the cross, as if it there felt some consciousness of protection; and the hunter, whose soul the memory of former times, the recollection of the ineffaceable past, overcame at the moment, forbore to strike him, for the sake of her he once loved so fondly. The tombstone caught his eye. He approached it with an indefinable sensation of dread,

"Alas! alas!" cried he, as he read the inscription; "alas! and is this your last resting-place, my Friedhilda, my beautiful, my own?"

Sorrow fell upon him, and deep grief; he could not contain himself nor control his emotions; and the bearded man wept aloud, like a fond girl, or an afflicted child.

The old priest came forth at the sound of human lamentation.

"Knew you aught of the tenant of this tomb?" asked he of the mourner.

Griso answered, "Yea, I knew her well."

"Mayhap you would hear of her last moments?" inquired the aged man.

"She was mine—I lost her—I am the cause of it all!" sobbed Griso, in an agony of grief.

The old priest told him of her life and of her holy death.

Griso's heart grew softened at the relation, and the light of truth flashed steadily on his soul as the sad tale proceeded.

"It must be a noble faith!" soliloquized he aloud, when the old man had concluded his story. "I will follow her; where she is, there I shall go too. Her home shall be my home, her God shall be my God."

He prayed the old priest to teach him the faith of Christ. It was soon done. He then received at his hands the sacrament of baptism.

It would seem as though the old man was solely preserved by Heaven for the pious purpose of uniting that pair of fond hearts, who, "lovely in life, in death were not to be divided;" for he expired, too, almost immediately after he had performed that ceremony.

Griso built there a monastery for a few Cenobites, and named it the Himmereich, "the Kingdom of Heaven;" whence, by corruption, the modern name of the mountain. In that solitude, performing the most menial offices for the service of God, beloved by the poor, and honoured by his brethren, he died a few years afterwards, in the odour of sanctity.

So ends the story.

THE LÖWENBERG.

The last of the Seven Mountains to which allusion shall be made here is the Löwenberg. Next to the Oehlberg, it is the highest of the cluster, being 1414 feet above the level of the sea. The remains of a castle, which ages ago stood on its summit, may not be discovered even by the most painful antiquarian; but tradition, truer to the memory of other days than time, has preserved extant this tale of one of its once bold and busy occupants.

Graf Hermann von Heinsberg, so was this chieftain styled, gave up all his time to the chase; he thought of nothing else from morning until night; and the greatest part of his life was spent in the dense forests which then filled the valleys and clothed the sides of the Siebengebirg. Such was his passion for this sport, that he neglected every thing else to follow it. It was, however, a passion, the indulgence of which cost his vassals dear; for he scrupled not to follow his game over their cornfields, and through their gardens and vineyards, to their great loss in all instances; to their utter ruin

in many. But what cared he for that?—was he not their lord? If they ventured to remonstrate with him, they received only reviling and insult at the best; and those who dared to do so considered themselves fortunate indeed if they came off with these; but it was commonly his custom to set his hounds on them, and to hunt them as he would a wild beast; and then happy was the man who escaped without sustaining some grievous injury or deadly harm from the fangs of these blood-thirsty animals. It would be an extraordinary anomaly in human nature indeed, if, under these circumstances, the Graf Hermann von Heinsberg was beloved by his vassals; nor scarcely need it be said, that the contrary was the case—that he was thoroughly hated by them, and that his name was a by-word of fear, and hatred, and reproach, among them and their families and children. With those of his own class and condition, the lords of the adjacent mountains, and the barons who dwelt on the river shores, he was not a favourite either; for, too rugged even for the rude forms of society which then existed—his manners formed, as it were, in the forests, on the model of the inferior animals—he was scarcely less obnoxious to them than to his own retainers. To crown his unpopularity, he found no favour even in the eyes of the then all-powerful church; for he desecrated the saints' days and the Lord's day, by following his favourite pursuit without clerical permission; and once he had actually threatened to hunt the Abbot of Helsterbach himself, for calling at his castle with the intention of reclaiming him from

his devotion to such vain and wicked sports. But for these things he cared little, if at all: he lived in the woods; he made friends of his dogs; and the only human beings whom he tolerated were his yagers or hunters. All sympathy with his fellow men, if ever he had felt any, seemed completely obliterated from his mind. Such was, at this æra, the Graf Hermann von Heinsberg.

It was on the eve of a holy festival (thus the tale runs,) that he hunted in the woods which then surrounded the base of the Löwenberg Mountain. Night fell unawares on him, as he eagerly pursued a noble hart o' grease; and in the ardour of the chase he found that he had far outstripped his followers. To add to his vexation at this untoward circumstance, his quarry suddenly disappeared, but whither he could not trace—how, he could not discover. The darkness of the night every moment increased, and he was completely at a loss to find a path from the small open space in the forest, on which he paced up and down in a fit of impotent rage and aggravated disappointment. Could it be the wood where he had hunted so often,—which he was accustomed to from childhood?—Was he asleep or awake?—Did he act in reality, or did he only dream? Such were the questions he put to himself in his perplexity, as in every effort to make his way onwards he encountered insurmountable obstacles, or became more and more entangled in the dreary wilderness. In vain did he endeavour to cut his way through the dense underwood which impeded his passage—in vain did he peer into the interstices of the thickly matted boughs,

branches, and dense, dark foliage, for the slightest opening. None was visible—his labour was without effect. Stranger and stranger still did the scene seem to him as the night advanced, and his efforts relaxed—more and more inextricable and confounded did he find himself in that wild forest;—he was buried, as it were, in its depths. But then, what a forest! He taxed his memory to the utmost, but he still had no recollection of ever seeing that part of it before; and yet what seemed to him the strangest of all was, the circumstance of having a full and complete consciousness that there existed no part of it untraversed by him in his long and various peregrinations. It was like a dreadful dream, and he felt all the pangs which, in sleep, the idea of involuntary action usually produces. His strength nearly exhausted, his spirits depressed to the lowest point, and his brain on fire, he at length succeeded in reaching, about the midnight hour, a large open space. Tall trees towered high above it; thick brushwood shut it in as with a massive wall; and the long, faint shadows of the trees fell dimly upon the green sward. Silence sat heavily on the bosom of the earth. Wearied almost to fainting, maddened in mind and pained in body, he flung himself on the turf, and there enjoyed, for a few moments, the delicious sensation of rest. As he thus lay, he mused on the toils he had undergone, and speculated on those he had still to undergo; and he now and then thought of the mystery which seemed to envelope him, and the strangeness of that wild place. But between recollection of the past and anticipation of the

future, the present was insensibly exercising its power: in other words, a deep sleep irresistibly fell on his heavy eyelids. All of a sudden, however, he was aroused by an audible rustling in the adjacent brushwood: he sprang up—his eyes glistened with delight.

“’Tis my quarry! ’tis my quarry!” he cried.

Seizing his spear, he whistled to the only two dogs which had kept up with him to follow, and who now lay the one beside him, the other at his feet. But the ‘dogs would not stir from the spot where they lay; neither threats, nor caresses, chastisement, nor entreaty, could make them move. Crouched on the earth, their hair bristling on end, their eyes like balls of fire, they gazed with fear and trembling on the quarter whence the noise came, and seemed to heed or see naught else. Again their master called them, but still they would not stir; they only whined piteously, and kept their eyes intently fixed on the underwood. Graf Hermann now approached the spot alone, keeping his spear poised in the attitude of defence, and prepared to penetrate the thick belt of brush which presented itself as the only obstacle between him and his prey.

Just, however, as he made a first effort to enter it, a stately looking man, of noble mien and bearing, garbed in the most antique guise then known, sprang forth as if sharply pursued. The stranger bore a large cross-bow in his right hand, a curved hunting-horn hung at his baldric, and an old-fashioned *couteau de chasse* depended from his girdle.

Waving off Hermann with one hand, with the other he raised the horn to his lips, and blew

a blast thereon that might have awoke the dead, so long, so loud, so deep, so shrilly was it. The mountains and the valleys caught up the sound in a thousand echoing modulations; the whimpering hounds whined an accord in their wildest tones of fear and anguish; the forest-trees shook in concert, and the air was filled in every direction with its horrific echoes. And it did awake the dead: for scarcely had it ceased, when it seemed caught up by a thousand shouting tongues; and in a moment more that open space was covered with hundreds of skeleton hunters, all mounted on skeleton stags of the largest size and strongest description.

"Yoick! yoick!" shouted the ghastly crew, as they spurred their antlered steeds on the track of the stately stranger.

"Mercy! mercy!" screamed their victim, in tones of the deepest anguish, as he sought to evade the pursuit.

It was, indeed, a fearful sight to see,—that awful chase! Ever as the stately stranger fled before his fierce pursuers, did he shriek aloud as one in mortal agony, and cry to them for mercy, the big tears coursing each other piteously adown his pallid cheeks; and ever as they followed did they crack their whips with fearful sound, and clatter their skeleton hands against the necks and sides of their skeleton steeds, as in encouragement, shouting all the while, with most fiendish glee.

"Yoick! yoick!—ho! ho! ho! ho!"

For a full hour was Graf Hermann fettered to the spot on which he stood, as by some invisible agency; during that period he was compelled to

be a painful witness of all that passed. He could not stir from the centre of the open space; whither he had retreated on the first appearance of the stranger, and there he stood as the pivot, round which that hellish hunt was performed, sweating at every pore, and each particular hair on his head standing on end with dread.

“Like quills o’ the fretful porcupine.”

For a full hour had this scene been enacted, when he felt that he could endure no longer to behold it. His spirits sunk within him, his eyes swam, his limbs failed, consciousness fled from him, and he fell on the green sward stiff and senseless. When he recovered, which must have been in a very brief space of time, the spectres had all disappeared; the place was lone and empty; and only the stately stranger, the object of their pursuit, was visible to him. The hapless wretch stood over the count, and appeared anxiously to watch his returning perception: ever and anon his broad breast heaved and fell, as though it were not sufficiently capacious to hold his throbbing heart. Graf Hermann arose, and looked long and sadly on his strange companion in that solitude; a quick melancholy glance was all the averted eye of the other gave in return. As the count slowly recovered, his recollection of the fearful sight he had witnessed returned also, in all its dreadful distinctness; he shuddered, and was silent. At length he summoned courage, and addressed the stranger.

“Who and what are you?—Say!” He crossed himself as he spoke, and felt a degree of confidence imparted to him by the holy act.

To this question the stranger made no reply; but he sighed mournfully. Again did Hermann put it, and again for answer did he get only a remorseful aspiration.

"I adjure you, in the name of the most high God," said he on the third asking, "speak!"

"The spell is broken," were the first words uttered by the stranger; "listen!"

He beckoned Hermann to his side: they were seated. He then proceeded:—

"I am thy great ancestor. Like you, I loved the chase more than I loved our holy faith;—like you, in pursuit of my pleasures, I spared no human being: no sex, no age, man, woman, nor child. It was all the same to me, their pains or their pleasures, provided that mine were not affected by them. When they interfered with me, I shewed them no mercy, for ruth or pity felt I none. A season of scarcity came; blight fell on the land; the harvest was destroyed; no food was to be had for the famishing wretches that dwelt on the river shores, or abode in these mountain valleys. In the extremity of their distress they broke into my forests; raging with hunger, they destroyed and carried off my game. The appetites of their miserable offspring were appeased, but they lost their lives for it. I was beside myself with rage; my anger knew no bounds; I swore I would have a human life for every head of game they slaughtered; I swore to exterminate all the delinquents. I kept my oath. Arming my retainers and my domestics, my servants and my huntamen, I seized on them; in the dead of the night I pounced on my prey; and tearing them from their weeping wives and

helpless children, I hurried them to my castle—it is yours now—and I flung them into the deepest dungeon in its wide precincts. There I let them lie for three days. During that time, however, I ordered a great number of the largest and strongest deer that could be found in my forests to be caught and enclosed in the outer court-yard; and I commanded also that my hounds should be kept without food or water at the same time. On the morning of the third day I had my prisoners brought forth; they were reduced by a full hundred in those three days: Famine had made a rare feast on them. I then commanded my ready retainers to bind a man of the survivors on each stag: they were all stripped naked, and were without any defence or protection. I next ordered my best steeds to be saddled, and the doors of my kennels to be thrown open. The famished hounds within bayed furiously as they smelt their game; they rushed forth like a living deluge. Off went the deer, each with his human load;—off went the deep-mouthed, hungry hounds, yelling like fierce devils—even as so many starved wolves with their prey in sight, did they tear along; my mounted retainers kept shouting with fiendish glee the while, and hallooing the eager hounds on to the savage chase. By the full of eve there was not a stag or his rider left alive; the forest in every direction was strewed with the torn and mangled corpses of men and animals. The famished dogs in their fury did not discriminate between man and beast; and we urged them on to worry and tear both without pause and without mercy. The last of the unfortunate wretches suffered on the very spot we now stand on. Oh,

that was a dreadful day! But God amply avenged the slaughter of his creatures. That night I died, and I am now suffering the eternal torments of the damned. It is a part of my heavy punishment to be nightly hunted, as you have witnessed, by the skeletons of my murdered victims. The pursuit commences near the castle court, passes over our old track in the forest, and ends here where we now stand—on this spot, accursed alike of God and of man. A thousand and a thousand times repeated—over, and over, and over again—I endure all the agonies I compelled them to suffer on that dreadful day. The justice of God has doomed me to such a fearful mode of requital; until the last day must I endure it; and then shall I be hunted over the burning wastes of hell by legions of foul spirits, in the same manner as I now am hunted nightly on this earth. Take warning by my fate. The finger of Providence it is that pointed your path hither:—return to thy home; repent thee of thy crimes; and be wiser in the future. Love your fellow-creatures, even as God loves them—be kind to the poor—following the maxims of Religion, respect her teachers—go and be wise. 'The wages of sin is death;'—alas! alas! and woe is me to know it."

With these words, the phantom fled in a single moment, and nothing of life was left near the count but his crouching hounds, who had crept fearfully to his feet; nothing was heard in that unbroken silence, save the throbbings of his own heart; all was night, and gloom, and solitude. He sat down slowly to muse awhile upon what he had seen and heard, and a deep sleep fell

on him as he sat: he woke not until the sun was riding high in the heavens. With very little difficulty he now found his way from the forest; at its verge his huntsmen and retainers were anxiously awaiting him. He returned to the castle in silence; his heart was full of the scene which had passed before him the preceding night.

From henceforth, and for ever after while he lived, he was an altered man: a friend to the poor and the houseless—a good lord to his servants—a good neighbour—and a munificent benefactor to the church; he lived in peace and amity with all, and died universally regretted. With him the direct line of descent in his family became extinct, and his title and possessions were inherited by the head of a collateral branch of the noble stock to which he belonged.



NONNENWÖRTH.

ROLANDSECK.

Just above Drachenfels; continuing the ascent of the Rhine, stands a small but beautifully verdant island in the middle of the river. This island is named Nonnenwörth, from having been for a series of ages the site of a celebrated nunnery. On the other side of the stream, overlooking the island, is a high basaltic rock, surmounted by a few fragments of mouldering walls and ivywreathed ruins. This rock and these ruins are named Rolandseck. Island, and rock,

and ruin, are linked together by one of those exquisite fictions with which the shores of the Rhine are every where teeming, and which make the beautiful in natural scenery still more beautiful, by associating with it some of the sweetest and most elevating characteristics of our nature.

Roland, Count of Angers, first of the twelve peers of France, Paladin of the holy Roman empire, and nephew of the most powerful monarch the world then knew—Charlemagne—is the favourite hero of romance, and the darling object of almost universal legend. He has been the theme of Italian epics, of Spanish ballads, of French fabulous chronicles, of English commentaries, of German traditions, and of Latin falsehoods. Ariosto and Boiardo have hymned his madness and his love in strains of mingled gracefulness and majesty, which will live for ever; numberless, but, alas! nameless, have been the authors of the thousand romances and concioneras to which his exploits have given birth in the Iberian Peninsula;—he stands forth the most prominent figure in the gorgeous pictures of his period, drawn in the apocryphal chronicles of early France, one of its noblest peers, one of its greatest champions;—the lying ecclesiastic, Turpin, has written of his deeds in that barbarous dialect of churchmen in the middle ages, miscalled Latin;—our own Gibbon has not disdained to embalm his memory in the magnificent pages of his greatest work;—and Germany claims him as her noblest son, claims him in life and in death, in the immortal song

of her Schiller, in the tender and truthful strains of her Umland, and in a countless crowd of shadowy legends, revered traditions, and trusted historical fragments, her own, her bravest, her best.

According to the last-named authorities, Rolandseck is the spot on which that brave knight, that illustrious peer, that accomplished paladin, breathed his last; and Nonnenwörth, the lovely little island reposing on the bosom of the stream beneath it, was the abode of the ladye of his love, for whose sake he lived a cenobite and died in mournful solitude. The tale they tell is a simple tale, but truthful—to nature at the least;—and it is exciting in no ordinary degree to our fondest and gentlest sympathies.

It boots not to enter upon a narrative of the early deeds of Roland here, or to tell how hapless were the various amours in which he engaged. The loftiest poets of chivalry have made them their own, to the exclusion of all meaner minstrels; and while poesy possesses charms, and song is dear to the soul, they will be familiar as household words to the minds of all civilized men. But it may still be permitted to an humble narrator to tell a tale of the final close of his bright career, not told by these master-spirits of their age;—a tale endeared to the memory of millions speaking a language which they believed to be barbarous, and with the legendary treasures of which it is to be presumed, therefore, they were unacquainted;—a story of hapless love, but not of love unrequited; of disappointment; of sorrow; of death.

Thus tints tradition with its mellowed hues that painful but still pleasant picture of the past.

Upon a time,—some thousand years ago,—when the leaves were green and the meadows beginning to put forth their young flowers, Roland, the noblest paladin of chivalry, the nephew of Charlemagne, journeyed from Ingelheim palace, the residence of his uncle, adown the shores of the beautiful and bounding Rhine. His object was to see Spring in all her loveliness bedeck this the loveliest valley in the world, and to view the charms of Nature in all their freshness, and prime, and budding youth, and early brilliancy. He was alone, like all true knights-errant of the period; not even a squire accompanied him on his course. As the evening fell, he looked around for a homestead, and sought somewhere for a shelter from the dews of night. His glance lighted on a stately castle, which then stood on the summit of the Wolkenberg, but scarce a stone of which now remains to tell of its existence. It was at that period, however, the hospitable abode of an aged and an honourable knight and his only daughter, a youthful virgin of surpassing beauty and virtue. Roland approached the portcullis of the castle, and craved admittance of the warder; and the warder, after communicating his name, returned speedily with his lord to admit the illustrious stranger.

“Ten thousand welcomes to the noble and valiant Roland, the pride of chivalry, and the brightest ornament of our farfamed court!” ex-

claimed the aged knight, shaking him at the same time heartily by the hand. "Enter, and be at home—my castle is yours while you honour it with your presence."

Roland thanked him with the courtesy of a true paladin, and entered the court-yard.

"Bring the best that my castle can afford," cried the old man to his menials, when his guest and he were seated in the spacious Ritter-saal; "and bid my dear daughter herself wait on our noble guest."

The domestics disappeared to execute his command.

Hildegunda, his fair daughter, soon after entered, bearing a salver of bread and wine in her fair hands. She was followed by a long train of menials, bearing also all the *matériel* necessary for a sumptuous banquet. Approaching the young knight, and, gracefully bending, she poured out a goblet of the generous liquor, and offered it to his acceptance; bread was also offered by her, in conformity with the ancient custom. She blushed as she did so, much more deeply than the purple blazonry on the rich stained glass which she handed to the hero, requesting him to drink of it and do their poor house honour.

Roland was like a man in a dream. As she stood before him,

"In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow,"

He felt that never before had he beheld any thing half so beautiful; and he blushed, too, until it seemed as though his soul was in his

face, and his face but a reflection of the emotions of her gentle spirit. He took the proffered goblet, and drained it off to her health.

"Never before," thought he to himself, "have I trembled as I do now; not even when under the cimeters of the Saracens, the glaves of the Huns, the maces of the Saxons, or the lances of the Moorish chivalry."

He tried to resume his wonted equanimity, but he could not at all succeed. The flame of love had been lighted in his heart; and ever since the world existed, love has laughed at philosophy as well as at folly. Until a late hour he entertained the maiden and her aged sire with relations of the battles he had been in: and

"He spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;"

until, like Desdemona,

"She gave him for his pains a world of sighs,
And swore, in faith, 'twas passing strange—
'Twas pitiful—'twas wondrous pitiful."

And then, how could it be otherwise?—for when did valour ever fail to win a woman's gentle heart?—

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed,
And he loved her that she did pity them."

She retired to her chamber and pressed her couch; but it was not to rest, for sleep never once visited her during the entire night. Roland, too, was wakeful, with the tumultuous emotions which now for the first time filled his manly

heart; and, notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, he could obtain no more than a few snatches of broken and uneasy slumber. In the morning he was stirring betimes, and would fain have taken his departure at an early hour; but the hospitable old knight would not hear of it; and his fair daughter so effectually backed his suit by her blushing looks and speaking glances, that Roland consented to remain their guest for another day. At dinner he was entertained by an ancient harper, who sang of his prowess and of his feats of arms against the barbarians and the infidels. Few words passed between him and the fair Hildegunda: yet still it was easy to perceive how matters stood with both. They were conscious of the highest happiness human nature can know —

“They loved, and were beloved.”

Another and another day did Roland tarry in her father's halls, powerless, as it were, to depart. His love had in that time become so strong, that it overmastered all his faculties. He felt that he could no more call himself free, —that he was now the creature of another — but of what another? — a being so bright, so beautiful, so angelic, had never before blessed the earth with her presence! It could not be endured by him any longer; he determined to confess his love at once, and to sue for grace to the arbitress of his fate. A favourable opportunity soon presented itself. One day, at the hour of high noon, he walked into the cool shade of the castle garden. Musing upon the object of his every thought, he traversed its most retired paths; passionately he over and over again repeated

her name, and at every step he took, put up a prayer to heaven for her happiness. Lo! he beholds something which strikes him motionless—a female form flashes on his vision. It is she—it is his own Hildegunda! He scarcely dares to breathe. What does she there? She sleeps the sleep of innocence and peace.

He approached softly;—there knelt his ladye love, wrapped in a deep slumber; her fair hands were folded together, as though she were overtaken by its influence ere she was aware of its presence, in the form and attitude of prayer. A gentle dream seemed to stir her soul to its inmost depths, for a smile of surpassing sweetness sat on her murmuring lips, and gave light and life to her beauteous brow. What could she thus murmur? He lays his ear closer to her mouth.

“Roland, Roland,” whispered she, in tones like the murmurs of an Eolian harp, when the soft breath of summer is on its strings.

He could hear no more. She awoke with the burning kiss which he imprinted on her lovely lips. She was enfolded in her fond lover’s arms.

Need it be told what followed—how he prayed her pardon, and how he obtained her love? He knew not well what to say; but his silence was more eloquent than any words. There is no eloquence like that of true passion—no persuasion like that inspired by affection. Hildegunda was equally abashed as he; she, too, was at a loss what to reply to his tacit passion. In this extremity she picked up some rose-buds which lay scattered about and beside them on the garden path. They were not half of such a hue as her

burning cheeks—not half so beautiful as her young and innocent blushes.

“Ladye fair,” spake the paladin gravely, bending lowly on one knee, as beseemed a true knight—“Ladye fair, I prithee bestow but one of those beauteous rose-buds on your captived slave, and he shall be your servitor for ever.”

Hildegunda, as it were involuntarily, stretched forth her hand to him; her heart was in it. In a moment it was covered with fervent kisses, notwithstanding her maiden struggles. Every moment, however, if truth be told, her resistance was less, and her struggles grew fainter. They soon altogether ceased.

“Ladye of my love,” said Roland, as he placed the flower she had given him in front of his helmet as his future *gage d’amour*, “until now, never have I borne a token of female affection which my heart misgave not. When my companions, the paladins of my great uncle’s court, rallied me on my singleheartedness, and spoke high of their ladies’ loveliness, I could say naught. I cast down my eyes and remained silent, perhaps sad. Now, I shall beard the bravest who vaunts of his mistress’s beauty in my presence,—compel him to vail her pretensions to thine, and to acknowledge thee—my own love—as the most lovely in the world,”

Hildegunda blushed again more deeply than before.

“Beauty quickly fades,” were the only words she uttered; and they were almost whispered.

There is scant occasion to say further how Roland pressed his suit—how he told the maiden

of his love, and how he sware to her his troth. As gentle Ophelia says—

“Young men will do’t
When they come to’t.”

It was evident that Hildegunda was happy; but this was to be gathered at the onset more from her looks than from her words or actions. At length, however, she found voice; and, encouraged by his ardour, reciprocated the affection he expressed, to the full as much as maiden modesty permitted. Long ere they left the garden they had interchanged pledges, and vowed eternal constancy to each other; and it was then and there agreed upon between them, that, at the termination of the expedition which Charlemagne then purposed sending into Spain, Roland should return at once to the shores of the Rhine, and claim the lovely Hildegunda as his bride. They were happy—for the moment.

A few brief days after the occurrence of this eventful scene, Roland took his departure for Ingelheim, thence to proceed to the fatal Pyrenees.

The parting of the lovers was painful to the last degree.

Neither said a word, but they gazed on each other in silence; she with tearful eyes and pallid countenance, and he with a glance which seemed to say that his noble heart was wholly a prey to grief and deep sorrow. From thenceforth Hildegunda lived only in the past; she was all unconscious of the present; and what was passing around had for her no further interest. Painfully did she count over the lagging hours until

intelligence should arrive from her lover; bitterly did she chide old Time for the tardiness of his flight; heavily did she sigh and weep, as day after day idly passed over. But months, and days, and hours, brought her no tidings of Roland; she was in utter ignorance of his fate. It is true, that rumours of his fame, and tales of his prowess and daring, had frequently reached her ears, either through the mouths of the mariners who came up the Rhine from Friesland, or down the river from Helvetia; but still they were only based upon the popular breath; and, at all events, there came no private communication to her from her lover. And so

“She pined in thought,”

like the lady in the play

“And let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

Her only delight, and a sad delight it seems to be, was to sit of a still summer's evening—“to muse o'er flood and fell”—to hear the echo of the popular songs, which were even then sung in honour of her lover, wafted up to her garden-bower with the odorous airs of the valley. There would she sit and weep until her tender heart was well nigh broken; for she deemed herself deserted by him she held dearest of all on the earth—a lone, solitary, hopeless being in the world;—and she wished no longer to live.

“The world was not for her, nor the world's arts.”

Full a twelvemonth had thus sped sadly over

her head, when one evening a toil-worn knight came to her father's castle-gate, and prayed the hospitality of the owner. It was at once accorded to him, with the welcome and heartiness of ancient days. The stranger, it turned out: had served in the wars with Charlemagne, and was then on his return homeward after the disastrous defeat of that prince in the Pyrenees. He told the old knight of many passages in the recent campaign against the infidels in which he had been engaged, and related various anecdotes of the commanders of that hapless army. Hildegunda was soon made aware of the stranger knight's tales; and she speedily left the solitude of her chamber to see him, and hear intelligence of her lover.

"Sir, knight," said she, with a throbbing heart, wan cheek, and tearful eye, "how fares it with Sir Roland? I ask not if you know him; for who is there that does not?"

"Roland, alas!" replied the stranger, "is no more; he fell beside me at Roncesvalles, mortally wounded."

Hildegunda heard no more; she sunk senseless to the earth. In that state she was borne to her chamber by her attendant damsels and her affrighted father.

The stranger, sorrowing for the misery he had so unwittingly caused, tarried not longer in the castle than until the dawning of the next day. At cock-crow he departed.

Eight days and eight nights did the fair Hildegunda continue in a state of utter apathy and total abstraction; knowing no one that approached her, not even her aged sire, and heedless

of all that passed in her presence. Every means that human ingenuity could devise were employed to arouse her from this deadly lethargy; but they were all in vain. Pale and motionless, with nor stir nor sound escaping from her lips to shew that she still lived, during the entire of that period.

„She sat, like Patience on a monument,”
but not

“Smiling at Grief,”

for she smiled not at all; her marble countenance never for a moment relaxing in its death-like serenity. Music and song were tried to soothe her, but they had no effect; tears and prayers were used, but she heard or heeded them not; even the caresses of her heart-broken father—he whom she prized above all on earth, except her lost lover—failed altogether to bring her back to a consciousness of existence. On the morning of the ninth day she recovered as suddenly as she had been smitten, to the great joy of her sire, and of all within the castle. That day and night she spent in prayer and meditation, shut up alone in her chamber, communing only with her God: the next morning she prayed her father's permission to commence a novitiate in the nunnery of Frauenwörth, for such was then the name of the little island since called Nonnenwörth. It was a sad thing for the good old man to hear; but he could not refuse her pious request. The Archbishop of Cologne, his near relative, in whose diocess the nunnery was situated, curtailed the time usually spent in the novitiate, in consequence of her earnest

desire to be admitted at once to take the black veil; and in three months from that fatal day she had spoken the irrevocable vow which bound her for ever to the service of God.

Late autumn was now on the land; the lingering summer had some time departed. It was evening, and the sun was sinking in one of those masses of golden cloud so peculiar to the Rhine valley at that period of the year. A knight, on a foaming steed, was seen urging the noble animal along the pebbled shore of the river, and then taking a short cut across the country to the base of the Siebengebirg, or Seven Mountains. Before the night fell his course was traced to the summit of the Strömberg, and immediately after he was perceived to enter the portals of the castle. It was Roland—it was the long-lost paladin. He had come, in accordance with his plighted vow, to claim the gentle Hildegunda as his own—his bride.

The old knight was thunderstruck. The wounds which time had in some sort cicatrized were now torn open afresh. However, he bade the noble paladin a warm welcome, and proffered him, in all heartiness, the hospitality of that primitive period. Roland asked eagerly after his fair daughter, Hildegunda.

"She is now the bride of heaven," spake the sire, with a heavy sigh.

Few words sufficed to tell all the circumstances of the sorrowful story. Grief is not at all communicative in its severe moods, and that sire's was of the severest. The old knight re-

lated to Roland how his daughter had withered, like a young flower rudely nipped by chilling winds and unseasonable weather; how she had pined, on hearing the narrative of her lover's death; and how she had then, with his hardly extorted consent, devoted the remainder of her mortal existence to the service of heaven. Roland then related how he had been left for dead on the field of Roncevalles, and how he had with difficulty been restored to life by the pious care and almost paternal attention of a mountain shepherd. "Even now," he said, "I am not altogether recovered, or effectually cured of my many severe wounds." He shewed them to the old knight, as he spake. They still looked fresh, and green, and scantily scarred.

Next morning the forlorn lover returned to Ingelheim, but he returned not so rapidly thither as he had left it but the day before. He was a miserable man.

A few days sufficed to settle all his worldly affairs—a few words to tell the resolution he had formed. This done, he again left the court circle again abandoned his relatives and friends, and returned once more to the Seven Mountains, adown the banks of the Rhine, garbed as a pilgrim. He now went afoot, but still he was alone, as before. On the summit of the rock which overlooks the island of Nonnenwörth, and the sacred edifice it then contained, he built with his own hands a rude cell, a few remains of which are still believed to exist, and there took up his residence for the brief remainder of his wretched life. On a stone bench which he raised beside the narrow doorway would he sit

for hours together, from the first chime of the matin bell even to the last note of the vesper hymn, which floated across the river, and ascended, like fragrant incense, to his rocky dwelling, looking fondly down on the abode of his lost love.

Days, and months, and years, did he thus spend in hapless, hopeless pain, and expectation. Ever and anon would he deem to detect the sweet, silvery tones of his Hildegunda's voice in the rich stream of sacred melody which daily arose from the valley, and encompassed his humble abode, filling his heart with holy calm and peaceful pleasure; and more than once did he think to catch a glimpse of her fair and fragile form in the sanctified train of pious virgins who wound beneath the cloisters of the nunnery far below his point of vision. It might be so, or it might not: but he believed it firmly as faith itself; and he was happy in the fond belief. Why should the last prop be struck away from the tottering spirit? Late in the night, when the storm raged without, and the lashed waves of the river echoed the loud roar of the wintry wind, he would watch the light in the cell of his lost one, which he learned to know through the friendship of the aged confessor of the nunnery; he would watch its tremulous beam through the tempest and the darkness even as a fond mother watches the lamp of life in an expiring child; and when it was visible later than usual, he would wait until it had been extinguished, and then haply retire to his lowly pallet content with his lot, filled with the hope that she had prolonged her prayers for

him. Sleep would ever overtake him, heaping blessings on her head, and invoking for her soul the protection of the Omnipotent. Intense grief, wearisome watchings, and privations of a kind to which he was altogether unaccustomed, soon, however, had their usual effect on Roland; the pride of chivalry the first paladin of the West, was reduced, at the end of two years, to a shadow of his former self, to a wasted skeleton of his wonted strength and power. The flower of his youth was withered; his heart was crushed; his affections were extinct; his spirits sunken, or fled for ever. But his sorrows were soon to have an end.

One dreary morning in mid-winter, when the snow lay deep on the hills and in the valleys, and the little island beneath seemed like a swan's feather on a deep dark pool—a white speck on the black current of the river—he strained his failing eyes, to look as was his custom upon the nunnery and on the grounds adjacent to it. The first object which met his gaze was an open grave. A few minutes afterwards a mourning procession of nuns, headed by the hoary old confessor, and followed by the lady abbess, emerged from the convent chapel and moved slowly along towards that last resting-place of poor mortality. Roland looked and looked again;—his soul was stirred within him;—he was deeply moved: he felt anxious and uneasy—he scarce knew why; his spirit was troubled—he wist not wherefore. The mourning train swept past in such a manner as to expose itself laterally to his view. In the centre of the sad concourse he could see a coffin covered with the white-frin-

ged pall—the emblem of virginity. The last solemn ceremony commenced;—the funeral rites were administered: the coffin was committed to the earth;—the requiem for the dead sunk heavily on his heart;—its faint, dying notes, stole slowly up to his rocky abode through the thick haze of that dreary morning.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:” he thought he could hear the clod strike the coffin and the priest pronounce these words. Sense and motion then fled from him for a period. When he revived and gazed again, the mourners were gone, and he was alone, looking out on that dreary solitude. In a few hours the old confessor paid him his usual daily visit, and told him all: it was even as his too prophetic heart anticipated; his Hildegunda was dead; and he had, that morning, been the sad witness of her interment.

“Shrive me and sain me, quick,” spake he to the holy man; “I feel that I am not much longer for this world.”

The pious old priest did even as he was bade. The remainder of the day was spent by both in prayer and humble supplication to the throne of mercy. It was evident that the last moments of the paladin were fast approaching.

“My child,” said the aged confessor, solemnly, “I can proffer you no hopes of life in this world; but you are sure of eternal happiness in the next. Your remaining hours here are numbered; you will not survive yon sunset.”

“I know it,” replied the still undaunted paladin, “I know it, and I fear it not. Roland never yet dreaded death.”

"Roland!" exclaimed the old priest, in deep amaze. "Roland!"

The tale of the paladin's hapless love was soon related; it was a great astonishment to his ancient auditor to hear it.

"Now, father," said he, on its conclusion, "lead me forth, I would fain sit on that bench yonder, and die, at the same moment with the lamp of day; my last look turned on the resting place of my beloved Hildegunda, as my last sigh will be but the echo of her dear name."

The father assisted him forth; and he also sat beside and sustained him on the bench, where, at the same hour every day, the paladin had sat for so many revolving seasons. The last rays of the wintry sun were faintly tinging the tops of the Seven Mountains with that roseate hue so peculiar to wintry sunsets, and so beautiful in itself, beyond all the power of painting. Roland looked eagerly around him and on every thing within his view, as though he would fain fill his spirit with the fair scene before he left this earth, to recall it again in the bowers of Paradise.

"Father," said he, gently, "I die—I die!"

At that moment a burst of rich plaintive melody came full on the breeze, and was borne, in a thousand exquisite modulations, up the acclivitous side of the mountain. It was the final requiem sang in the chapel by the holy inmates of the nunnery, for the soul of their departed sister; and it sounded in the ears of the dying hero like the voice of a chorus of angels welcoming his fitting spirit to heaven.

"Thank God, thank God!" he exclaimed, faintly, as with his last breath; "my Hildegunda—I

hear her voice—she calls me! I come—I come!
Farewell!”

He died in the arms of the old priest, and was buried in an erect position, on the spot where he expired, with his face turned towards the tomb of his beloved. It was his own wish. Since then, that hill has been called Rolandseck.

Schiller has versified this legend in one of his most popular ballads; but he has, — not wisely, it is admitted by all, — transferred the scene of the Rhine to the Toggenburg, a high mountain in the canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland. His ballad runs nearly thus, in a free English version:—

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

Knight, true sister-love may solely
 Feel this heart for thee;
Ask not other love, unholy
 Grief 'twould give to me.
Calm, I hence can see thee hieing;
 Hither coming, too;
But thy silent tears and sighing,
 Calm can I not view.

Horror-struck he hears her; rudely
 Back his heart's blood springs;
In his arms he clasps her mutely
 On his steed he flings.
To far Switzerland then sending
 For his warriors best;
To the holy tomb they're wending,
 Cross'd upon each breast.

Deathless deeds is there achieving
His heroic arm;
High his helmet plumes are heaving,
Where foes thickest swarm.
And "the Toggenburger" shouted,
Frights the Mussulman;
Still his soul, from sorrow rooted,
Naught dissever can.

Full a year thus passed he rueing,
But more sore he grieves;
Peace he finds is vain pursuing,
So the host he leaves:
Sees a barque with sails outswelling,
Weigh from Joppa's shore;
To the land of his love's dwelling
Turns he home once more.

At her castle-gate alighting,
Loud the pilgrim rung;
But his every fond hope blighting,
Hears he as they're swung.
"She you seek, the veil now wearing,
"Is the bride of heaven;
"Yester's feast, as night was nearing,
"She to God was given."

Now forsakes he, and for ever,
His paternal towers;
Arms nor true-steed more may never
Glad his darkened hours.
From the Toggenburg descending.
Fares he forth unknown,
With coarse hair-cloth's folds defending
His bold limbs alone.

And he built a lowly dwelling
By her convent's bound,
Where the dusky lindens' swelling,
Gloom'd the cloisters round.
There, what time morn's fair gleam lightened,
'Till eve's last ray shone,
His pale face by fond hope brightened,
Sate he all alone.

Gazing on that cloister stay'd he;
Hours he there would hang,
'Till the lattice of his ladye
Oped with welcome clang;
'Till her lovely looks entrancing
All his sense the while,
Calm adown the dale were glancing,
Sweet as angel's smile.

Then he down would lay him joying;
And when sleep would sail,
Dreams of her his soul were buoying
'Till day dawned again.
Thus he sate there days full many,
Years—long years—(nor pang
Felt he, nor complaint made any)
For that lattice clang:

'Till her lovely looks, entrancing
All his sense the while,
Calm adown the dale were glancing,
Sweet as angel's smile.
And so sate he, there, one morning
Lifeless—without fail,
To that lattice loved still turning
His cold face so pale.

It is as incontestible, however, as the scant evidence afforded us by contemporary history can make it, that the hero Roland died, not on the shores of the Rhine, but in the passes of the Pyrenees. Eginhard, the secretary of Charlemagne, relates the few particulars of his last moments which have been preserved to posterity; and they affirm this fact: Gibbon,* following his authority, states, in a note having reference to the fatal battle of Roncesvalles, that this hero fell on that celebrated field: and all the Spanish romances on the subject extant corroborate the averment of the chronicler, and verify the induction of the historian. One of the latter gives such a peculiar character to the mode of Roland's death, that it is deemed proper to insert it in these pages. It is offered more, as a curiosity, than as a piece of historical evidence.*

THE DEATH OF ROLAND.

“Grim and gory, from the slaughter
Flees, defeated Charlemaine,
Through the dark, ensanguined water,
O'er the fatal fields of Spain.

* „In this action the famous Rutland, Rolando, Orlando, was slain, *cum pluribus aliis*. The Spaniards” he adds, with great truth, “are too proud of a victory which history ascribes to the Gascons, and romance to the Saracens.”—*Decline and Fall*, c. xlix. § “Reign and Character of Charlemagne.”

** *Romancero de Romanos Caballeroscos é Históricos Anteriores al Siglo XVIII. Ordenado y Recopilado, por Don Augustin Duran. Parte I. § Romances Tradicionales de Carlo Magno y los Doce Pares.—La Batalla de Roncesvalles. Madrid, 1832.*

Routed—ruined, all his power;
Paladins eleven slain:
Of twelve, his pride in camp and bower,
Alive does Roland but remain.

Why survives he?—Roland, no man
Equal may in might and main:
Him may none o'ercome, save woman—
Thus it is he was not slain.

To a rude old cross down kneeling,
Lifting up to heaven his eyes;
Overpowered with bitter feeling,
In a low, sad strain, he sighs:

'Oh, my heart! how art thou froward;
Why left I Roncesvalles alive?
Oh, my heart! how wert thou coward!
Death and vengeance why survive?

Friends of my youth!—now stark and gory,
Low on stranger soil you're laid!
Brave companions!—erst in glory,—
To follow ye am I afraid?

As he spake, fast from the slaughter
Flees defeated Charlemaine,
Through the dark, ensanguined water,
O'er the fatal fields of Spain:

Crownless—trainless—wasted—weary;
Bowed with grief his aged head.
At this sight, so sad and dreary,
Dropp'd the noble Roland dead."

That Roland was slain, either on the field of Roncesvalles, on the contiguous plains of Alven-tosa, or in the passes of the Pyrenees, during the flight of the Frankish army, is placed beyond question by this concurrent testimony. Tradition, always faithful to facts in the main, though fond to the last degree of embellishment, still points out the spot where he fell, in a deep gorge of these majestic mountains; and to this day his memory is perpetuated among the simple mountaineers, by the name that spot has borne through a countless succession of ages. No one can spend a day in the neighbourhood without being invited to visit "Roland's Cap." German writers, for obvious reasons, generally make light of the memorable defeat of Charlemagne, and attribute the death of Roland to some *guerilla* parties of Biscayans, who harassed the rear of that monarch's army: but, though history is singularly taciturn on the subject of that eventful action, there still exists enough of evidence in legend and in song to satisfy the philosophic observer of the greatness of the defeat, and the extent of the injury inflicted by it, on that mightiest sovereign of his age.

Pass we now to other topics.

ST. APPOLLONARISBERG.

THE BARON AND THE ABBOT.

Within a short distance of Remagen, on the left bank of the Rhine, the ancient abbey of St. Appollonarisberg towers over the valley and

the river, commanding, perhaps, one of the most beautiful views in all that land of loveliness. This foundation was formerly an appendant to the magnificent abbey of Siegburg, on the opposite bank of the river, below Bonn, but the salubrity of its situation; its vicinity to that great thoroughfare of Europe, the Rhine, the beauty of its site, the advantages of its position, and many other circumstances combined, caused it to be honoured more frequently by the presence of the lord abbot than the more important edifice from which he took his proud title. It is of one of those lords of the church, in the days when Christianity wandered in darkness, looking in vain for a guidance and a light, that the following jocose legend is related.

In a little straw-roofed hut, at the foot of the hill on which the abbey is situated, on the side facing the town of Remagen, lived the widow of a poor vine-dresser, long dead, and her only child, a young female of tender years. The mother was named Gertrude—the daughter, Sabina, and they led a peaceful life in innocence, and, according to their station, in honour; although they were very poor, and one of them, the latter, was very beautiful. Sabina was, in truth, the loveliest girl on the Rhine shore; a fact known to every one in her neighbourhood, strange to say, but herself. Still she was very modest, and pious withal; and though, as may well be imagined, she had many lovers, she gave encouragement to none, beyond what the strictest propriety dictated; neither did she permit a freedom from any one of them, high or low, which could affect the clearest conscience, even

at the hour of death "From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve," she worked beneath the roof of the humble abode which gave her birth, or in the cool shade of the linden trees which grew around it; her mother the while cultivated their little garden, or looked carefully to the health of their small vineyard. Of all that "flattered, followed, sought, and sued" the fair Sabina, there was only one who found favour in her sight. He was the castellan of the Aarburg,—a young, honest, true-hearted, and noble vassal of his chief, and was in every respect worthy of her love. His name was Justin. It boots not to tell how they met, or under what circumstances they became acquainted; when they plighted their troth, or what time his affection overcame the scruples of maidenhood, and the honest objections of Gertrude, who at first only saw in such a union the disparity of her daughter's condition. Suffice it to say, that the marriage was agreed on, and the day fixed; and that Justin only waited his lord's return from the Upper Rhine, to celebrate it by his permission and in his presence, according to the terms of his feudal tenure. But the betrothed lovers were destined to feel the full force of the poetical proverb, and to experience it in all its bitterness:—

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Adverse circumstances occurred to cloud their prospect of immediate felicity, and to darken altogether their view of the future.

At this period the Abbot of Siegburg dwelt in the abbey of Appollonarisberg, keeping up a degree

of pomp, and state, and prodigate extravagance in those sacred cloisters, altogether incompatible with the sacred functions he was appointed to fulfil. A gross sensualist, bloated in body, coarse in mind, living only for the luxuries and the enjoyments of the flesh, and altogether heedless of the spirit, it was not to be supposed that the fair Sabina's fame for beauty could long remain unknown to him; or that, once acquainted with her abode, he would fail to tempt her innocence and seek to destroy her virtue. It was so. One evening, as he rode across the plain towards the abbey, he saw her in her mother's little garden tending the teeming vines. He was immediately struck with her uncommon loveliness; and the desire to possess her person speedily took possession of his mind. Approaching the place where she stood, he put a few questions to her, for the purpose of eliciting her history, and the circumstances of her state: he then offered her gold as a keepsake: the modest maiden, however, answered his inquiries with brief replies, and his gold she refused to accept, gently but firmly resisting all his entreaties to take it. The libertinism of his looks, and the freedom of his address, brought the blush of shame more than once into her beautiful cheeks, and suffused her fair neck with the eloquent blood; she hastened, therefore, as soon as she could do so without disrespect to his clerical character, to conceal herself from his sight. From that hour the abbot determined to obtain her, by force or by fraud, by fair means or by foul, cruelty or by cunning; from that hour she was never for an instant out of his mind, but formed a part of all he saw in idea, and all

he felt in reality. Vainly, however, did he attempt the virtue of the maiden; to his pressing solicitations she would not yield; to his entreaties she only turned a deaf ear: she felt no fright at his threats; and she smiled at his senile raptures, his fulsome flatteries, his aged admiration. He was disconcerted in his every design on her chastity, defeated in every plan he formed against her honour. Vexation and disappointment made him peevish to all around him, and unendurable to himself. Months thus lapsed.

„What ails my lord abbot?” said his supple chamberlain to him one morning, on entering his luxurious apartment; “it is long since he looked as he was wont to do in days of yore. Nay, by the body of God, he grows lean as a young hound—thin as a whipping-post.”

The abbot shook his head sorrowfully, but made no reply

“——It is of a truth,” continued the fawning official, “that something sits uneasily on the mind of my lord. May not his faithful servant be permitted to know it? If it be aught that human zeal can bring to pass, I am ready to try it for your sake. Speak, my lord abbot—speak!”

After some hesitation, and with much circumlocution, for he desired to deceive even himself, the abbot disclosed his secret. He was in love as deeply in love as the grossness of his nature allowed;—he felt, as much as his sensuality would permit him to feel, the pangs of that noble passion.

"Oh! is that all?" said this unscrupulous agent of his pleasures—his oft-proved pander in times past; "just give me your permission to make the experiment, and I promise you that you shall soon have the girl."

"You have it, you have it, to the full—to the full," replied the abbot; shaking his head, however, incredulously.

The chamberlain left the abbey without delay, and hastened to the humble abode of the rustic beauty. She was dressing the flowers in her little garden, herself the fairest flower among them all.

"God give thee a blessing, my pretty maiden said he; "I greet thee in His name. These are lovely flowers in thy garden; but thou art a lovelier than any here. Ha! ha! ha!"

He laughed at this brilliant sally; but Sabina only coloured and looked down; busying herself with her task to hide her blushes.

"Fairest of fair maidens," continued he, "my lord abbot loves dearly such sweet flowers as are to be found in this pretty garden. Bring to him a little basketful every morning to decorate his private chamber, his own particular oratory, and you shall be well rewarded with his gold, and with his blessing to boot. Nay, I am quite sure that each bud will be valued by him at as high a price as a diamond, if it be only plucked by those white, little hands."

Sabina's lovely countenance was for a moment lighted up with pride and indignation, as she answered:—

"No! not for the world would I do it. The best six horses in the stalls of my lord abbot

should not bring me to his chamber, nor all the gold in his coffers purchase of me a single flower on any condition. They are not mine; they have been planted for Justin—they have been reared for him—they have blown for him—and for him, and for none other, shall they ever be plucked. Besides, reverend sir, I am no flower-girl; and I don't sell flowers."

The chamberlain departed mortified at this rebuff, and quite dissatisfied with the result of his experiment. But he was not, however, to be defeated in his evil designs by the obstinate virtue of a peasant girl; neither was he to be deterred from prosecuting them by any feeling of shame, or scruple of conscience, at the infamous part he was about to perform.

"I have heard," he soliloquized, as he walked towards the abbey; "I have heard that her mother is rather godly given. Good! we'll try her on that tack. A capital thought! First win the silly old dame, then will assuredly follow the demure daughter. Who shall we send? Ha! Father Anselm comes this way—he is just the man. A true wolf in sheep's clothing! he'll do it, I warrant me!"

The worthies soon encountered each other; and the subject of Sabina's seduction was at once mooted, and warmly discussed between them. The discussion terminated at the gates of the abbey, where the abbot, who had seen them from afar, waited impatiently to know the success of his emissary's abominable mission.

"Well," quoth the wicked churchman to his chamberlain, as they sat together in his private chamber, "how hast thou fared?"

"Ill, my lord, ill!" replied the minion; "ill, of myself I freely confess it. But the Father Anselm and I have devised a plan, which, through his astuteness and my active agency, will ensure success to another experiment, an ye try it:" -

"Call him in then," said the abbot.

The matter in hand was then discussed once more; and a second plan was there laid for the ruin of the innocent girl. Anselm soon departed on his unholy errand.

"Honour and reward shall be thine," said the abbot, as the door closed slowly on the sanctimonious villain; "honour and reward, if you make her mine. Go, and God speed thee."

They parted for a period.

"Good day, my good sister," spake the wily monk to Gertrude, as he entered the humble cottage, which the beauty and virtue of Sabina converted almost into a shrine and a paradise. "Peace be unto you—*Pax vobiscum*."

Gertrude hastened to place a seat for him, for she revered deeply all appertaining to the priesthood.

"I am weary and wasted with toil and travel," continued he; "give me a cup of fair water, for the sake of Him who died on the cross: He will reward you—I cannot."

The good Gertrude hastened to her little cellar, to draw him a beaker of her best and oldest wine. He drank it off, and appeared refreshed. Sabina had in the meanwhile gone forth to gather some fresh fruits for him.

"That is a lovely girl of yours," said he to the mother; "she has a bright dowry in her surpassing beauty."

Gertrude's eye glistened at this eulogium on her dear daughter; the monk had touched the right chord; the mother's heart was at once won by this well-timed praise of her dear child.

"But oh, my dear sister," he proceeded, "beauty is but a fatal gift after all, if it be not well used."

The edified mother nodded her assent and approval of the hackneyed sentiment.

"You should devote her to the service of the Virgin," he sighed; "one so fair as she is cannot be at all fit for this wicked world. Alas! alas!"

"Holy father," replied Gertrude, "she is already betrothed; she has been for some time engaged to a good and a brave young man, and she will soon become his wife."

"Woman, woman!" spake the monk, with an expression of virtuous severity on his countenance truly surprising to behold; "you will repent this alienation of such a servant from the worship of the holy Virgin."

Poor Gertrude was confounded at the alteration in the manner of her guest, and she looked on him with a look in which amazement, and ignorance, and awe, were strangely blended together.

"I tell thee," he continued, "that a curse will lie on thee and on thine, if she marries that man—if she marries any man—if she marries at all. Send her to a nunnery; that is the right road to heaven."

"But Justin?" — imploringly interposed the puzzled creature; her sense of justice struggling hard with her religious dread.

"Talk not to me of Justin," sharply replied the monk, "talk not to me of any man. Who is Justin, that he should be set up as between your daughter and her God? Nay, never thank me; I but do the mission of our Maker. Send her to a nunnery; and I know one, a lord of the church, who will make her an abbess ere she dwells there any very long time."

This put the finishing stroke to poor Gertrude's confusion; she had nothing further to say on the subject: but she certainly thought how much grander it would look for her daughter to be an abbess, commanding her nuns, than if she was only the wife of a simple castellan in the service of a nobleman. The wily monk perceived the effect he had produced, and spake no more on the subject. His work in that quarter was done. Sabina just then entered; and the traitor guest, after partaking of the further refreshment provided by her hospitable care, speedily departed for Appollonarisberg. Before he left the cottage, however, he contrived to speak in private once more with Gertrude; and, giving her a handsome present, he cautioned her how she told aught of the transaction to any one but the party concerned.

From that hour, the demon of ambition seemed to have taken full possession of this poor widow's soul; and she left no means untried to bring her daughter's heart under the same baneful influence. But all her efforts were vain; Sabina was true to her dear Justin; and nothing short of his

own unworthiness could ever alienate her affections from him.

One day the mother and daughter held a conversation together on the subject of taking the veil; in the course of which Gertrude fully opened her mind to Sabina as to the causes which conduced to this wish on her part. The dialogue then proceeded. It was the first time she had ever explained her views on the matter; and Sabina was not slow in comprehending their entire bearing. Her suspicions of the monk were at their height, when her mother shewed her the rich present he had made her; and with the sagacity so common to her sex when their hearts are concerned, she at once connected this circumstance with the visits of the abbot himself on a former occasion. Without, however, mentioning them to the unconscious agent of his vile purposes, she merely contented herself by saying—

“Mother, I am Justin’s bride—his betrothed bride, it is true—but still his bride in the eye of heaven; and I am therefore bound to conceal nothing from him which concerns my fate or his future happiness. He shall know of this.”

“Thanks! many, many thanks! my dear, dear Sabina!” cried Justin himself, embracing the beloved girl.

He had entered unperceived, and heard the noble sentiments of Sabina, and also some of the conversation which had preceded it, without mother or daughter being aware of his presence. The gentle girl at once communicated to him every thing that had passed; and likewise mentioned her own suspicions in connexion with

it. Justin fully concurred in her views; he knew the monks but too well; and he believed them to be capable of every treachery and vice.

"Leave the villain to me," said the excited lover; "I'll deal with him according to his deserts—leave him to me."

"Heaven defend us!" exclaimed Gertrude; "here he comes!"

The monk again made his appearance as the words were spoken. In another moment he was in the energetic gripe of the enraged Justin.

"What would you?—what would you?" shrieked the hypocrite, as he writhed in the clutch of the strong young man? "would you kill me?—would you murder me?—remember my sacred calling; I'm a priest—a priest!"

"I forget it only when you forget it yourself," replied Justin; "'tis you who have unremembered it;" and he shook him as he spoke, as a large dog would do a brawling, quarrelsome cur. "I honour your calling, but I honour not you."

"Pity me—have mercy—spare my life, spare my life—mercy, mercy!" whined the monk

„What would you have here?" asked the lover. "I'll trample the foul heart out of your breast, and fling your worthless carrion to feed the fishes in the Rhine, unless you tell me all."

"I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all!" murmured the halfstrangled villain; "but squeeze me not so hard,—I can scarcely breathe—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

Justin relaxed his hold, and the culprit at once made a full confession. Gertrude horrified at the disclosure; and Sabina was highly delight-

ted that she had escaped the snares of the wicked priest. The rage of the lover may not be related: he could scarce contain himself at first from inflicting summary punishment on the hypocritical seducer; but, at length, yielding to the solicitations of his betrothed, he suffered him to depart unmolested and uninjured.

"Go, villain!" he cried; "and tell thy accursed master he shall not escape my hands. I warn him by thee—go! go! ere I kill thee outright."

The monk, too glad to get permission to depart, availed himself of it without a moment's delay. He was soon out of sight of the indignant lover.

A consultation was then held in Gertrude's cottage as to the best mode of protecting themselves for the future; and the result of it was, that Justin undertook to disclose all the circumstances of the case to his lord, with a view to obtain his advice and assistance in this difficult emergency. He took leave of his beloved Sabina and her terrified mother accordingly, and forthwith proceeded to the Castle of Aarburg to put his project into execution.

Within less than a week from the date of this occurrence, the Abbot of Siegburg left the monastery of Appollonarienberg, and bent his way to the nearest watering-place for the benefit of the medicinal springs. He had pampered himself into indigestion, and he suffered all the horrors of that, the rich, and the idle, and the luxurious man's deadliest curse. The road to his

"We are betrayed!" was all the abbot could utter, for he was pulled from his horse, and his mouth and eyes were at once enveloped in a thick bandage, and he was then hurried along so rapidly up hill, that he lost breath and consciousness altogether. When he recovered, he found himself confined in a narrow room, with small grated windows set high up in the wall; an iron-bound wicket was the only means of entrance to it. It was a cheerless chamber in every sense of the word: a few boards raised above the level of the floor was the only accommodation it afforded; and these served for bed, chair, and table—in short, for every article of furniture. He paced the apartment like a caged tiger—he shouted like a stentor for aid and deliverance—he whined like a whipped hound, when his strength was exhausted;—but still he found no assistance. He had not even the slightest consciousness that he was heard or noticed. Night speedily fell—his shouts became louder—his lamentations grew deeper;—but still he remained unheeded as before. At length, wearied with fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, he stretched his huge frame on the creaking planks, and slept long and soundly.

"Holla! holla!" shouted a rough voice in his ears; "up, up, from your lair; my lord baron comes to pay his respects to you this morning."

The speaker suited the action to the word, for he applied the end of a hunting spear to the fat sides of the sleeping priest with such hearty

good will, that he sprang upon his legs like a young deer before the loosed hounds.

„Good morning t'ye, my Lord Abbot of Siegburg," said the Baron of Aarburg, who just then entered, accompanied by Justin; "good morning t'ye; I hope you have slept soundly. Nothing like a clear conscience, my lord—nothing like a clear conscience for priest or for layman—eh! Justin? 'But you are welcome to my castle at all events, my lord, and right glad am I to have you as my guest on any terms."

The abbot knew not well what to say; but he blustered a great deal; talked big of the dishonour done to the church in his person; and urged strongly the vengeance sure to be inflicted on those who harmed him, here and hereafter, in this world and the next.

"Nay, never threaten me, my lord," resumed the baron; "never make a coil with yourself on that account; I hope I may not in my lifetime do a worse deed than waylay a wicked priest. But, joking apart, whither go ye in such state?—on what holy mission are you bound, my lord?"

"To the baths," replied the humbled abbot.

"For what purpose?" enquired the baron.

"To recover my lost appetite"——

"Heaven grant that no poor man may find it," laughed the baron; "it would be the ruin of him, my lord abbot."

"And now," said the abbot, "I shall descend to the refectory, for I hunger much, and would fain eat."

"Nay, my lord abbot, there go two words to that bargain—my will is requisite as well as yours before it take effect."

"But you'll not hinder me from leaving this wretched place?" imploringly asked the horrified priest; "you'll not starve me outright, will you?"

"I'll cure you of your indigestion, at least, my lord, before we part," answered the baron; "and I trust, too, of all other evils and lusts of the flesh which, I am sorry to say, so deeply afflict you. You remember Sabina, the poor widow's daughter, by Appollonarisberg, my lord?"

The abbot shrunk within himself at the mere mention of this name, and then cast down his guilty eyes to avoid the keen glance of the indignant nobleman.

"Good morning t'ye, my lord abbot," said the baron, leaving the room, before the astounded abbot had time to recover himself; "good morning. —You shall be duly attended to here. Adieu!"

"Good morning, hoary seducer of innocence, base destroyer of youth—glutton, drunkard, and forsworn priest," said Justin; "I am the fair Sabina's betrothed."

The door was slammed-to as they spoke, and the heavy bolt was shot in the lock, ere the wretched abbot could summon courage to look up at his accusers. They had, however, left the apartment, and he was once more alone, a prisoner. In a corner near the entrance lay a small loaf of black bread, and a little brown pitcher of water. They had been left there by his captors, and were his only allowance.

As the day advanced, the bloated abbot began to experience sensations altogether new to him. He was, in short, hungry. But so utterly

unacquainted was he with the nature of appetite that he wist not well what to deem the strange feeling. It, however, went on increasing hourly, till to such a degree did it at length attain, that he more than once glanced anxiously at the loaf and pitcher, and even now and then contemplated them benignly. Not conceiving it possible, however, that he should be kept on such food, he still averted his eye from the coarse, unsightly objects.

The day now drew near to a close; he had tasted no food for at least four-and-twenty hours; he became at last quite outrageous with hunger.

"Holloa! villains!" he shouted, in a voice which shook the vaulted roof of the chamber, accompanying his cries the while with a succession of most violent attacks on the door; "holloa, there! holloa! holloa! do you mean to starve me alive? Here, bring me some dinner, and let it be of the best."

It was some time before his clamorous cry was attended to; and faint and weary he sat himself down on his pallet to take a little rest and to breathe himself, for another attack on the door. At length, a gruff voice, on the outer side of the wicket, asked slowly,

"What would you, brawler, within there?"

"My dinner—quick!—of the best—and good wine! frantically exclaimed the half-starved abbot.

"Softly! softly!" said the voice, in a tone like the breath of a hurricane; "we have no food here but calves' flesh, and wine we know nothing about: but you have water enough in your pitcher to last till the morn'g, and we left you some black bread: look, and you'll find it. Good night."

Now if there was one description of animal food which this pampered priest hated more than another, it was calves' flesh. That was the reason it was offered to him on this occasion. The secret of this aversion had been extracted from his cook, who was made drunk for the purpose on the preceding night.

"Faugh, faugh!" exclaimed the abbot, his gorge rising at the bare mention of the meat: "I cannot eat that. Miserable slave! bring me something else."

"Well, then, good night until you can; there will be none made ready until this time to-morrow night again," said the voice.

The sound of receding footsteps were then heard; and the prisoner was once more left to the horrors of hunger and solitary captivity.

In vain he shouted—in vain he shrieked—in vain he assailed the door; his shouts were unheard—his shrieks were mocked by echo—and the door was proof to all the efforts he was enabled to direct against it. Utterly overcome with faintness and fatigue, he again seated himself on his hard couch, and again fell asleep.

The next morning brought with it a fresh visit from the lord of the castle, and Justin, his castellan. The abbot still slept as they entered; but the application of a spear-end to his ribs once more awoke him.

His visitors remarked, as they glanced around the apartment, that the pitcher had been emptied, and the loaf eaten, in the course of the night.

"Good morrow, my lord abbot!" said the baron; "how has your reverence spent the night?"

"I am starved!" grumbled the abbot from his midriff.

"I greet your lordship's reverence," spake Justin, with mock deference; "how fares your holiness?"

"Give me something to eat!" growled the famished churchman again.

"It gives me much pleasure, my lord abbot," observed the baron, "to find that you have, in some slight degree, recovered your appetite. Perhaps by the evening tide you may be found to eat calves' flesh. Good morning t'ye, my lord abbot; good morning!"

"Now! now! now!" cried the hungry ecclesiastic. Where is it?—where is it?"

"Good morning, my lord abbot," said Justin; "I greet you on the probability of your happy recovery."

They retired without heeding his solicitations. This time, however, they left him neither bread nor water.

The day drew to its close; evening set in; still the starving glutton could perceive no signs of dinner. He shouted, and smote the door once again, and the same rough voice, after due delay, was again heard without, and again answered him.

"Food! food!" cried the abbot; "I want food—I starve! Food, or I die! Food—food!"

"Will you eat calves' flesh?" asked the gruff interrogator, with a deep emphasis on the words; "calves' flesh!—calves' flesh!"

"Any thing! any thing!—or I eat my own flesh," shrieked the hungry ecclesiastic.

"Well, then, I'll go and ask my master will he give you some," said the voice.

It was heard no more; but in a short time the sound of many footsteps was audible in the passage. The door soon flew open, and the Baron of Aarburg, attended by Justin, and followed by a crowd of retainers, entered the cell.

"My lord abbot," asked the baron, "you would have food?"

"Yea, food! or I die!" replied the gasping priest.

"You were on your way to the baths to recover your appetite when you honoured me with this visit, my lord?—Is't not so?"

"I was," sullenly answered the abbot.

"And you have now found it?" inquired his tantalising interrogator.

"Food! food!" was the all-convincing reply.

"And pray, my lord abbot," continued the baron, "at how much did you estimate your expenses for the journey?"

"Six hundred, ducats," whined the priest; "but give me to eat—or I die!"

"Well, then, acknowledge that I have cured you?" queried his ingenious tormentor.

"Ay, ay, you have. Give me meat," exclaimed the agonised victim.

"Well, then, here is food; but you must pay the fee, which I have earned as your physician, to this young creature, ere you be permitted to taste a morsel of it."

The crowd opened as the baron spake, and Sabina stepped forward, bearing a large vessel of savoury food between her fair hands. The abbot was thunderstruck, as well he might be.

"Pay her the money you would have squandered at the baths, my lord abbot; it must be done, ere you break bread. You have done her foul injury; make her all the reparation in your power. It is but justice, my lord—it is but justice."

"It is but justice," exclaimed, as with one voice, the crowd of bearded men that stood around them.

The abbot winced a little under this singular prescription, and looked very serious on the subject.

"This is compulsion," he said; "I shall not be compelled—I am a lord of the church—you shall be anathematised for it! I'll not give a denier for such a purpose—I'm no laic!"

"My lord abbot has not yet completely recovered his appetite," said the baron, turning to his followers; "we had better leave him alone until he has. Sabina, you may take back your burden—the cure is not yet complete."

They made as though they would leave the apartment; but the excitement of the moment had died in the mind of the hungry priest; he remembered only his stomach, altogether forgetting his dignity; and he imploringly recalled them.

"Stay, stay!" he cried; "I'll pay her all—any thing—every thing all you wish—but let me have wherewith to allay this craving hunger!"

Sabina again stepped forward, and, the abbot having handed over to her his well-lined purse, she placed the savoury dish gracefully before him: he swallowed its contents in a twinkling. That night he slept in a good bed, in one of the best chambers of the castle. Next morning

he took his departure, muttering threats, but ever and anon laughing to himself at the joke which had been practised on him. Sabina and Justin were present.

"This fair creature thanks you, my lord abbot," said the baron, "for her marriage-portion."

"We shall no doubt enjoy it the more," observed Justin, "by the remembrance of my lord abbot's happy restoration to his appetite."

"It was compulsion—all compulsion!" quoth the priest; "I'll take the case to the diet—I'll write to the emperor about it. I will! I will!"

"And I, my lord abbot," said the baron, with much severity of manner, "and I, if you stir one step in the matter, shall write to the pope, and take the case to the court of Rome. Do as you list, my lord abbot."

The humbled ecclesiastic and his crest-fallen train returned to Appollonarisberg the same evening; and from thence, the next day, they departed for Siegburg. The baron never heard of any further proceedings on the part of the priest. The fair Sabina and her fond husband, Justin, together with their mother, Gertrude, lived thenceforward in the Castle of Aarburg, loving and beloved, honoured by their lord, and almost worshipped by his servants.

It was said that the hypocritical Anselm broke his neck over the cellar stairs, and that the pander-chamberlain was suffocated in a butt of Liebfrauenmilch.

S. Appollonarisberg derives its name from a pious man bearing the same appellation, whose

head—an invaluable relic in the estimation of the faithful—is there deposited, according to the best authorities on those subjects. This edifice, in times past, was the resort of thousands of pilgrims from the surrounding country, who came to pray for the saint; and even to this day it is frequented for that purpose by many. But since the period of the first French Revolution there has been a considerable falling off in their numbers; and for a hundred that then sought its reliquary, there is now not more than one visitor with a similar object at its gates.

A droll story is told of an artist employed to paint the interior of the monastery, and of a rather incredible nature too; but it is so singularly illustrative of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, as well as of the enthusiasm of the German character, that it may not, with justice, be omitted here. This artist, whose name is not preserved, says the tale, so enamoured with the surpassing loveliness of the view from the windows of the monastery, that he painted his own portrait high up on the outside of the walls, looking over the river, to the end that he might still seem to see for ever that most magnificent prospect of hill and dale, and wood and water, unparalleled, to his thinking, in the entire compass of the world.

The church of the monastery of St. Appollonarisberg is an elegant Gothic structure, the basement of which dates its construction from the eleventh century. The superstructure, however, is of a later æra, and so likewise is the conventual edifice attached to it.

REMBAGEN.

We now re-cross to the left bank of the Rhine, and take up the next point of interest on that noble river. That point is Remagen, or Rheinmagen, the Rigomagus of the Romans mentioned in the Antonine Itinerary. Remagen is certainly one of the oldest towns on this river. In the construction of a high road on its left shore, by the Elector, Charles Theodore of Treves, in the year 1768, several monuments, indicative of the abode of the Romans there at an early period, were dug up by those employed in its excavation. Among them there was one—a milestone, in a state of perfect preservation—once set up on the high road which then ran from Mentz to Cologne, over the very same spot, by the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Claudius Verus,* under whose auspices that great public work had been constructed.

The modern road was rendered absolutely necessary,—the old one having gone to ruin in the lapse of ages,—by the dangerous condition of the vicinity at the time of its construction. “Before that period,” says Schreiber, “the traveller ran numerous risks of losing his life while travelling this road, which was quite impassable when the Rhine had attained a certain height. Robbers often concealed themselves in the brambles and clefts of rocks, and thence rushed out on passengers, whom they threw into the river after robbing them.” The present noble highway was finished by the French in 1801, while they

* A.D. 180-192.

held possession of that shore of the Rhine and the adjacent country.

The tradition which follows is current in the neighbourhood. It may well be termed a tale of

TRUTH AND TREASON.

When the episcopal throne of Cologne was vacated by the death of Conrad von Hochstetten, Engelbert the Second, his nephew, succeeded to it under the most favourable auspices. The history of the popular feuds which existed at this aera has been already narrated,* so that it is only necessary to state here that Conrad had been long at open enmity with the burghers of that important city, and that his death was therefore hailed by them as a general blessing. At the time of his succession, Engelbert was provost of the collegiate church of St. Gereon, in Cologne. He then bore a high character for humanity and goodness, and was a great favourite with the burghers, as well as with the patricians or equestrian nobility, the two parts into which the council of the city was then divided. It has been seen how much he subsequently belied that character.

"God is my witness," would he say in confidence to the former, "God is my witness that I see with much sorrow the attempts at encroachment on your rights and privileges made daily by my poor, dear uncle. Would to Heaven that I had but the power, as I have the entire will, to put an end to them.

* Vide Cologne, "The Rath Haus."

And to the proud patricians he was wont to boast of his noble origin, which was in truth princely, if heraldic records might be credited; and to speak in terms of depreciation of their opponents, the men in trade, the shopkeepers, the manufacturers, the merchants, and the mass of the citizens. But this was all done in private; for the citizens had long had the upperhand, and perhaps would have succeeded in effectually barring his succession, if they had known his real sentiments, which these, as it afterwards turned out, undoubtedly were.

At the period of his accession to the archiepiscopal throne of Cologne, and for some time previously, the state prisons of the diocess were crowded with burghers unexpectedly arrested by order of the deceased prelate Conrad, for resistance to his designs on the liberties of their native city, or taken, mayhap, in some of the many popular outbreaks which occurred during his administration of that spiritual principality. The sentiments of the new archbishop being supposed to be known to all parties, his assumption of the throne was hailed with feelings of joy and hope by those poor captives, and by their friends and relatives; for they very naturally inferred that he who was so liberal in his political views as a simple priest, would be equally so as a dignified prelate of the church; and they thus fondly anticipated an immediate release from their captivity and an amnesty for the past, as one of the first gracious acts of his sovereign power. But this hope was only an idle vision, as will be seen in the sequel. They had calculated wrongly; because they had founded their calcula-

tions upon those most erroneous, because most erratic of all data, the operations of the human mind; and because they had entertained, even for a single moment, the belief that a political priest would prefer the claims of justice to the dictates of selfishness or expediency.

Engelbert was crowned elector at Cologne, and there installed in the archbishopric of that noble diocess, amidst the acclamations of the whole population. His first proceeding was to make a circuit of his dominions, in order to ascertain the state of popular opinion, and the means it possessed of making itself felt or feared by him. At Bonn, the favourite abode of the archbishops of Cologne, he was entertained with all the honours usually accorded to his station by the burghers and nobility; there too he received their allegiance, together with the customary surrender of their fiefs or military tenures, the latter of which, according to established usage, he immediately returned them. From Bonn he proceeded to Ahr.

At this period eight worthy gentlemen, burghers of Cologne, had long pined in the dungeons of the castle of Ahr, and the time was thought a good time by their friends and relations to intercede with the archbishop for their release. Whereupon three gentlemen, of their nearest connexions, undertook, of their own accord, to ride over from that city to this prelate, where he abode at Ahr, to beg at his hands the liberty of their friends and relatives. The names of these gentlemen were Herr Rütger Overstolz, Herr Daniel Jude, and Herr Kestin von Aducht,

all three being of the eldest and noblest families in Cologne.*

They reached Ahr in due time; but, alas! instead of obtaining what they sought, they were themselves made prisoners too, by order of the false archbishop, and then cast also into the same dungeon with those whom they came to beg free from that bitter bondage. It would be vain for them to remonstrate with their captors—treachery never yet acknowledged the rules of reason and of right; still valner would it have been for them to offer aught of resistance, for their oppressors were an army, and they were only three. Into that dark dungeon, then, they were rudely thrust; and there they were told to keep company with their friends in their great misery.

“God help us,” quoth good Gerhard Overstolz, one of the older prisoners; “alas! our troubles seem but to increase rather than to diminish. We were but eight yesterday; we are now eleven. Capital work we’ll make for the headsman, I ween!”

“Heaven be praised!” then up and spake Herr Daniel Jude, a godly as well as a humane and a brave gentleman; “Heaven be praised! our fate will, at least, have one good result: it will serve as a warning to all others not to put their faith in priests more than they may in princes.”

“It is idle to be faint-hearted,” interposed on this Herr Kestin ven Aducht, a worthy and

* The Overstolz family is one of the most ancient in Cologne, or perhaps in Europe. It claims descent from a Roman patrician, one of the original colonists of the city.

a valiant gentleman likewise; "if God so wills it, we shall be free; if not, it is only our lot. Sorrow boots not; so let us even make ourselves content - and merry, too, if we can. After a storm comes a calm; and if it be the calm of the grave, why 'tis better even so, than to be for ever in such turmoil and tumult as we have passed through."

The other prisoners only answered with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulder; but still they strove manfully to dissipate their anxiety as well as they might, in the period which intervened before their anticipated execution. However, the God in whom they had their hope did not desert them in their hour of need. They were accorded an almost miraculous deliverance from their enemies. This is how it happened.

While they lay thus, rotting in that dark and dreary den, one of their number, Herr Gottschalk Overstolz, a brother of the two other gentlemen of the same name, succeeded in taming a little mouse to such a degree, that it was accustomed to creep forth from its little hole every morning and gather the crumbs which fell from their scanty allowance of bread. It was a great beguilement to the tedium of their long captivity. Oh! what delight it was to these poor prisoners to wile away the weary hours with the antics and gambols of this tiny animal, their only friend in that sorrowful captivity: none but those who have languished in "durance vile" until the "iron has entered the soul" can form any idea of their gratification. One day, however, the little animal altogether disappeared, and never afterwards came near them. Their

sorrow for his loss was inconceivable. It is only the mind that has borne up against the greatest difficulty and danger that may be shaken and overcome by such a circumstance.

"I must have my mouse, come what will," said Herr Gottschalk Overstolz; "ay, an' I undermine the castle with my finger nails, I shall have him!"

"The sweet, dear, little animal, gone!" was the exclamation of his greatly pained companions.

It was singular to see the intense interest which these brave, honourable, pious, and excellent gentlemen, took in this trifling circumstance; but even captivity itself may be made captive; and misfortune is a most merciless leveller of all artificial distinctions in feeling.

The hand of Providence, as it turned out, was visible in this affair. It so happened, that as Herr Gottschalk Overstolz dug up the earth even with his nails, to come at that little mouse, he found what was of far more importance to them in their sad situation—a small file, a rusty chisel, and a large nail,—left there no doubt by accident in laying the foundations of the castle.

"God be thanked for this mercy!" was the exclamation of all the prisoners, as these little instruments turned up one after the other; "God has heard us! we shall yet be free!"

"An we tarry here longer," spake Herr Daniel Jude, "we shall surely die of hunger."

"Yea, if the headsman have us not ere then," observed Herr Kestin von Aducht.

"So let us even to work at once on the bars of yonder window," pursued Herr Rütger Overstolz; "to work! to work!"

All that day, and until the middle of the night, they sedulously wrought at the stanchions of the windows. By the hour of twelve they had entirely cut through the thick iron bars which guarded it, and had also removed the wooden frame-work in which they were fixed, by means of their chisel. They then cut up their sheets and blankets into narrow strips; these they manufactured into a rude kind of rope, to facilitate their descent from the ramparts of the castle. Their woolen caps they converted into a sort of socks to draw over their shoes, that they might not slip on the frozen snow; for it was mid-winter, and the ground was covered with smooth ice. The leader of the party was next chosen by lot; the lot fell upon Herr Gottschalk Overstolz—he who had found the instruments by which their progress in escape had been thus far effected. Emerging from the gloom of their dungeon, one by one, slowly and in silence, they crept on to the roof of the castle chapel, which was close by the window of their prison, and then entered its sacred precincts. There they offered up a fervent prayer to that God who had so far freed them from the hands of their deadly foe. From thence they ascended to the ramparts of the outer court-yard, and, ultimately succeeded, by the aid of their ropes, in reaching, unobserved, the outside of the castle walls. In another half hour they were in the wood, which then, as now, skirted and stretched wide around the fortress, hurrying along as rapidly as their half-sawn chains and heavy dangling irons permitted them. In the centre of the wood they called a halt, and there consulted

together as to the course they should next pursue. The opinions advanced were various; but not one of them was of the least agreement with the other. At length, Herr von Schurge outspoke boldly thus:—

“God delivered the holy three kings,” * said he, “from the dangers to which they were exposed by the power of the cruel Herod; let us then divide ourselves into three parties, in humble imitation of them, and He will, mayhap, be as merciful to us too.”

“Be it so,” was the unanimous answer.

On which, without an instant's delay, they divided themselves into three parties, one taking the by-road to Sinzig, and another the path to Tomberg.

It is of the adventures of the third party that this tradition treats. The names of the hapless gentlemen who composed it were Herr Gerhard Overstolz, Herr Daniel Jude, Herr Peter Jude, his brother, and Herr Kostin von Aducht.

Through bush and through briar, over moss, and moor, and meadow, they sped onwards without rest or refreshment, until the dawning of the morning. By that time they had reached the village of Bodendorf.

“God be thanked once more!” exclaimed Herr Gerhard Overstolz; “His hand hath guided us to a sure haven. This is a monastery to which I and mine have ever been of the best of

* It will be borne in mind that the interlocutors are of Cologne, where the “Three Kings” received in those days, and even still receive in these, reverence, honour, glory, and worship, from the populace.

benefactors; surely we shall be sheltered here in this our time of tribulation."

As he spake, they entered the court-yard of the building. They were met on the threshold of the edifice by an aged monk with a long gray beard. Few words sufficed to tell their tale, and claim hospitality of the fathers; in fewer still their claim was granted.

"Ye are welcome! thrice welcome!" said Brother Herrman, for so was the good old monk named: "happy in truth are we to succour the distressed in any shape, but still happier in that of a benefactor and his friends. Come in, come in! enter, enter!"

They followed the good old monk into the refectory, and were there introduced to the brotherhood. When they had made a hasty meal of the best fare the monastery afforded, their hospitable old friend, the good Herrman, bade them once more follow him. They accordingly did so.

"Here is our dormitory," said he, as they entered that portion of the building; "ye need rest, or I know not human wants; take it. Ye shall be undisturbed through the day, for I shall place trusty scouts on the watch in all quarters. At night we shall consult together as to the best means of ensuring your permanent safety."

They thanked him with a fervour which may be more easily imagined than expressed, and at once availed themselves of his kind offer. Need it be said that these wearied gentlemen slept soundly? The sleep of innocence is always sound; and they had not pressed a bed for many months before. The old monk bestowed on them

his blessing ere he retired, first giving them the means of freeing themselves from the remnants of their fetters.

It was not until late in the evening that they were aroused from the deep sleep into which they had fallen, by their active and benevolent friend, Brother Herrman. He brought them a small cask of Honnef wine, where with to make themselves merry, and plenty of good and wholesome food to feast themselves withal. That night was spent in unalloyed happiness. The next morning was fixed for their departure. They were engaged in preparations for the coming day, when the old monk once more entered; he rushed in among them like one possessed.

"This way! this way! worthy gentlemen!" he exclaimed; "this way! this way! Ye are tracked—the bloodhounds are without yon gate!—this way! this way!"

He led them through a long, dark passage; at the end of it he put aside a wicker-work partition, and they entered the large barn of the monastery. From thence they passed by another aperture in the opposite wall, into the hut of the poor hind, who did the field-labour and out-door drudgery for the monks.

"Now, my brothers," spake the good old man, pointing to a large cheese-press; "ye must even enter there, and double yourselves up as well as ye may, until your enemies be gone. God preserve ye from their hands!"

With these words he left them, and returned to the monastery. They did as he had directed them, and secreted themselves in the cheese-press as completely as they could.

When the old monk went forth from the interior of the monastery into the court-yard, which lay before it, he was at once surrounded by the soldiers of the Archbishop of Cologne, and challenged with concealing the fugitives of whom they were in search. But he said naught to them in reply; and he would give them neither answer nor satisfaction. They proceeded to ransack the monastery, on this refusal to communicate with them. As they passed through the dormitory, they saw the chains which had been stricken off the legs of their victims, left there in their hasty retreat, which, besides confirming their suspicions, or rather making them certainty, redoubled also their zeal and activity to retake them.

"Sir monk," said the leader of the party, "your silence will not avail you now—here be the proofs!"

He held up the irons as he spake. They were such undeniable evidence of the fact, that the good old monk thought longer equivocation would be useless. His only hope now was to avert the danger which threatened these persecuted gentlemen, so as to give them time to get off in safety.

"It is true, most excellent sir," he said, "that they have been here; but it is also as true that they are not here now. They barely gave themselves time to take a mouthful of food, and to knock off their gyves, when they sped hence at once on their weary way—God knows whither, for they never told us!"

But their pursuers were not to be baffled so easily, nor was their thirst for blood to be so

hope!" As he spake, he laid his hand solemnly on his bosom. "And may the Lord do so to me, and more, if I injure a hair of your heads."

"Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed these worthy gentlemen; "Heaven be thanked! who hath sent us such a friend in this our sore extremity."

"And now, good gentlemen," spake the seeming openhearted stranger; "hide ye here a bit—hide ye here but til my return, and ye shall then be put in a place of security. I go to prepare it for your coming."

He departed; and the fugitives blessed Heaven for this manifest interposition in their favour.

Instead, however, of seeking a friendly shelter for these hapless gentlemen, the treacherous villain went straight to the abode of the burgermeister of the town, and demanded an immediate audience.

"Sir Burgermeister," quoth he, "I have an offer to make to ye. List! advance to me thirty marks of silver now, and I shall place in your hands a pledge which will bring ye full three hundred!"

"Good!" replied the burgermeister; "it is a bargain! But bring it hither, that I may see it; for I must first judge of its value before I lay my money down. I would fain know what it may be?"

Thereupon the traitor told him all that had passed; he told him how these four gentlemen had fled from the wrath of the archbishop, which still tracked them like a slot-hound;—how a large reward had been proposed to be paid to the captor;—how he had recognised them in the wretched Gast-haus, where they that night sought

shelter and refreshment ;—and how he meant to dispose of them to him for the sum he had named ; because he had not himself the means of making them prisoners, and of thereby obtaining the entire reward offered by the vindictive prelate, their persecutor.

“Bring them hither, by all means,” said the burgermeister ; “lose not a moment’s time. You shall be paid your price on their safe delivery.”

The traitor returned in all haste to his innocent, unsuspecting victims. They were at prayer as he entered, and their prayer was to God, to the Virgin, and to her Saviour Son. It was an antique rhyme, recited in form of a chant, and ran thus :—

“Oh God in heaven ! who day and night
Watcheth with care o’er all below ;
Let’s walk within thy blessed light—
From thy pure paths let’s never go !
Take, take us to thy holy heed,
For we are now in deathful need !

And thou too, Mary—maid and mother—
Thou who hast given to earth its God !
Be in this hour to us no other
Than thou hast been to all who’ve trod
The rugged road of pain and danger !
Friend to the sick ! the sore ! the stranger !

On this thy festal-eve look down,
And stir thy sweet Son’s soul to pity !
Bid him his many mercies crown,
And grant the prayer of our poor ditty !
Bid him to save !—He’ll not refuse—
For, asked by thee, he cannot chose !

The traitor joined in seeming earnestness and devotion with the helpless supplicants ; but his

heart burned with eagerness and impatience to deliver them up to their enemies for the filthy price of his treason.

"Now, gentlemen," he spake, when the prayer was ended, "follow me. All is ready—gently!"

Like lambs to the slaughter, these innocent men unhesitatingly followed their betrayer. In a few minutes they reached the abode of the burgermeister. At the inner door that functionary waited to receive them.

"Here is the pledge you wot of," said the traitor to him; "are you satisfied?"

"Here is thy reward," spake he to the traitor, giving him the sum agreed on, and waving him off with his hand; "go thy ways."

The burgermeister then turned to the astonished gentlemen, and bade them courteously to enter. They obeyed in silence; surprise was legibly depicted on their countenances. When they were all safe under his roof-tree, he thus addressed them:—

"God give ye health and happiness, gentlemen; I am the burgermeister of Remagen."

They sprang on their feet in a moment, and made for the door. "Nay, never have any fear of me," he continued blandly. "Ye have been basely betrayed into my hands; but, blessed be the Lord, I am not of the number of your enemies. Yon villain traitor hath sold ye even for the same sum as Judas sold Christ—for thirty pieces of silver. May he have Judas's guerdon—the halter—for his treachery!"

It were a vain task to depict the amazement—the fear alternating with hope—the anticipation of danger struggling with the belief in human

goodness—portrayed successively on the countenances of these hapless gentlemen. There was, however, no trace of a single mean, sordid, or unworthy feeling, visible among them.

“God’s will be done!” was all they said in reply; “we are powerless—we are in His hands.”

“And now, my friends,” continued the kind-hearted burgermeister, “retire ye to rest. Ay, to rest!” he repeated, as they gazed on him with amaze. “The God who has protected ye so far will protect ye still further. Go ye to rest—sleep ye in peace this night. To-morrow a boat shall be ready to put ye across the river. Till then, farewell!”

He embraced them all, one after another, ere he took leave of them for the night. They found a warm chamber and good beds in the dormitory he had previously made ready. In the morning he awoke them, and they embarked in a boat he had especially provided for the purpose. The Rhine was frozen over; but the hand of God, which had so perceptibly manifested itself in their progress, still guided and protected them to the last. As by a miracle, the “thick-ribbed ice” gave way to the prow of their frail barque like yielding water, and they ran across the rigid river with as much ease and rapidity as if the season had been midsummer, and not midwinter. But the ice which was thus cut away before, closed also from behind as they passed through it; so that at a later hour of the day, when their indefatigable pursuers reached Remagen, they found it impossible to cross the stream from its accumulation.

These worthy gentlemen found a place of safety

in the course of the same evening, where they abode secure until the burghers of Cologne obtained the upperhand of the archbishop, when they returned once more to their native city.

The burgermeister of Remagen—still remembered in chronicle and song, as one of the noblest works of God, “an honest man”—lived long, in happiness and prosperity, and died at an advanced age, beloved, honoured, and universally regretted.

The traitor found the fate of his prototype, Judas—he hanged himself.

Such ever be the ultimate reward of Treason.

OKKENFELS.

On the right bank of the Rhine, almost immediately over the town of Linz and hamlet of Linzerhausen, rises erect a rugged mass of rock, surmounted by the blackened walls of the once extensive castle of Okkenfels. Of this immense ruin very little now exists to indicate what it was in past times; but still its scattered remains distinctly prove that, at one period, it must have been a stronghold of no inconsiderable importance. The history of this place is enveloped in the darkness of the unrecorded past: and of those who lived, and breathed, and had their being within its walls, nothing more than a name, an empty name, is now known to posterity. Indefatigable tradition has, however, been busy with her recollections; and the subsequent legend of one of the lords of that rock still flour-

ishes—to survive, perhaps, when all traces even of the massive masonry which still covers it shall have crumbled into dust and ashes.

A RASH OATH.

In the early part of the eleventh century, the barons of Renneberg, lords of Okkenfels, were famous, all along the shores of the Lower Rhine, for their wealth, and power, and large possessions; and their stately castle was the centre and focus of most of the coarse enjoyments of the rude nobility of that period. It is of one of the most ancient of that departed race that the subsequent legend is related.

The name of this noble was Rheinhard von Renneberg; and he had for family an only daughter. He was a man of rough manners, and of most uncouth exterior; his soul, too, was as rugged as his body; and it was a wonder to all who knew him, how he could ever be the sire of so fair and so gentle a maid as was the lovely Etelina. She was his sole child, his first and his last; for her gentle-tempered mother had died in giving her birth, commending her with her last breath to the care of her husband, and he had never after wedded another.

Time fled, years lapsed over unnoticed, and Etelina, under the care of the venerable and pious chaplain of the castle, became a beautiful woman, and as good too as she was beautiful. She was beloved by all who approached her; but by none more than by the young knight Rudolf, of Linz, one of her powerful sire's most trusty retainers. About this time the old

baron, her father, was obliged to join the army of the Emperor of Germany at Spires, on the Upper Rhine, with his contingent of troops, preparatory to a campaign about to be undertaken in Italy. In his absence, he confided his daughter to the guardianship of the aged chaplain; the care of his castle and estates he consigned to the young Rudolph. Two tender hearts, placed in such close communion, were not slow of catching the spark of love; and opportunities were seldom wanting to fan the flame into an intense fire. Such, indeed, was the case. Before three short months had passed over them, Rudolph and Etelina were betrothed.

At the expiration of a year, a hasty courier reached the castle of Okkenfels, with the alarming tidings that the baron was on his way thither from Suabia, and that he brought along with him in his train a rich and noble bridegroom for his daughter. The lovers were astounded. Alas! Etelina knew but too well the severity of her sire's temper, and the unrelenting nature of his disposition. Rudolph was anxious and uneasy; his spirit, however, rose with the close proximity of danger. But how was he to resist the power of his feudal superior?—how could he even evade it? Whither to fly, that the vengeance of the baron might not reach him, he knew not; and opposition to the will of his lord would be worse than madness. In this emergency they had recourse to their friend, the ancient chaplain.

"My children," spake the kind old man, "whoso God hath joined, man may not put asunder. Ye were made for each other. I shall

marry ye at once, and then I shall advise with ye how to escape this impending danger."

They were united, accordingly, in the castle chapel, at the solemn hour of midnight. The holy man, at the conclusion of the sacred ceremony, conducted them to a place of concealment. It was a deep, half-demolished dungeon, or, more correctly speaking, cavern in the rock on which the castle stands, to which a ruinous subterraneous passage led from the lowermost vaults of the building; a place that had been for ages unused, and which was only known to the old priest by mere accident.

"Rest ye here in peace, my children," he said; "here is withal to support ye till my return. I will not tarry beyond the time that I can see you again in safety—Adieu!"

So saying, he deposited a basket of bread and wine, a lamp, a small pitcher of oil, and a few other necessities, in a recess beside the bundle of fresh straw which was destined to serve them as their only, inauspicious, bridal bed, and then left the cave, first bestowing on them his blessing. The night was passed by the young couple in that lonely dungeon as pleasantly as if it had been spent in the purple chamber of an imperial palace. Such is love!

Early next morning a shrill bugle note announced the arrival of the baron; the sound penetrated even to the depths of their abode, and told them clearly of his coming. He came, attended by a long train of followers, and accompanied by the noble knight whom he designed to mate with his fair daughter.

"Where is my child?" were the first words

he uttered, as he glanced around the obsequious crowd which awaited his approach in the courtyard of the castle, and saw her not among those who were gathered there to welcome him. "Where is my daughter? where is my Etelina?"

"Rest ye first; my lord," replied the aged chaplain; "rest ye first; refresh this noble knight and yourself, after your long and toilsome journey, then you shall know. She lies abed ailing this some time past, and may not be allowed to move from her apartment. But you shall see her anon.

Ill-satisfied with this excuse—for though rude in bearing, he felt all the affection of a father—but wholly unuspicious, the baron entered the banqueting hall, and performed the due honours to his bidden guest. The banquet over, he sought his daughter's bower. She was, however, nowhere to be found. Wild with rage, he then rushed into the aged chaplain's chamber.

"Hoary villain!" exclaimed he, "where is my child? give me back my daughter!"

It was in vain that the poor priest attempted to appease him—it was in vain that he besought him to be at peace, even for a moment—to listen to reason—to calm his passion—nothing would soothe his rage—nothing might alleviate his anger—nothing could assuage his dire. It was only when the chaplain professed to know all about the fair Etelina's flight, but declined to disclose it, until he saw him in a fitting mood to receive the communication, that he affected a calmness which he felt not, and proposed to listen in patience to the old man's tale.

Deceived by this appearance of quietude, the aged priest told him all he knew, with the exception of the fugitive lovers' place of concealment; that portion of it he reserved to himself, as a secret, until he saw what effect his other revelations produced. It was a wise precaution as it turned out. The fiery baron had scarce sufficient patience to hear him through his story; when it was over, his rage burst forth afresh with tenfold fury. The old priest was cast at once, by his command, into the lowest dungeon of the castle, to which there was only access by means of an iron trap-door and a rope. His turn, however, came now. Notwithstanding all the entreaties of the baron, and all his threats to boot, the aged man would never reveal the secret of the lover's hiding-place. For this obstinacy, though aged, infirm, and shielded as he should be by the sanctity of his holy profession, he was hurried to the castle dungeon, the fierce baron swearing by his God the while, as he flung down the massive covering of the dreary vault.—

"If I forgive my daughter, or any one who has had hand, act, or part in her disobedience and flight, may I die a sudden death on the spot where I now stand, and may my soul dwell for ever with the damned in the lowest depths of hell!"

With this dreadful imprecation on his lips he departed, leaving the poor old priest to linger out life in a state worse than death—the living tenant of a tomb.

The castle of Okkenfels was but a dull abode for the disappointed bridegroom, when these

circumstances became known to him, so he even packed up his effects and departed for his own home shortly afterwards. A complete purgatory it soon turned out to the vassals of the baron; for the temper of the old man, always fierce, grew now altogether unbearable; and no man abode within the sphere of its immediate influence, who could find a valid excuse for his absence. He had never been loved by his domestics and retainers—he was now hated most cordially by them; and many a time did the expression of regret for the absence of his fair daughter ascend to heaven, coupled with a prayer for her happiness and prosperity, and an imprecation on his head. Thus did the time speed heavily ever, bringing but regret to all parties.

In the meanwhile, the fair Etelina and her husband had succeeded in leaving the castle precincts unperceived, and finding a refuge in the forests which then skirted the base of the Seven Mountains. For nearly a year did they reside in this solitude unmolested; their only food the wild roots, or the few birds that came in the way of Rudolf—their only drink, the waters of a spring that welled forth from the rock, in a cavity of which they had taken up their dreary abode. Here the gentle Etelina became a mother. Though all unused to such altered circumstances, it fared not altogether ill with them, in this their outcast condition, so long as the summer lasted. Rudolph was indefatigable in his exertions to procure the necessary sustenance for his beloved bride, and

he was generally successful in his attempts; they were all in all to each other, which is a large ingredient in the composition of happiness; and the pledge of mutual affection which now existed, binding them but the more firmly to each other, made them almost forgetful of every thing else except their own little world of love, and hope, and pure enjoyment. In truth, they wanted for nothing; love and affection were with them; and what can be desired when they are in possession? The summer, however, sped fleetly away; the yellow autumn quickly passed over; and soon the bleak winds of winter came from the north to chill their hopes, and freeze their prospect of future happiness. Food became scarce and scarcer still, as the season assumed a greater degree of severity; and when the snow lay on the hill tops and filled the valleys, when it loaded the leafless branches of the trees, and covered the ground, nought was to be had to appease their gnawing hunger. They were, in truth, on the point of perishing. In this dilemma, Rudolph, without communicating his intentions to his beloved wife, resolved to inform the baron, his sire, of their abode; and to implore his compassion and forgiveness, for the sake of those whom he believed to be equally dear to each.

"What boots it to me," thought he, "whether I live or die: they must not perish. Let me be the sacrifice; I alone deserve to suffer. And, oh God!" he exclaimed, fervently, "punish me as thou wilt, but let them not be lost."

Thus speaking, he strode forth with a determined countenance, and bent his hurried course towards Okkenfels.

It so happened, that on the morning of that very day the old baron had given a grand hunting party, and had summoned all his vassals and retainers to attend him, for the purpose of extirpating the wolves and wild boars in the vicinity of his castle, whom the inclemency of the weather had rendered wild with famine, and reckless with want. Rudolph encountered him in the heart of the forest, when the sport was at its height. The hapless husband of the lovely Etelina was enveloped in a huge bear-skin—it was his only garment; and he looked more like the hirsute denizen of another sphere, than a being of this world. The old lord was alone.

“Baron of Okkenfels,” spake the wretched Rudolph, in a deep, hollow voice, which well accorded with his gaunt figure, his glaring eye, from which famine looked forth, and his savage, uncouth aspect. “Baron von Renneberg, of Okkenfels, we are well met!—Wouldst see thy daughter die?—follow me!”

Rudolph struck into the wood, beckoning his father-in-law to follow.

The old baron would have replied to him; he could not find words in his sudden fright. He was terror-struck, for he deemed the fearful form which stood erect before him to be an apparition from the grave. With a palpitating heart, and tongue which clave to the roof of his mouth, he involuntarily pursued the path taken by this awful being. A few sharp turns, through tangled brakes and dense thickets, brought them to the foot of a scarped precipice, in the centre of which was a deep, wide excavation. The

spectral-looking Rudolph passed into this cavity, and disappeared at once in its darksome recesses.

"Follow!" echoed from within its womb; "follow, Baron von Renneberg—follow, if you would behold your only daughter die!"

The baron entered. He could see nothing; but the receding sound of footsteps led him onwards. He followed the sound in silence; in a few moments a faint, flickering gleam, as of dying embers, pointed out that a place was near, where at least some human being had his wretched habitation. A few moments more, and the aged sire stood within the verge of an ample cavern, beside his savage-looking guide. But the picture which presented itself to his eyes, as the darkness became habitual to them, made his heart bleed with pity and ache with remorse.

"Baron von Renneberg, of Okkenfels!" exclaimed his conductor, "behold thy daughter!"

The wretched Rudolph flung off the skin which concealed him as he spoke, and revealed to the view of his lord the care-worn traits, and famine-wasted lineaments, of his once young and handsome retainer. The baron looked aghast at him, but a feeling of rage, mingled with dread and horror, was uppermost in his mind; when, however, he looked where the hapless man pointed, every feeling of anger fled, for he there saw a sight which froze the current of his blood. On a heap of rotten leaves, covered only by the skins of wild animals, in an undressed state, lay extended his long-lost daughter, the young, the beautiful Etelina; now a being more like a corpse in seeming than a living, breathing,

loving woman. Beside her a famine-wasted infant, of tender years, was busily engaged gnawing the bones of a wolf's cub, the only food its starving mother could afford it. The scene was one calculated to touch the hardest heart; and the proud lord of Okkenfels, with all his severity, was a father. In a distant corner of the cavern, Rudolph—the young, the gay, the brave, the handsome, the spirited—like a remnant of mortality which has witnessed the destruction of many generations, cowered down in a silence only broken by deep-drawn sighs, over a wretched fire composed of green branches and frozen leaves.

But a short interval elapsed between this occurrence and the full and complete reinstatement of Etelina and her husband in the castle of Okkenfels, and their entire restoration to the irate baron's estranged affections. The old man relented at the sight of their sufferings; and he became reconciled to their union, as it was no longer possible to prevent it. In a little while Etelina was convalescent. The very first use she made of her reacquired influence with her sire, was in obtaining a pardon for the old priest, and a promise of his immediate release from the dungeon in which he had so miserably languished.

The lord of Okkenfels went forth from his daughter's sick chamber that night to liberate the aged chaplain from his dreary abode. He descended into the lowermost dungeons of the castle: he stood over the den of death in which that venerable man had been so long immured. The heavy iron trap was removed by his own hands; the rope was lowered in the same manner:

he bent down to hail the prisoner to speak to his ears the words of freedom. As he thus stooped, with straining eyes, to pierce the unbroken gloom of that fearful habitation, he suddenly overbalanced himself in his anxiety to dive into its depths, and plunged headlong into the yawning gulf below him. A single exclamation of despair,—which burst from his lips as he toppled over the edge of the trap,—and one deep groan,—uttered as he dashed heavily on the rocky floor beneath,—were all the sounds he ever after emitted.

“A judgment!” were his last words. “A righteous judgment!”

He perished on the spot where he had vowed the rash vow already recorded.

Next morning the shattered corse was found by the old priest, in one of his darksome perambulations through the dungeon range. The castle was speedily alarmed, and assistance was immediately afforded; but it came too late to avail any thing. The soul of that stern old man had long gone to its account. The poor chaplain, however, was liberated at once; and soon after ended his days in peace, in the castle of Okkenfels.

What happened to Rudolph and his wife, the legend further saith not; but it is to be hoped that they sorrowed duly for their sire's death, and prayed sincerely to the Source of mercy for grace to his departed spirit.

In the parish church of Linz stands a proud monument, erected over the last mortal remains of the noble line of Renneberg. That monument covers the ashes of the Baron Reinhard, who thus perished. The family is said to have become

extinct shortly after the period of its erection, A. D. 1257. It is ages since their strong castle became a ruin, or had other tenants than beasts of prey and uncleanly reptiles.

THE CONVENT OF ST. HELENA.

On the slope of the hill which adjoins Sinzig, —almost impending over that city,—stands a large building, now a farmhouse, but formerly a famous convent for noble ladies, who resorted thither from all parts of the German empire. The name of this celebrated structure alone survives: it is still called after St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, in whose honour it was originally erected. Of this abode of beauty and rank, through so many centuries, the following legend—one among the many which are stated to have been common in the country around—alone remains to tell the tale of its past greatness and its present decay. Whether it has any foundation in truth or not, is altogether without the province of this work to determine. It runs thus:—

THE GAME AT CHESS.—THE PFALZ- GRAF AND THE PRINCESS.

In the days when Otho the Third, then a minor, succeeded his father, Otho the Great, on the throne of the Western Empire (A. D. 963), the government was carried on by his mother,

the Princess Theophania, daughter of Romanus the Second, emperor of the East, with a spirit and prudence worthy the daughter of a better sire, and the widow of so great a hero as her deceased husband. Willigis, the celebrated Archbishop of Mentz, of whom mention will be more particularly made in another part of these pages, was associated with her in the regency, and added the weight of his experience and sacred character to the wisdom of her administration. Otho was just three years old at the time of his election to the purple; and the empress assumed, in his name, the sole power of the state. It was well she did so; for by her presence of mind, her penetration, and her extraordinary activity, she not only saved her son's kingdom in Italy from the designs of Crescentius Momentanus, the consul,* and his party, then most powerful in Rome, but she also rescued his person from the custody of Henry, duke of Bavaria, afterwards emperor, under the title of Henry the Second, who had captured him by cunning, and would have retained him

* "In the minority of his (Otho the Second) son, Otho the Third, Rome made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the consul Crescentius was the Brutus of the Republic. From the condition of a subject and an exile, he twice rose to the command of the city; oppressed, expelled, and created the popes, and formed a conspiracy for restoring the authority of the Greek emperors."—*Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, c. xlix.

Crescentius was the son of the infamous Theodora, and brother of her equally abandoned daughter Marozia, so well known in the papal history of the tenth century, as the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of a succession of profligate pontiffs.

by force, if the diet of the empire, convoked by her prompt agency, had not solemnly reclaimed their infant sovereign from this incipient usurper. The influence of three women of nobility and virtue, each, however, of a different country, was exerted in behalf of the young emperor's future welfare; they were his widowed mother, a Greek; his grandmother, on the father's side, Adelheid, an Italian; and his aunt, his father's second sister, Matilda, subsequently abbess of Quedlinburg, a German: and to its operation may be fairly attributed that extraordinary developement of his natural qualities which, in childhood, won him the name of "the wondrous boy," and in maturity made him the beloved ruler of his own subjects, and a model for all contemporary monarchs. Something of his celebrity may be also, in justice, ascribed to the care taken of his education by Gerbert, a learned French abbot, better known subsequently as the famous Pope Sylvester the Second, to which dignity he was raised by his grateful pupil on the death of Gregory the Fifth. Through the conjoint exertions of these four individuals, the young Otho became not alone one of the greatest princes of his time, but one of the greatest that ever governed Germany; and, had his brilliant career not been so soon cut short by the treachery of a disappointed mistress,* or some other cause, he might have become the

* "In the fortress of St. Angelo," continues Gibbon, in conclusion of the history of Crescentius, "he maintained an obstinate siege, till the unfortunate consul was betrayed by a promise of safety: his body was suspended on a gibbet, and his head exposed on the battlements of

rival of Charlemagne in glory, as well as his equal in legitimate influence and in extent of empire.

Among the counsellors of the empress, during the minority of her infant son, there was none more prized by her than Ezzo, Pfalz-graf of Aix-la-Chapelle; and none, in truth, of that bright circle, better deserved such a high and honourable distinction. Though young, his words had the wisdom and weight of age; and his actions did not belie them, but possessed quite a corresponding character. By his activity and untiring zeal, he had succeeded in causing the prompt and unconditional evacuation of Lorraine, then occupied by Lothair king of France, in the belief that the infant emperor was unable to contend its possession with him: * what, however, contributed to cover him with a greater glory in this transaction, was the entirely peaceful surrender of that important province of the empire. Not a blow was struck for its recovery. When, too, his juvenile master was

the castle. By a reverse of fortune, however, Otho himself, after separating from his troops was besieged three days without food in his palace; and a disgraceful escape saved him from the justice or fury of the Romans. The senator Ptolemy was the leader of the people; and the widow of Crescentius enjoyed the pleasure or fame of avenging her husband, by a poison which she administered to her imperial lover."—*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, c. xlix.

Hermann (*Allg. Geschichte*, p. 159.) says, "It was believed that Stephania, the widow of Crescentius, destroyed the emperor in Rome with a pair of poisoned gloves, through jealousy of a Byzantine princess he was about to marry. Others, however, state, and with more probability, that he died of the purples.

* A. D. 878.

treacherously made prisoner by Henry of Bavaria, Ezzo stood forward at once in his behalf, not alone one of the boldest declaimers in the Germanic diet, against this treasonable act of the duke, but also the most powerful, as well as most effective agents, for his immediate restoration to his sorrowing mother. He likewise supported, with all his might, the regency of the empress; and stood a tower of strength on her side, when defections took place among the great princes and barons of the empire. It was nothing extraordinary, then, that Theophania should esteem him so highly as she did, and admit him to her most intimate friendship and confidence on all occasions: neither was it wonderful that a portion of that esteem with which she regarded the deserving subject should be infused into the mind of the young emperor, her son; the more especially so, as Ezzo was his principal instructor in the science of arms, and his sole referee in all matters relating to the usages of knighthood and chivalry. The countenance of the empress regent, and the growing favour of the youthful emperor, had, as usual, their influence on the court; and the Pfalz-graf of Aix, were it from that circumstance alone, was in a fair way to be accounted the most considerable person in the empire. But the gentleness of his manners, the absence of all assumption on his part, the general humility of his deportment, his known devotion to the interests of his sovereign and his excellent mother, the regent; his prudence, his frankness of character, his willingness to oblige, when it could be done with safety to the state; the

liberality of his disposition, the magnificence and hospitality of his household; and, perhaps, as much as any, or even as all taken together,—his personal graces and natural gifts, secured to him the love and esteem which his wisdom, his valour, and his good faith had won, and made him the most truly popular subject in the whole extent of the wide realms of the successor of Charlemagne. Before the emperor had attained the age which the Frankish and German laws fixed as that at which the sovereign might reign without guidance or control,* Ezzo, Pfalz-graf of Aix, had become the first minister of the empire, the prime favourite of his sovereign and his mother, the empress regnant, and the idol of the court, the rural nobility and knight-hood, and likewise of the great mass of the burgher population of the empire. He was well worthy of all this honour.

Two ladies sat in the eventide radiance of the oriel window in the state apartment of the ancient and noble convent of St. Helena; they

* Montesquieu makes it fifteen years, on the authority of Gregory of Tours, in relation to the case of Childeric the Second (A.D. 575-85), vide lib. i. cap. 5. of the works of that eminent ancient writer. The Ripuarian Franks, as well as the Franks called Salique, also the Goths, properly so called, the Ostrogoths, and the Burgundians, fixed, at the same age, the majority of a son or successor, "because," continues the learned French jurist, commenting on the fact, "it was deemed necessary by them that his intellect should be sufficiently formed to defend himself in judgment, and his frame sufficiently robust to defend himself in mortal combat." — *De l'Esprit des Lois*, lib. xvii, cap. 26.

looked out over the wide and glorious landscape which spread itself out beneath them, like a curiously wrought carpet of the richest workmanship and most magnificent design. Both gazed on the prospect with apparently equal interest; but the thoughts of each were far otherwise occupied than with the transcendent beauties of the scene before them. In vain for them did the broad Rhine rush onwards in its bounteous course, resplendent in the mellowed glory of the setting sun, like a proud and gorgeous pageant; in vain did that noble stream seem to gird the emerald meadows over which it careered in its grandeur and its power, as with a band of the purest molten gold; in vain did the vine-covered hills, before, beside, and about them, rear their richly decorated heads, laden with the "showering grape," and crowned with the grim fortresses of the warrior-barons who dwelt on the banks of the mighty river, as if in designed contrast with the peace and plenty which reigned around; in vain did the faint tinkle of the sheep-bell strike sweetly on their ears, or the pastoral sound of the kine coming home—the low of the cattle—the song of the herd, "mellowed by distance," steal up from the verdant plain which spread out at the foot of the hill on which the convent stood, to soothe them with their simple but beautifully melodious combinations. They thought of other and different things—they thought of things that were not within the reach of human vision—but still the thoughts of both were not the same. It now remains to tell who were these high-born dames, and what was the subject of their meditations.

One of them was advanced in years ; but she was still of a regal presence , and possessed the remains of great beauty. Her aspect was calm and collected ; her eye seemed to see , not the things of this earth , but of heaven ; and her placid brow bespoke a mind more devoted to the service of her Maker , than to the duties of ordinary mortality. She leaned forward in the deep oriel window , and looked as though engaged in holy meditation. This noble dame was the pious abbess , Adelheid , sister of the deceased emperor , Otho the Great , and aunt to the young sovereign , Otho the Third , who then ruled the powerful Germanic empire. The other " ladye fair " was a maiden in the flower of her youth , who had just arrived at that period of her life when beauty breaks its bud , and becomes a wonder to the world. She was of a surpassing loveliness—the eye never tired of gazing on her. A perfectly oval face ; a nose completely Grecian in its form , a mouth like the bow of the fabled god of love , teeth like pearls (ivory were too lowly a comparison) , a chin moulded in the manner of the ancient statues of Minerva or Venus , and , above all and far beyond them , a countenance in its whole expression beaming benignity , grace , feeling , and goodness—a transcript , in short , of every virtue and grace which adorns and beautifies her most beautiful sex ; but her eye was downcast—her brow was pensive her cheek was " sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought "—and as she pensively leaned her lovely head on her little hand , which seemed almost too delicate and small for being of mortal birth , the while her long dark tresses

floated over her shoulders in wavy masses, and half concealed her radiant countenance from view in their glittering jetty veil, she seemed as though sorrow were her constant companion and that the canker-worm of care and her heart had long made intimate acquaintance with each other. And reason good there was for it; for she was in love—deeply, madly in love—with one who wist not of his happiness: and she was in despair, for she knew not that her affection would be ever blessed with a fond return. This lovely ladye was the fair Matilda, sister to the reigning emperor, and niece to the noble abbess who sate beside her. She was then a temporary inmate of the Convent of St. Helena, at that time under the authority of her aunt, until she should have completed her education. The abbess—a pious, godly woman, who knew nothing of human passion but the name, or of human frailty but the result—had long desired to wed her lovely charge to heaven; and to effect that purpose she had spared neither counsel nor entreaties. The maiden, however, did not feel the sacred impulse sufficiently strong upon her; and therefore, though she hesitated to refuse, lest she should thereby offend her aunt, whom she dearly loved, she was not the less disinclined to the confinement of the cloister and the solitude of the monastic state.

During her last abode at the court of her brother, she had become enamoured of the accomplished and handsome Ezzo, Pfalz-graf of Aix-la-Chapelle; and her love was not at all lessened by the perpetual praises which her mo-

ther, the Empress Theophania, bestowed upon his wisdom, his truth, and his valour. But

"She never told her love; but pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

In the fervour of a first affection, she exclaimed to herself as she left the imperial palace to return to her aunt at the Convent of St. Helena, "I shall be his alone, or I shall never wed another."

But though she deemed her love wholly unrequited, she was not, however, the less in error to think so. It was impossible that the Pfalzgraf could escape the power of her extraordinary beauty, nor did he succeed in his efforts to obviate its influence. In vain did he endeavour to avoid her—in vain did he exert himself to suppress the growing passion which consumed his whole soul—in vain did he seek to banish her image from his mind: she was to him as the loadstar to the benighted mariner;—where she was, there was he also; his efforts to avert the destiny that was inevitable to him only aggravated the passion he sought to conquer; and he could more easily have forgotten his own being than he could that sweet form and face, that noble and expressive countenance, that transcendent loveliness and virtue, which

"Rose where'er he turned his eye—
His morning-star of memory."

He was, in fine, helplessly, hopelessly, despairingly in love with her who was dying for him alone: and yet did neither know of the consuming passion which burned in the breast of the other.

Though of a noble and an ancient race, and

the favourite of his sovereign to boot, the young Pfalz-graf could not, he argued within himself, "dare to look up" to so high an alliance as his sovereign's sister; and Matilda, for maiden modesty, never communicated her feelings to any one. Neither possessed a confidant, whose friendly interposition might have been available for their good: and thus both pined away with a passion which each deemed to be unknown, and believed to be unrequited. In this mood the maiden left the court of her brother, and returned to the Convent of St. Helena.

She had not, however, been long an inmate of this peaceful abode, when the noble abbess, her aunt, noticed a change in her manners, in her bearing, and in her whole deportment. Once gay as the lark, which rises to greet the sun and makes the morning skies vocal with his melody, she was now sad, moping, and melancholy as the love-lorn nightingale, which sings her hopeless ditty to the pale, cold moon. No longer did her songs bear the impress of a happy heart and a buoyant spirit—they were quite changed, and now of a gloomy character alone; they told only a tale of mental misery, blighted hopes, and bitter disappointment. No more did her light footsteps fall on the ear like fairy music;—she paced the corridor of the convent to and fro with a heavy tread, like a funeral mourner in the train of a dear friend departed for ever. Her spirits were fled; and with them had fled, too, much of her grace as well as her gaiety. She was no more what she once had been. The change which had come over her was strikingly manifest to all. It was within a few short weeks after

her return that this change took place — it was at this time, too, that she sat with her aunt — and then also it was that the following brief but expressive conversation ensued between them.

“My dearest child,” spake the kind-hearted abbess, in a tender, maternal tone of voice, “you seem quite unlike yourself of late. What can be the matter with you? Do you ill? Are you ill? Nothing seems to please you now—you, who not long since found pleasure in every thing that came under your observation.

Matilda cast down her large, dark eyes, and was silent; but she could not altogether conceal her deep emotion. She turned to her harp, which stood beside the recess of the window, and for a while

“She busied herself, the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.”

“I have long thought, my dear aunt,” she said partly in reply, partly to divert attention from her own distress; “I have often thought how happy I should be if I were in heaven.”

“That is, my dear, good child,” observed the abbess, patting her affectionately on the cheek; “the only way to deserve that happiness is to become the devoted servant of God. Wed yourself to Christ and to the holy church, and then you are sure of heaven.”

“I may not do so, dearest aunt,” she answered with a deep sigh; “Oh! I am unworthy of heaven and of God.”

She thought as she spake that heaven would be little to her without her beloved; but she said

nothing which could betray the intensity of her passion for him to her pious relative.

The abbess looked pityingly on her, and shook her head, as though she would have said, "You are a lost lamb from the fold;" but she too was silent, and only sighed and crossed herself, praying internally, the while they continued together, with much apparent unction.

The vesper bell soon after summoned them to the chapel, and they separated for the night.

The mid-day meal was over in the imperial palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the emperor played at chess with the Pfalz-graf Ezzo, to wile away the tedium of a leisure hour. The attendants of the court stood around, and watched, as courtiers will do, the progress of the game; but they watched it with more than courtiers' interest, for the young monarch was a devotee of that noble sport, and the Pfalz-graf had long been reckoned the best player in the kingdom. The parties engaged played for some time with various success.

"Pfalz-graf of Aix," said the emperor, at the conclusion of a very sharply contested game, in which his opponent had come off victorious; "Pfalz-graf of Aix, I prithee, let us now play in good earnest. Whosoever wins three good games together from the other, be his whatever he requires that his vanquished adversary may have in his possession or in his power. Will you risk the stake? Will you take these odds?"

"Done, my lord emperor!" cried the Pfalz-graf, laughingly. "'Tis a match!—'tis a match!"

"We'll have rare sport," whispered the spectators, in a way intended to be heard.

The game proceeded. The court were absorbed

in attention; not a word was spoken by either of the contending parties; not a breath was audible in the eager and officious throng that crowded around them. What the emperor designed within his own mind to claim if he were the victor, is not now known to posterity; but Ezzo had at once made up his mind on the moment to demand of his defeated opponent a prize which even the proudest monarch in Europe might envy. The first game now drew to its conclusion; the chances were equal. The attention paid to their play by the parties engaged could not be surpassed — the bystanders were all agitated by the expected issue of this peaceful conflict. At length a skilful move was made by the Pfalz-graf — his opponent was irremediably tricked — and the laughing emperor at once acknowledged his own defeat by the cheery cry of "checkmate."

"And now, Sir Pfalz-graf," said he, "we begin again. Your mettle is about to be put to the proof.—I'll work you in this game."

"Fortune favours the daring," thought the Pfalz-graf. "I am ready, most noble master," was his reply to the emperor's challenge.

They now played the play known to all lovers of that interesting sport as "The King's Knight's Game;" that which they had just played was "King's Bishop's Game."

The emperor was ardently anxious to win; the desire of victory gently excited him; and his manner betrayed his wishes, notwithstanding his endeavour to make it appear the contrary. Ezzo, on the contrary, was calm, cold, and motionless; nothing in his look or aspect gave symptoms of what might be passing within his mind, and he

looked as indifferent to the result as if he were only an unconcerned spectator. The game proceeded. After a variety of moves, the play was in this position. The Pfalz-graf leaving his "Bishop" *en prise*, and taking with his "Queen" the "King Bishop" of his adversary, moved his pawn on the emperor's "King," giving him at the same time "double check" and "checkmate." It was easy to see how it would end.

Again the game was won by the Pfalz-graf, but his adversary did not again cry checkmate so cheerily as he did before. There was a strong sensation manifest among the courtiers who surrounded the table; none of them, however, envied Eazo his success; which was strange, too, considering that they were human beings, and the creatures of a court besides.

"My lord! my lord! we'll begin again," said the emperor hastily, but with a serious mien, and a fixed look of gravity in his handsome countenance. "Let the game be King's Gambet, an' it please ye, my lord."

"Agreed, most mighty emperor!" replied the Pfalz-graf playfully, but he prayed inwardly with a fervency and a depth beyond ken, that the fortune which had sat at his right hand through the preceding play would not, as usual, forsake him at the moment when success appeared most certain.

They commenced again,—cautiously and in deep silence—this the most difficult game known; abounding as it does in brilliant and interesting positions and possessing more variety than any other in the category of the science of chess. The emperor played desperately;—his heart was

in his game: but it was evident that he was flustered and confused. In this, perhaps, the most skilful of all the combination of that scientific amusement, he showed himself, as compared with his opponent, a very young player indeed. Like all fresh and ardent spirits, he sacrificed a pawn at the onset of the game for the sake of an attack; but with the same fortune as they generally experience in the end, he sustained a discreditable reverse. After a series of the most brilliant moves, following each other successively and without intermission, the emperor's "King's Knight" was put on prise by his adversary's "King;" his "Queen's Knight" was played out by the opposing "Queen;" and the Pfaltz-graf finally checking his "King" with his own "King's Bishop," gave him a third and last time checkmate.

"You have won the match, my lord," spake the emperor, with some severity of manner:—no one wishes to be overcome, even in sport. "You have won the match, my lord; the game is your own. Name the stake, and spare me not. I have pledged myself to pay you; and pay you I will, whatever it may be."

It was a trying moment for Ezzo. A thousand "hopes, and fears that kindle hope," flashed through his mind in a single instant of time, and made the colour come and go in his cheek, as though he were a blushing maiden in the presence of the beloved object. The courtiers waited in silent expectation of the result;—eager anticipation was in the eye of each; and each guessed the claim as his own desire prompted him. The ambitious deemed that the young Pfaltz-graf would ask for honour and for power;—the

avaricious thought of nought as worthy of being demanded but wealth;—and the giddy and the gay reckoned only of pleasure, and of the means and appliances to secure its enjoyment. The emperor stood erect—a sovereign in every sense of the word. His brow was now clear, for the slight feeling of disappointment and irritation which clouded it at the consciousness of being vanquished before his whole court had quite passed away; and he thought only of fulfilling his word, and granting to their utmost extent the wishes of the conqueror. He might have had his anticipations too, and no doubt he had them; but nought in his mien or his bearing gave countenance to such a belief; and perhaps, after all, he suppressed any tendency they might have to spring up in his mind, until the moment arrived when he should know the exact nature of the Pfalz-graf's demand.

"Speak out, Sir Pfalz-graf," he said in a kindly tone; "say to us thy wish. We have plighted our imperial troth to pay thee, and, were it the half of our empire, you shall have it."

The Pfalz-graf bent lowly upon one knee, and bowing down his head, remained motionless for some moments; a deep silence pervaded the throng of courtiers; the emperor himself neither stirred nor spoke. The thickened breathing of the kneeling nobleman, and the audible palpitation of his heart, were all that could be heard in the circuit of that spacious chamber.

"My lord and emperor," he began, "I pray your pardon."

The emperor nodded graciously on him, and gave him a smile of encouragement to proceed.

"Most powerful sovereign," he continued, "I have loved long and well—one——"

His voice faltered as he spake, and he trembled like an aspen tree in a breeze. The emperor, however, looked on him with a countenance so full of kindness and esteem, that he soon recovered himself, and resumed the unfinished sentence.

"——One, my lord, who is to me more than life or worldly hope! Oh, most gracious sovereign! —Give her to me."

The emperor seemed somewhat amazed at this unintelligible rhapsody, and the courtiers scarce knew what to think, but they faithfully reflected the manner and look of their master, as courtiers, in all time and place, have ever done and ever will do. He looked inquiringly at the Pfalz-graf; but the Pfalz-graf could not or would not proceed any further in his speech.

"Nay, my Lord Pfalz-graf," quoth the emperor, "say at least who may the fair ladye be—let us know that at any rate. And if she will wed thee, then thou shalt have her; ay, even if our own heart were in her keeping, and she were our betrothed bride. So speak out, my lord."

"The ladye Matilda—your angelic sister," stammered forth the Pfalz-graf, covering his eyes with his hands, and prostrating himself at the feet of his sovereign.

A murmur pervaded the courtly crowd at the mention of this name, and audible whispers of various import circulated in all quarters. The emperor alone seemed unmoved; he still stood high above them all, calm, serene and inscrutable.

Some moments elapsed in this manner. At length that solemn silence was broken.

"Rise, my Lord Pfalz-graf," spake the monarch graciously; "be it as you wish; an my sister will wed you, she is your bride. Embrace me, my brother."

As the noble-hearted emperor embraced his subject—so shortly to be his brother—amid the acclamations of the pliant courtiers, his mother, the Empress Theophania, entered the apartment, and was soon made acquainted with the cause of the scene, and the nature of the circumstances which led to it.

"Bless ye both—bless ye—bless ye both, my children!" she exclaimed in the fulness of a joyful heart; "ye are worthy of each other's love, and my dear Matilda is whorthy of such a husband and such a brother."

Again the pliant courtiers applauded. Ezzo was almost beside himself with the excess of his happiness. The emperor and his mother withdrew from the hall, beckoning the Pfalz-graf to follow them to their private apartment. He did not delay long after them, but broke away from the courtly throng as speedily as etiquette would permit him.

"And now, my brother," spake the emperor, handing to the Pfalz-graf a sealed letter as he said the words, "take this to St. Helena, and give it yourself to my sister. She will read it in the presence of our noble aunt; she will then return to Aix under your guidance and escort, if she will. I shall not bid ye quick speed, because I know you require no spurring. Adieu, my lord, adieu!"

The next hour did not find the ardent Ezzo within three leagues of Aix. He hastened as though on the wings of the wind to the distant abode of his beloved, and he was followed thither by the blessings of the empress and the good wishes of the court.

The matin service was over in the Convent of St. Helena, and the nuns had all retired to their respective cells previous to assembling again in the refectory for their frugal morning meal. Among those who sought the narrow solitude of one of those little chambers, the first was the lovely Matilda, the sister of the emperor. She had knelt at the altar, but her orisons were for another and not for herself, she had bent before the sacred shrine of the Virgin, but she thought only of her lover; she had prayed to God, but the pomp and circumstance of the magnificent service she was engaged in only brought the more distinctly before her mind's eye the splendour of the imperial palace at Aix, and the happiness she should feel if she could but share it with her worshipped Ezzo. In this mood she left the chapel, and entering her cell, pensively flung herself on the simple couch, its only furniture, thinking the while of her probable destiny, and deeming fortune little favourable to her young and ardent desires. As thus she sate, she was aware of the quick tramp of horses in "hot haste" hurrying towards the sacred edifice. Urged by an impulse of surprise and curiosity, she arose and went to the

lattice window of her cell. Looking out on the noble landscape beneath her, she beheld two knights, armed cap-à-pié, urging their reeking steeds up the steep ascent which led to the principal portal of the convent. Her heart misgave her, but she wist not wherefore. She retired rapidly from her casement as the foremost knight reached the great gate and sprang off his jaded animal; and strove, but in vain, to dissipate a crowd of thoughts, waking visions of happiness, which crowded suddenly on her soul. In a moment more she was summoned to the public parlour of the convent, to receive a message from her imperial brother.

"Most noble ladye," spake the Pfalz-graf of Aix, as she entered the parlour, the while he bent his knee and held forth her brother's missive. "Most noble ladye, I am the bearer of a letter from my sovereign."

The gentle maiden blushed like a spring rose, as she saw him who was the idol of her heart;

"Her hope, her joy, her love, her all;"

kneeling before her, and heard the sweet tones of his voice sounding in her ears like the music of heaven. She knew not what to do, for very shame;—she could not speak for girlish embarrassment; and she suffered him to remain longer in that suppliant posture than the rules of courtesy warranted, or perhaps than she was herself aware of. At length she recovered, in some slight degree, her self-possession, and taking the letter from his hand, bade him rise, in a voice which trembled with emotion like the

diapason of an organ rolling along the fretted vaults of a Gothic cathedral. She broke the seal with an unsteady hand, and read in silence:—

“**BELLOVED SISTER**,—Greet in the bearer of this despatch our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Ezzo, Pfalz-graf of Aix, your destined bridegroom and our desired brother; and return in his charge, as speedily as you list, to us and to your mother, in our fair city of Aix. Sir Ezzo himself will explain every thing needful for you to know in relation to this our gracious will and imperial pleasure, and assure you once more of the affection of

“Your loving brother,

“Given at our Palace of Aix-la-Chapelle, this twenty-second day of May, in the year of our Redemption one thousand and one.”

“**OTHO III.**”

Why prolong this tale of love?—Why relate a story of rapture which all have felt or will feel? Yet though often told, it is a tale still new; and still will it have charms for all ages, while human nature is human nature, and man is man. Matilda knew not what to say or what to do. The commands of her sovereign—the will of her brother—were in perfect accordance with the feelings of her own heart; yet with a true maiden perversity she would fain have disobeyed the one, and at the moment averted the other. She hesitated to speak, but she blushed more

eloquently than words; and her glowing cheek told what language must ever fail to express -- the fervour and intensity of a first and only love. Her doubt and uncertainty were not, however, of very long duration; she stammered a few incoherent syllables, and then hid her downcast eyes in her rosy fingers.

"Matilda! Matilda!—dearest, best Matilda!" cried the Pfalz-graf, springing towards her, and imprinting the seal of love—a burning kiss—on her fair forehead—

"A long, long kiss of youth and love—"

"My own, my own Matilda!"

"My Ezzo!" was all she could whisper before she sank senseless in his arms.

The tide of joy had been too overpowering for her; it carried her away with its rushing current. When she awoke to consciousness, her lover was on his knee beside her, bending affectionately over her prostrate form; and she felt the soft pressure of his hand as he chafed her temples, and smoothed down the raven ringlets on her sunny brow. Her recovery was not long in taking place—happiness seldom slays those affected by its influence. At the suggestion of her lover, the ladye abbess, her noble aunt, was now summoned to the parlour.

Another scene of hesitation and fear on the part of the ladye was followed by some religious exhortation on the part of the pious abbess. When the Pfalz-graf informed her that he was the admirer of her niece, she expressed a momentary indignation—deemed him little better

than a wolf, ready to devour one of her flock; but when he said that the princess approved of his suit, and when, in addition, the gentle maiden herself confirmed his assertion, and the emperor's letter put into her hands, she gave way to milder feelings.

"God's will be done!" said she resignedly, as she finished the perusal of that document. "The emperor must be obeyed. And, after all, marriage is a holy state, and sanctified by the assent of the Lord; not but that singleness is one far better. But, God's will be done!"

The tide was at once turned—it now ran full in the lover's favour. The good-natured abbess grew immediately as kindly disposed towards the Pfalz-graf as she had been recently exasperated against him. Perhaps the opportunity which she had of seeing him more closely—perhaps his exemplary patience under her pious objurgation—perhaps his graceful form and handsome face—perhaps any thing, and perhaps every thing, all and several, had their effect in influencing her; but the simple fact is, that she treated him with the greatest distinction—nay, affection—while he sojourned in the neighbourhood of the convent, waiting till the object of his love should be ready to return with him to Aix: that she fortified them with relics, and covered them over as it were with a buckler of blessings, when they departed on their journey; and that her confidant and friend, under the solemn assurance of secrecy, told half the convent, who speedily communicated the interesting fact to the other half, that the abbess shed tears all that day; "more," she added in a whisper, "more, I

believe, on account of the young and handsome Pfalz-graf, than on that of the Princess Matilda." She was consoled, however, by her other niece, Sophia, sister of Matilda, placing herself under her spiritual guidance, and taking the veil shortly after in the Convent of St Helena.

The lovers sped on towards Aix with as little delay as possible. They were met outside that ancient city by a gay cavalcade, including all the worth, and beauty, and nobility of the German empire; and they were conducted under that splendid escort to the court of their sovereign and brother. Their nuptials were speedily celebrated. The emperor had then the pleasure of rewarding a faithful friend, who never failed in his devotion to his interests when his prospects were at the worst; while his mother had the happiness of evincing her gratitude to her best and most powerful supporter, when she most needed assistance and support, by giving him her beautiful daughter in marriage.

Thus ends the story. A few words may be permitted in relation to the lives and fortunes of the other principal actors in this drama. And, first, the empress mother.

THEOPHANIA.

To the influence of Theophania, according to Vogt,* may much of the civilisation of the Rhenish people, in this (the beginning of the eleventh) and the succeeding centuries, be fairly attributed. "Endowed with a clear understand-

* Rhein. Geschichten u. Sagen. Band. 1. Frankfurt, A. M. 1817.

ding," writes a contemporary historian, * "rich in all natural and acquired gifts, beautiful in face and form,** surrounded and accompanied by all the pomp and pride, the arts and refinements, the splendour and the luxuries, of Greece and the Greek empire, she sojourned successively in each of the great cities on the Rhine, dispensing costly presents among the poorer classes, extending the blessings of a superior intelligence among the rich and noble, and gratifying them every one by her bounty and condescension." When the polished manners of the court of Constantinople at that period come to be considered, in connexion with the rudeness which then prevailed all over northern Europe, and especially in Germany, the advent of this extraordinary woman must have been as advantageous to the empire, as the spectacle of civilisation which she presented to its eyes, must have been both singular and surprising. She usually rode a-horseback, according to contemporary authorities, on a beautiful Arabian steed, most magnificently caparisoned,—the saddle-bow and bridle, the housings and body ornaments of the animal, being of the richest material and the most costly workmanship; and a large plume of ostrich feathers ever waved gracefully from her horse's head. Her personal garniture was not less gorgeous than that of her steed, and far transcended any thing which had till then been known among the mothers and maidens of Germany. Her long, dark-brown

* The author of "*Die Saechsische Chronik*."

** "*Ingenio fecunda et vultu elegantissimo*," are the words of that ancient writer.

locks, were gathered into a braided roll at the back of her head, and enclosed in a cap of golden network; a stray tress, however, in graceful negligence, would ever and anon steal from that sumptuous bandage, and play all unconsciously over her bright, sunny brow; her beauty softening her majesty, and rendering her loveliness still more irresistible. Priceless pearls of the fairest hue graced her swanlike neck. Diamonds of the purest water sparkled at every turn of her noble-formed head; but the jewels were eclipsed by the brilliancy of her beaming eyes, and her exquisite complexion. From her fair and heaving bosom to the tiny sandals which, all too small for any other, defended her little feet, flowed a garment of the richest purple velvet, in grand and graceful folds. Over this she wore a shorter tunic, inwoven with gold and precious stones, reaching to her knees, and which was drawn tight round her taper waist by a broad golden girdle fastened immediately under the breast. An ample cloak, of imperial purple, decorated with a deep gold fringe, and fastened by rich clasps of sapphires and diamonds, depended from her shoulders, and floated over the crupper of her stately steed, giving her an air of indescribable grandeur and majesty. Such was the appearance of Theophania—such was the equipment of this princess. Accompanied, as so much loveliness was, by that superiority of civilisation which elevates and refines human nature, it is little to be wondered at, if, in the plenitude of her beauty and her power, she was regarded by the semibarbarous people over whom she was called to reign, as a superior

being, and worshipped by the young and the imaginative among them even as a divinity. It did not at all detract from the enthusiastic veneration with which she was looked up to,—but the contrary,—the talent which she exhibited for government, and the masculine spirit with which she met the approach of the most imminent danger, in the field as well as in the cabinet.* Perhaps no female, that ever occupied the high position she held, gave such unequivocal satisfaction to the people she presided over with an absolute power during the long minority of her son.

Under her enlightened rule the country prospered, and its inhabitants grew great. Learning and abilities,* among the ecclesiastical princes of the empire, were the best passports to her favour; zeal and integrity, among the unlettered knights and nobles, were ever sure of fitting and adequate recompense at her hands. The activity of the commercial towns and cities, especially of those on the Rhine—her favourite abiding place—increased with every year of her administration; and fresh vitality was infused into the spirit of improvement always existent among them, by her unvarying grace and constant encouragement. Their public edifices, their town-halls, their churches, their palaces, were either beautified by her direction, or rebuilt at her command. Religion was observed, learning was exalted. This period of German literature is fertile in Latin poems and chronicles, written by monks and also by nuns, in Latin, and in some cases

* "*Regnum filio custodia servabat virili,*" writes Dittmar.

even in Greek; and it is more than probable, that the beautiful architectural monuments in the Byzantine-Gothic stile of art so abundant on the shores of the Rhine, either took their rise from her bounty, or were carried into effect at the express desire of this incomparable princess.

In the imperial court itself, there were a number of new offices created, after the example of that of Constantinople; and the forms which regulated it were adopted from the same model as much as they could be made to coincide. To these offices Theophania appointed the ablest men, and the most exemplary women in the empire. The consequence of this admirable arrangement was, that no northern court then in existence could equal the German, either in the amenities which make mere existence more agreeable, or those intellectual pleasures in which none but the highly cultivated can participate. The attractions of this delightful society are strongly evidenced by the regretful testimony of the French monk, Gerebert, or Gerbert, afterwards the celebrated Sylvester the Second, who lived in it as tutor to the young Emperor Otho III., previous to his election to the papal throne. Theophania was the Aspasia of this *Academia*, but with none of her prototype's laxity of morals; and Gerbert might have been the socrates of her school, in all but the Athenian sage's superhuman wisdom. "When I remember," says that famous pontiff, in after years,* "the bright and beautiful countenances which there beamed on me, and recall to mind the pleasant Socratic discourses in which

* *Epistolæ.*

We were wont to be ever engaged, I think how I forgot, for the moment, all my many sorrows; and how the bitter thought of my exiled condition, except at these times always present to my mind, tortured my soul no longer." Such was Theophania.

OTHO THE THIRD.

The object, however, of all Theophania's care and solitude, her infant son, Otho the Third, spent the few short years of his life in any thing but happiness, and died a violent death, before he reached even the earliest period of manhood. But though his reign was brief, it did not in any wise disgrace his great descent, nor did his actions discredit the lessons of those excellent individuals to whom his education had been intrusted. Before he had attained his twentieth year, he had thrice crossed the Alps, and thrice entered Italy at the head of an irresistible army: twice, too, had he filled the papal throne with his own creatures—Gregory V., and his tutor, Sylvester II.:—and twice had he defeated and humbled the senator Crescentius and the turbulent populace of Rome, who, during his minority, had been omnipotent in that city. Well, therefore, did he deserve the popular titles of the *Welt-wunder* (wonder of the world), and the *Wunder-kind* (wondrous child), so liberally bestowed on him by his astonished contemporaries. His frequent absence from Germany, however, and the consequent apparent neglect which the great mass of his jealous subjects felt, or fancied to experience, from that cause, gave rise to very many reports derogatory at once to his virtue and his patriotism.

Some among those who originated these rumours, or spread them abroad, have even gone so far as to glory in his premature death, and to exult that he was taken away from his country before he had time to accomplish the design with which they unanimously agree to charge him; namely, that of deserting Germany for Italy, and of fixing in "the seven-hilled city" the seat of the imperial power and government. The following passage from an ancient writer,* will be found to contain much of the scandal circulated respecting this hapless young prince, as well as a tolerably authentic account of what is almost universally admitted to be the cause and manner of his death.

"The Emperor Otho," pursues this quaint chronicler, "had to wife Maria of Arragon, a wanton unclean, and lascivious woman, but she was altogether unfruitful, though mightily addicted to the sex. This wicked wanton had ever along with her, disguised in woman's attire as one of her hand-maidens, a youth of tender years, who was her favourite lover. Daily was this youth to be found by her side—hourly was he to be discovered closeted with her; but no one believed him at the time to be otherwise than a girl, and it was not suspected by any that he was aught else than a most innocent maiden, such as be-seemed a virtuous queen to keep in her service. However, it came at last to the ears of the emperor, that this minion was the means of his great dishonour, and he had him brought into the presence accordingly, without any apprisement

* Münster.—*Kosmograph.*

of his purpose. There, in the face of some of his own dearest friends, the highest princes of the empire, he caused the clothes to be plucked off him; and then this false maiden stood forth revealed for what she really was—a lusty youth, the queen's paramour, and the instrument of his sovereign's disgrace. The emperor, by the advice of his court, sentenced him, without more ado, to be burned alive; which sentence was accordingly executed.

“But the tragical end of her favourite was not sufficient to quench the evil passions of the wicked empress, nor to appease the thirst of her unlawful longing; so she speedily cast about for another, to fill his vacant place. This is how she did.

“There was at that time living in Italy, near to the city of Modena, where the imperial court then abode, a nobleman of the country, a count of ancient lineage, who was reckoned the handsomest man of his day, and who was also deemed to enjoy a very excellent character. With this nobleman the empress fell violently in love; and for a long time she sought, by every means in her power, to win his affection, and seduce him to her wicked purposes. But he cared nought for her; and, being the husband of a far more beautiful woman than she, he was not to be tempted from his troth by all her coaxing and all her cajoleries. This enraged her greatly; and her evil passion taking easily the form of bitter enmity, her desire of revenge soon came to know no bounds. She complained to the emperor, her spouse; that the count had made improper proposals to her, and stated that she had with difficulty saved herself from violation at his hands.

The angry young prince, placing faith in her protestations, notwithstanding his bitter experience of her former treachery, condemned the hapless nobleman to immediate death. The sentence was executed without delay. But the innocent victim did not die wholly unavenged. Between the time of his arrest and his execution, he disclosed all the facts of the case to his sorrowing spouse; and he enjoined her, as she valued his eternal happiness and her own, to accuse the empress of his murder in plenar court, and to prove his guiltlessness of the crime for which he suffered, by herself undergoing the severest form of ordeal. She promised compliance with this his last injunction, and she kept her promise faithfully.

"The emperor was seated in the midst of his knights and his nobles, dispensing justice to all applicants for it, when the widowed lady of the murdered count stood suddenly before him.

"'I demand justice, my liege!' she cried; 'I demand it by this token'

"She held forth the gory head of her husband as she spoke: it had been hidden under her garment.

"'I demand justice on the empress,' she proceeded: 'I accuse her of treason to your bed, and of being forsworn to her marriage now. She has murdered my husband: I demand blood for blood. If you be the vicegerent of God, you will not deny me justice. I am ready to prove my charge by the ordeal; I am prepared to die the death, if I fail to do so!'

"The emperor was sorely perplexed at this demand; but, piquing himself greatly on the severity and strictness with which he administered justice to all, he had no alternative but to grant it.

He accordingly issued orders for the trial. During the period that intervened the accuser was unmoved; fully confident in the rectitude of her cause, she boldly abided the result, and only expressed impatience at the slowness of the preparations. It was far otherwise with the guilty accused; she was a prey to every conflicting passion that tears the human heart asunder. At the appointed time, in the presence of the entire court, the widowed countess held a glowing iron bar in her hands, and was unscathed;—the same hour she walked over burning ploughshares, and was uninjured;—that day she passed through every form of ordeal prescribed by superstition of the period, and triumphed. The empress declined to undergo the trial, and appealed against the jurisdiction of the court. But this availed her not; she was deemed guilty; she was condemned to death; and she suffered, by fire, the earthly penalty of her manifold crimes.

“To the widow of the murdered nobleman the emperor gave many rich gifts, and restored to her and her children all the large estates which had been confiscated in his attainder.

“Shortly after this Otho departed for Rome. In that immortal city he engaged him in an amour with the wife of Crescentius, the troublesome senator, whom he had expelled from thence, for seditious practices, during his long minority. This lady was a noble dame, very lovely to look on, and possessed of great wit as well as great beauty; but she was unhappily of an evil temper, jealous to the last degree, like most of the women of her country, and extremely selfish in all her feelings. This young sovereign met

his death at her hands; and she effected her fell purpose in the following manner. On his departure from Rome he left her behind him; whereupon she made a great outcry, as though he had wiled away her virtue by a promise of marriage, and then basely abandoned her. Bent upon obtaining revenge for his alleged perfidy, she despatched special messengers after him; which messengers were the bearers of a valedictory letter, and a richly wrought pair of gloves, her own handy-work. Her emissaries reached the camp and executed their errand. The emperor read the letter; he smiled and sighed at the perusal of its contents, and then flung it into the fire: he drew the fatal gloves on his hands—alas! they were poisoned. Three days did he linger in unspeakable agony: no leech could cure him, such was the subtle nature of the venom; no medicine could give his dolorous sufferings the least alleviation. On the third day he died."

Thus perished this promising prince, by an untimely death, long ere he attained his twenty first year.

The direct succession of the Saxon line of emperors became extinct in his person.

HAMMERSTEIN.

Hammerstein, supposed by some antiquarians to derive its name from its presumed founder, Charles Martel (the Hammer); by others, from certain forges or iron-works (Eisenhammer) in its vicinity, is of very great antiquity—a fact

which these conjectures in themselves would be amply sufficient to establish. Of its early history, however, little is known; and the most remarkable circumstance connected with it in the middle ages is the siege it sustained in the year 1020. The particulars of that siege are rather romantic, and not by any means uninteresting.

Otho, count of Hammerstein, the head of his noble race, was lord of this strong castle and of the large possessions appertaining to it, about the beginning of the eleventh century. He likewise owned the Wetterau, which impinged upon the territories of the Archbishop of Mentz, and was thereby the cause of continual feud between him and Erkenbold, the prelate who then ruled over that powerful see. The archbishop put forward pretensions to a portion of the Wetterau, which the count repelled, after the manner of the period, by making occasional incursions into the dominions of his spiritual antagonist. Thus stood matters between them for some time. As Master Slender says in the play, "There was no great love in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it upon better acquaintance." But though the prelate was no match for his more warlike foe in the field, he was more than his master in the cunning so peculiar to the clerical profession; and patiently did he wait and watch for his foe, like a spider in his web, until he came within the compass of his toils, that he might strangle and destroy him in his deadly embrace. Otho was not long in giving him the opportunity he desired, for while their feud was at the fiercest, he married the beau-

tiful Irmengarde, his own first cousin. Nothing could be better adapted for the archbishop's purpose than this marriage; nothing could more effectually favour his designs of vengeance on his rival. At that æra of ignorance the laws of the church were looked upon as the laws of God, and perhaps were reckoned more sacred, in consequence of the power possessed by the clergy to enforce them: this union was in direct contravention of one of them of that portion of the ecclesiastical canons which forbids intermarriage between the children of brothers, or of sister and brother: and it was not long, therefore, until the vigilant and revengeful prelate fulminated an excommunication against the count, his enemy, and placed him under the ban of the church. The conditions imposed upon him were, the divorce of his young and lovely bride; and the performance of public penance for his sin: and he was informed that all reconciliation with the church was hopeless, until he had accomplished both. But Otho was not to be frightened even by an excommunication, fearful as it then was in its effects, and terrible to think upon; nor was the ecclesiastical power, though wellnigh omnipotent at that period, sufficient to dis sever him from his adored wife. He set the church and its agents at nought; and, being a good master, and greatly beloved by his vassals he continued to live on as before; caring little for the estranged bearing of his neighbours and former friends, and less, still, for the objurgation of his clerical foe; satisfied with the affection of his Irmengarde, and confident in the fidelity of his trusty retainers. He was not, however, altogether

unmindful of his enemy's movements; nor slow to avenge his own wrongs, when an occasion presented itself to that effect. On one occasion, learning that the archbishop was to pass down the Rhine to Cologne, incognito, he waylaid the bark in which he sailed, slew many of his followers, and nearly succeeded in making him a prisoner. It was, indeed, with much difficulty, and at the risk of great danger, that the prelate escaped from his pursuit.

The animosity of the priest was not likely to be at all appeased by this attempt upon his person; on the contrary, it was, naturally, very much increased. The consequence was, that through the influence and exertions of Erkenbold, a provincial synod was convened at Nymuegen, and there, under his auspices, the marriage of Count Otho with his fair cousin was declared null and void, and of no force or validity. This decision was then despatched to the Emperor Henry the Second for his sanction; and to "make assurance doubly sure," the Archbishop of Mentz himself was the bearer of the document.

Henry the Second, Emperor of Germany, better known by the epithet of "the Pious," was one of those anomalous individuals, happily for the world so rare, who make marital chastity a virtue, and pride themselves on being without sexual passion. He made it a matter of boast at the end of his long and troubled life, that his wife had died a virgin in so far as he was concerned; and he had the audacity or the folly to hope that such a sacrifice gave him a greater claim on Heaven. He had also made no less than three journeys, at the head of large armies,

over the Alps, in support of the reigning pope, Benedict the Eighth, for which his most coveted reward was the epithet of "Pious" appended to his name, and the solemn promise of that prelate to consecrate the Cathedral of Bamberg, recently erected by the emperor in person,—a promise, by the way, which the wily priest, for some reason or another, never performed. It is not to be supposed that the decree of a synod, in such a case as this—the intermarriage of cousins, under the ban of the church, would meet with opposition from such a monarch; nor did it.

On the contrary, he freely and fully confirmed it; and, in a brief space, finding that Otho was heedless of his order to separate from his wife, he led the forces of the empire against him in person. In the year 1026, Hammerstein was, accordingly, beleaguered by the emperor himself with a large force under his command, and, after a long siege, reduced to submission by hunger alone. Otho then formally put away his wife, having no other alternative to avail himself of; but a separation never took place between them, notwithstanding this formal act of divorce. For many years subsequently they lived together in peace and in the purest harmony. Their only son was the last of the Salique stock, who possessed the Castle of Hammerstein and the estates of his ancestors. On the death and extinction of that noble family, Hammerstein reverted to the emperor (Conrad the Second), or, rather, to the empire, of which it had previously been held in fief; and by that prince it was first presented to the Archbishop

of Cologne, and subsequently to the Archbishop of Treves, as an appanage to their respective sovereignties.

Thus far all that is known of the very early history of this structure. Its subsequent history is, however, so closely connected with the personal adventures of one of the most unfortunate princes who ever wore an imperial crown, that it would be unpardonable to pass it over in silence.

THE EMPEROR HENRY THE FOURTH.

Perhaps the most memorable, certainly the most romantic, incident connected with the traditions of Hammerstein, is that passage in the life of the hapless Henry the Fourth, where he fled from the prison in which he had been immured by his unnatural son, and took refuge here with his old and faithful retainer, the then lord of this castle. As there will be occasion to allude more than once, in these pages, to the fate of that miserable monarch, it is not deemed irrelevant to this purpose, to shadow forth here a brief sketch of his vexed and troubled career.

Henry the Fourth succeeded his father, Henry the Third, as Emperor of Germany, in the sixth year of his age, A. D. 1056. For some time after his accession to the throne, he remained under the guardianship of his mother Agnes, of Guienne; and during that period she governed the empire as regent, in his name. But the weak arm of a woman, imperfectly fortified with power, was quite insufficient to control the fierce spirit of misrule, which the strong hand of his

predecessor had subdued, but not extinguished; the empire in the few early years of her administration became a prey to civil commotion of the worst kind; and peace and order were blessings no longer known, and but partially remembered by the mass of the suffering community. The nobility, almost to a man, were up and in arms for what they termed their rights; the clergy clamoured loudly for their own aggrandisement, under pretence of strengthening the church; and the peasants waged a destructive servile war with all those above them, because they were left to the ravages of both parties, and were unprotected by any, in the general disorganisation of society which ensued. To add to the confusion, Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, and Adelbert, Bishop of Bremen, contrived to possess themselves of the young prince's person; and then compelled his heart-broken mother, not alone to relinquish all claim to her youthful charge, but also to end her days in a nunnery. This was the stratagem they used to effect the object. Their emperor resided at this period in the town of Kaiserswörth, in the duchy of Cleves, on the Lower Rhine. Hanno, whose territory lay contiguous, persuaded the youthful prince and his mother to join in a pleasure-party on the river. When he had insensibly drawn them into an ambush, especially laid for the purpose, he made the signal agreed on between him and his confederate, Adelbert; the latter speedily put out into the stream with such an armed force as rendered resistance useless, and mastering the empress's attendants, seized on the person of the infant

prince, and bore him away with them. Such was the inauspicious commencement of Henry's reign; the sequel, it will now be seen, was not more fortunate for him.

Three years did he remain nominally the pupil, but in reality the prisoner, of those proud and ambitious prelates; at the end of that period, he was introduced to the electors of the empire, in a full diet convoked at Worms, and there declared to have attained his majority; at the same time he was solemnly proclaimed Emperor of Germany. Immediately after his coronation at Frankfort, he took into his own hands the reins of government. He had just then attained his fifteenth year (A. D. 1065). But although he appeared to rule by himself, and of his own will alone, he was notwithstanding only the mere agent of others, who prompted all his actions: these were his late tutors, the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Bremen. A course of the most unbounded sensuality, provided for him by these artful men during his boyhood, had totally enervated his mind for business or for glory; and as he approached the age of man, he seemed scarcely to possess the ordinary faculties—the common acuteness—the usual application even of a backward child. Still he was not without good natural gifts, and with a better education, he might have been an unexceptionable sovereign; but the poison of dissipation had taken such a deep root in his soul, that to eradicate it, would be almost to destroy him; and its virulence and intensity were every hour increased by the counsels of those whom he retained about him, more as ministers to his desires than honest

advisers in matters of state. Among these imperial panders—for such they were in fact—the foremost was the Bishop of Bremen, the unprincipled Adelbert; he had successfully contrived by his suppleness and pliability to supplant his prouder and equally ambitious, but more stern and less yielding confederate, the Archbishop of Cologne. He now reigned omnipotent and sole over the empire, minister at once to the pleasures of the prince and the miseries of the people. It is recorded in the contemporary historians, that this disgrace to his sacred calling was accustomed to address the weak and youthful emperor thus, when any extravagance greater than another was in question, or when wickedness beyond the ordinary class and character was on the tapis: —“Go to! go to! Do what you list; have all that you can desire. Deny yourself nothing which may give you pleasure. Are you not emperor? and why should you possess the power and the means of enjoyment without using them to their fullest extent? Go! gratify your heart in every thing; only be careful that you die in the true faith of Christ. It were a folly to stint yourself in your pleasures; make the most of your youth.” These destructive counsels were effectively aided by the example of a favourite of the emperor’s, who scrupled not on all occasions personally to enforce them. This was the Count Werner, a young man of ancient and noble family, but of the most profligate habits. As there was now no longer an honest man left near the misguided monarch to point out the madness of these proceedings, and their obvious impolicy, he was entirely governed by that vicious twain in every

thing he did. In a short time the empire was thrown into the utmost confusion by the scandalous practices of the court, and its total dismemberment was speedily threatened. To gratify the cupidity, or pamper the vanity, of these powerful favourites, the spiritual and temporal dignities of the empire were either bestowed upon their infamous minions, or publicly put up for sale and barter; the estates of those nobles who were obnoxious to them were confiscated without even the show of legality, or the pretence of justice; the possessions of the inferior clergy were transferred in the same manner from the virtuous and irreproachable men who held them to the hands of others of an opposite character; the lands of the minor laics—the lesser proprietors of the soil—the free knights and small barons, were entered upon indiscriminately by government agents; and no man, whatever his quality or station, could, for a single moment, consider his property, his person,—nay, his life itself,—in safety. The consequences of such a fearful state of things were natural and obvious: troubles broke out in all parts of the empire; and Saxony, which had never been very favourable to the Salique dynasty, nor to the rule of that house, became the centre of a formidable conspiracy against the emperor. Acting under the advice of Adelbert, the misled monarch attempted force, where conciliation might have better succeeded; and under pretence of strengthening his power on the frontiers, he caused several strong castles to be erected in that duchy. These he garrisoned exclusively with his own creatures. It was not to be supposed that a brave and restless people like the Saxons,

who considered themselves, as in point of fact they were, a great integral portion of the empire, and who even longed for independence of it, would submit to be treated as a conquered province; neither was it to be believed that the other kingdoms and principalities which then composed the Roman Empire, would look on calmly at such an encroachment on their common interests—such an innovation on their common liberty. Making the abuses of his favourites the ostensible motive of their disquietude, and skilfully mixing up therewith the emperor's ill treatment of his injured and exemplary wife, Bertha, the major part of the tributary princes and chiefs of the state speedily arrayed themselves in open rebellion against his authority. At a convocation of these princes, held in Tribur, a small village on the Rhine above Mentz, a requisition was agreed to by them, and forthwith forwarded to Henry, insisting on his declaring Bertha Empress of Germany, on his abandoning the shameless debaucheries which disgraced his station and destroyed his influence, and on his finally rasing to the ground the strong castles he had erected in Saxony. This requisition, supported by a numerous army, and countenanced by the defection of his best friends, he had no means left of declining to accede to. Driven from his ancestral palace of Ingelheim, where his prime favourite, Count Werner, was slain by a prostitute, through a popular commotion, in which he found himself involved without aid or assistance to overcome it, he had no other alternative than to accept the conditions imposed on him by his subjects, and to obtain a peace at their hands at whatever

price it might be purchased. Accordingly, he proceeded to Tribur, and there, in the midst of his rebellious feudatories, he solemnly subscribed to the terms they dictated. Bertha was declared empress, and installed mistress of his household; Adelbert was expelled the court, and banished to Bremen, his bishopric, covered with every mark of opprobrium and disgrace; and the castles in Saxony, the favourite object of Henry's solicitude, were directed to be immediately demolished. The confederated princes then departed, each to his respective dominion, and the confederacy itself was at an end. But the last of these conditions—the demolition of the Saxon castles—was not complied with by Henry; he fancied that in them lay his strength; and he vainly thought that while he held them in his power, he had no cause to dread any popular commotion. Accordingly, when those who had held him in fear were dispersed, he proceeded at once to his favourite abode, the great fortress of Goslar; and there, confident in the resources he still possessed, or careless of the result, so he had ample means of sensual indulgence, he once more relapsed into those vicious courses which stained his early life, and still render his youthful reign a byword and a reproach in history. This imprudent proceeding on his part was the signal for another outbreak of rebellion: it was as the match to the combustible material; and the empire, from end to end, was soon in one blaze. Saxony and Thuringia leagued together in the same cause, forgetting for a period their private feuds; and raising a large army, they joined the confederates, and attacked and destroyed

the obnoxious fortressess. After various successes, almost all of them disgraceful reverses, Henry was finally compelled to abandon Goslar, and flee to the Rhine.

For a little while he lived in narrow circumstances, in the ancient and loyal city of Worms; the archbishops of Mentz and Cologne meanwhile administering the government of the empire in his name, but without his concurrence. Among all his feudatories and subjects, he could only reckon on the honest support of two—the noble and powerful family of Hohenstaufen, a race whose loyalty had never been impeached, and the free cities on the Rhine, who looked up to the emperor as their special protector from the predatory nobles, their neighbours; the rest had either abandoned him altogether, or held aloof in his need, to be guided by the course of events, or the issue of the pending quarrel. But these, as well as being the most faithful, were also the most effective of his few remaining friends; and by their aid he was soon in a condition to take the field once more against his enemies. At the head of a considerable force, organised and paid by the free cities, and composed, in great part, of their burghers, he marched upon Saxony; and in the battle of Unstrut, near Langensalza, he completely defeated the rebels, and broke up the confederacy. At their earnest solicitation, he granted them a peace; but he imposed on them the severest conditions. This done, he returned to the Rhine in triumph; and then, apparently in the possession of as absolute and uncontrolled a power as

his father, he named his eldest son, Conrad, his successor in the empire.

But while he was thus busied with his enemies at home, he altogether neglected a much more formidable foe who threatened him from abroad. This was no other than the famous Hildebrand, of Clugni, who then filled the papal chair under the title of Gregory the Seventh. A brief anticipatory narrative of the causes which led to the feud between them will not be misplaced here, as the subsequent pages refer, principally, to its consequences.

Previous to the pontificate of Nicholas the Second, and up to the period of his assuming the triple crown, it was admitted to be an undoubted right inherent in the emperors of Germany * to ratify and affirm the election of each pope. That pontiff, however, among other changes which he effected in the mode of appointment to the papacy, virtually abolished this prerogative by his famous edict, A. D. 1059, published while the unfortunate subject of this memoir, Henry the Fourth, was in his minority. ** This encroachment on the imperial rights

* A slight anachronism is observable here. It also pervades many other parts of these pages; to wit, styling the kings of Germany, who were also kings of the Romans, emperors. The title of emperor was not taken until 1508, when Maximilian the First assumed it; but as it is the more generally recognised one, it is here adopted.

* This famous document is found to differ in various copies; in some it appears to be favourable to the rights and privileges of the Roman emperors; in others it seems to have a contrary tendency; while there is a most puzzling discrepancy in the varying extent to which it runs in the pages of the respective authors who have quoted it.

was not, however, permitted to pass unheeded by Agnes, his mother; for, on the death of Nicholas, and the election of Anselm, bishop of Lucca, his successor to the papal throne, under the name of Alexander the Second, without her consent, she called a council at Basil, and there solemnly deposed that prelate by declaring his election null and void, raising to the pontifical dignity Cadolans, Bishop of Parma, by the title of Honorius the Second (A. D. 1068). A long and furious contention ensued, which ended, however, in the triumph of Alexander and the defeat of Agnes. The seeds of discord between the emperors and the papal see thus sown, the bitter fruits which might be easily anticipated were not slow in ripening. Gregory the Seventh succeeded to Alexander the Second, with the entire consent of the emperor, Henry the Fourth, then in his full authority—a consent which he had reason to repent of during every subsequent hour of his chequered and wretched existence. One of the first objects of this proud and turbulent prelate was to effect a thorough reformation in the ecclesiastical condition. His various attempts to render all the princes and potentates of Europe vassals of the see of Rome, are passed by at present as irrelevant to the immediate subject-matter of this rapid sketch.

The most ample copies are to be met with in Muratori's *Scrip. Rer. Ital.*, in Baluze's *Miscell.*, and in the *Concilia*. The plans and projects of Nicholas, however, bear out the interpretation put upon this act, that his intention was to destroy the imperial influence in the church, and to secure to himself and his successors a complete independence of the empire.

At this period the clergy¹ were corrupt beyond measure: profligacy, open and unconcealed, marked the proceedings of the great majority of priests—adultery and fornication were avowedly practised—the crime of simony was publicly perpetrated: the truth and beauty of religion were wholly defaced by the enormous vices of her ministers. To remedy this most deplorable state of things, was the first effort of Gregory's pontificate. He called a general council at Rome, A. D. 1074, for the avowed purpose of effecting a radical reformation in the discipline of the church; and there reviving all the former edicts against these clerical sins, he launched the thunder of the church on the heads of offenders of all grades, and in every direction.* Not content with this bold act, however, he sent legates to the courts of the several monarchs of Europe, requiring them to call provincial synods, for the purpose of enforcing his edicts in their respective dominions; and, among others, he despatched one to the court of his

* The tumults excited by this act of Gregory, among those of the spiritual condition, would be incredible, were they not so well authenticated as to place them beyond all doubt. The greater part of the clergy refused to discard their mistresses; some of them were the fathers of large families by these women; and custom, however corrupt, had long sanctioned the intercourse. In Germany, seditions were set on foot by the priests so circumstanced—the Gallic and Belgic provinces were convulsed, from one extremity to the other, through clerical machinations—Italy, more particularly the Milanese, became a prey to the worst kind of commotion, domestic disturbance—and even England, notwithstanding its insular position, was not exempt from the evil influence of the godless lives of the clergy.

feudal sovereign, Henry the Fourth. But though Henry received the messenger graciously, and appeared altogether to approve of the object of his mission, he soon proved himself by his subsequent acts to be quite averse to these proceedings, and by no means anxious to comply with the papal requisition. In truth, he was too deeply involved in simoniacal practices himself, and his bishops and the superior clergy of the empire were too foully tainted with the vices of concubinage and adultery, to countenance the execution of any such project as that of the pope. After some delay, he declined to accede to the proposition; and he dismissed the legate shortly after, thus depriving him of every opportunity of effecting his purpose. Exasperated at the ill success of his efforts in Germany, Gregory called another council at Rome (A.D. 1075) the following year; and there he not only set on foot the same project with increased vigour and perseverance, but he also succeeded in obtaining the consent of the council to a sentence of excommunication against several bishops in Germany and Italy, and against some of the emperor's lay favourites. A further and more important act of this council, however, was the power conferred on the pope himself of pronouncing anathema on any of the clerical profession who should thenceforward receive the investiture "by ring and staff" of any bishopric, abbacy, or other ecclesiastical dignity, from the hands of a layman, as well as on any layman, whatever his quality or condition, conferring any such dignity or granting any such investiture in such manner. This decree was the ori-

gin of the quarrel respecting "investiture,"* which caused so much dissension in Europe during succeeding ages. Striking, as it did, at the very foundation of his authority over the clerical state, it is not to be wondered at if Henry, sunk though he was in sensuality, and weakened in intellect by his manifold excesses, was not altogether insensible to its effects. But he was impotent to resist it at the time, and wholly powerless to assert his prerogative, because of the civil strife which then desolated the empire, and divided the hearts of his subjects. When, however, he had succeeded in bringing about a peace, by his defeat of the Saxons, he turned his awakened attention immediately to it. That there was ample ground for some such severe law as that proposed by the pope, could not be denied by him; neither did he seek to gainsay its necessity. On the contrary, "he acknowledged," says an honest historian of the church,** "that in exposing ecclesiastical benefices to sale he had done amiss, and he promised amendment in that respect; but he remained inflexible against all attempts that were made to persuade him to resign his power of creating bishops and abbots, and the right of investiture, which was intimately connected with this important privilege. Had this emperor," continues the same author, "been seconded by the German princes, he might have maintained

* By "investiture" is meant a formal donation of the episcopal ornaments or symbols—the ring and crozier, or staff—without which ceremony no bishop or abbot was considered regularly installed into any ecclesiastical dignity.

** Mosheim, *Ecc. Hist.* cent. xi. cap. ii. s. xv.

the refusal with dignity and success; but this was far from being the case: a considerable number of these princes, and, among others, the states of Saxony, were the secret or declared enemies of Henry; and this furnished Gregory with a favourable opportunity of extending his authority and executing his ambitious projects." But a more detailed account of this eventful quarrel is necessary to the better understanding of what follows.

The latter part of the year 1075 was signalled by the death of Hanno the Second, Archbishop of Cologne, previously the emperor's tutor, and subsequently his mediator with the papal see. According to the custom which had prevailed during his sovereignty, Henry, without consulting the canons of the diocese in whom lay the election, and without intimating his intention to the papal legate, who was then at his court prosecuting the claim of the Roman pontiff to the sole power of investiture, proceeded to appoint a successor to the defunct prelate. This most important see he conferred on one of his most worthless favourites; and not content even with that, he added to it the rich and powerful abbacies of Fulda, in Westphalia, and Lorsch, in the Palatinate. To complete his folly, he then invested the newly appointed prelate with ring and staff himself, in the presence of the papal legate. This act had at once the effect of disgusting his subjects, and of exciting the pope against him; and thus he created enemies for himself at home and abroad, and in every quarter, when he most needed friendship and peace. The dispossessed abbots of Fulda

and Lorsch laid their cases before the papal throne, and they were gladly entertained by Gregory, who was anxious for an opportunity of attacking his great rival, Henry; but they were also backed by the complaints, loud and deep, of the dispersed confederates, who now began to stir again in all corners of the kingdom, and acquired by that means a weight which was wellnigh irresistible in the opinion of the wily pope. To the discontented nobles were speedily joined the still unquiet Saxons, and another formidable conspiracy was soon set on foot against the imperial power. The emperor was assailed with the bitterest denunciations—the mildest epithets applied to him by his incensed subjects were, “perjurer,” “tyrant,” and “sacriligious plunderer of the church;” and the most outrageous interpretation was put upon every one of his actions, even those of the most harmless description. Thus stood matters at the inauspicious commencement of the following year, A.D. 1076.

In the meanwhile, Gregory had determined upon the course to pursue, and in pursuance of that determination he took the boldest and most extraordinary step which had ever till then been attempted by the papal power. This was no other than to issue the citation to Henry to attend in person at Rome, for the purpose of exculpating himself from the charges already alluded to. Up to that period popes had ever been deemed the vassals of the emperor; and they were so in practice as well as in theory. By this bold proceeding, however, the theory was sought to be reversed; and thenceforth the contrary prac-

tice established, that the temporal sovereignty was held entirely at the will of the head of the church. The words of the enraged Gregory, on learning that Henry refused to accede to his claims, are characteristic of the inflexible temper of the man, as well as of the persevering violence which characterised his conduct in these proceedings, even to the very hour of his death. — "Either," he said to his council, "either shall this Henry lose his crown, or I my life!" Both circumstances occurred in this bitter contest.

"On the Monday of the second week in Lent, this year of our Lord 1076,"—thus ran Gregory's citation, communicated to the monarch by his legate,—"you, Henry of Franconia, now King of the Romans, shall appear before us in a special synod to be held in Rome, to hear the charges preferred against you, and to exculpate yourself therefrom. Failing in this, be it known to you by these presents, that the apostolical curse shall be pronounced against you—that you shall be cut off from all communion with the Christian church—that you shall be put out of the pale of humanity—that you shall be anathema, maranatha."

It was only natural that Henry should be enraged at this impudent threat, and that he should at once proceed to repel the pretensions of his proud vassal. Accordingly he convened a general council of the church at Worms, on his own authority, and appointed to the presidency thereof Siegfried, Archbishop of Mentz, Gregory's bitterest enemy. This council was well attended; for the German clergy, actuated by a spirit of nationality, and perhaps also excited against the pope by reason of the severe discipline which he sought

to introduce into the church, were almost to a man, adverse to his proceedings. All those archbishops who had been threatened with deposition by Gregory, either for their scandalous lives, or for their simonical practices; all those prelates and abbots who were in the enjoyment of ill-got benefices, or who lived in a state of open concubinage with women; all those of the superior clergy, who feared the emperor's displeasure, or expected the reward of subserviency, failed not to be present at it.

While this council sat, even in the very first days of their convocation, a certain priest, named Hugo Blancus, appeared before them, and entered on a long series of the most atrocious accusations against Gregory. He charged him with heresy, with perjury, with regicide; he accused him of simony, of magic, and of altering, to suit his own purposes, the text of the Holy Scriptures; he undertook to prove him guilty of falsely prophesying, of persecution, and of treason to the church; and these grave charges were not only listened to, but eagerly entertained, by the assembled fathers. It is, however, but justice to Gregory to state, that his accuser had been some time previously excommunicated by him for scandalous practices. Ostensibly, on the strength of these accusations, though in reality at the instigation of Henry, and in pursuance of an organised plan to defeat the papal pretensions, the council proceeded to excommunicate Gregory, to depose him from the papal throne, and to issue a rescript for the election of another pontiff.

The sentence of the council was then despatched to Rome; and a requisition from the emperor ac-

accompanied it, that Gregory should submit at once, or prepare to receive the condign punishment of his refractoriness. The bearer of these despatches was an Italian priest named Roland; and he fearlessly presented them to Gregory in the presence of the synod which had been called by him for the trial of Henry. Such, however, was the excitement produced in that reverend assembly by their perusal, that the pope had great difficulty in saving his life from the fury of the enraged prelates who composed it. The letter of Henry has been preserved; it is characteristic of the man and of the times.

“Henry, not by violence nor presumption, but by the grace of God and the holy ordinance, king, to Hildebrand, not the pope, but the false monk.

“This greeting hast thou deserved, through thy arrogance and thy errors, for thou hast left no condition in the church undebased — no state, however humble, untouched with thy accursed intermeddling. We would discuss with thee various weighty matters. To win the applause of the common people, hast thou not only unrighteously attacked and attempted to degrade the heads of the church—the archbishops, the bishops, and the priests—the Lord’s anointed, but thou hast also treated them as thy serfs, as though they knew not the Lord’s word as well as thee, and tried to trample them under thy feet. Thou effectest to believe that they know nought, that thou knowest all; and thou hast dared to act accordingly. But thy knowledge has been used, not in the work of edification, but in the work of destruction. The holy Gregory, whose name thou

hast so arrogantly assumed, rightly presaged of thee, when he spoke these memorable words: 'through the submission of the disciple is the pride of the master made great; for he thinks he knows all, when he sees that he may do every thing he desires.' We have endured much at thy hands, that the honour due to the holy Roman church might not to be denied it, nor the reverence which all Christians owe to it be withheld. But thou hast held our magnanimity to be the fear of thy power; thou hast ventured to raise thy rebellious voice against us whom God has appointed his vicegerent over our people; and thou hast even most audaciously dared to threaten to drive us from our throne, and dispossess us of our crown, as if our kingdom and state were in thine, and not in God's own hand, and as if thou wert not called to the high priesthood, as we have been called to the sovereignty of this realm, solely through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Thou hast thus reached the last degree of treachery and treason; and therefore by every law, divine and human, art thou accursed. Good-will hast thou won by gold; by good-will thou hast acquired power; by power hast thou possessed thyself of the throne of peace, from which thy first act has been to hurl peace down: thou hast armed our subjects against our rightful authority; thou hast excited them to contempt and scorn of their pious instructors—our wellbeloved prelates and priests, appointed by God to teach his word; and thou hast deprived even the laity, whom thou affectest to serve, of all voice in the election of their ecclesiastical conductors. Even we, all unworthy as we are, but still by the grace of God the

Lord's highest anointed, hast thou presumed to touch, and claimed to judge, though the words of the holy fathers expressly say, that to God only are we responsible for our actions; that he alone is our Judge in all temporal things; and that, for no other than a departure from the true faith of Christ, may our sovereignty be infringed upon, or our sacred person profaned. Yea, even for that crime, is it doubtful whether we may be punished; for did not the fathers of the church decline to depose the apostate Emperor Julian, and leave his punishment entirely to the justice of heaven? The blessed Leo, a true pope, says thereon, 'Fear God, and honour the king.' But thou neither fearest the Lord, nor doth honour his anointed. Descend thou then—thou anathematised and excommunicate of our pious prelates in solemn council assembled—descend thou then at once from thy usurped dignity, and vacate, without delay, the throne of the prince of the apostles. Another shall occupy thy place—one who will not make of our holy faith a cloak for his ambition, his turbulence, and his profligacy; one who will teach to the Christian world the true doctrines of the holy St. Peter. We, Henry, by the grace of God, king, and all our archbishops, bishops, abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, bid thee descend from that throne—descend! descend!"

On the following day, at the first meeting of the council, Gregory's answer was given to the ambassador of Henry. It was a sentence of excommunication, by which that monarch was not only cut off from all Christian communion, but by which, also, all his subjects, of every

grade and condition, were released from their allegiance to him. This *brutum fulmen* has also been preserved, as well as the preceding; and it is equally characteristic of the period and of the priest who launched it.

"Holy Peter!" thus it began; "prince of the apostles, graciously incline thine ear to us, we pray thee, and listen to me, thy servant, whom from childhood to this time thou hast cherished, and from the hands of the godless preserved, who hated me for the fealty I bore to thee, and who still hate me for the same deep devotion! Thou art my witness, and the mother of God, and St. Paul, thy brother and co-peer among the princes of heaven, that thy church—the holy Roman church—against my own desire, hath raised me up to its governance: that I have never held it in the light of an object for my personal advantage, to sit in thy sacred seat; and that I would much prefer to end my life in exile and in misery, than for worldly purposes, or through vain-glory, to assume the functions of thy successor. Through thy favour and great grace, and not for my merits, do I believe that it hath pleased thee to place me over the Christian church—to make me the shepherd of the flock intrusted to thy care—to make that flock obedient to my behests: through thee only do I inherit, from heaven, the power conferred on thee by Christ, to bind and to loose from sin the soul of man. Supported by this firm belief, and acting on my consciousness of thy approval, I do hereby, and from henceforward and hereafter for ever, for the honour and safety of thy church, in the name of the Triune and only

God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—and in behalf of thy glory and dignity, interdict, excommunicate, and anathematise Henry the king, son and successor of Henry the emperor, who hath rebelled against thy power, and set at nought thy authority; and by these he is interdict, excommunicate, anathematised, and expelled from the government of the holy Roman empire, in Germany, in France, and in Italy; his subjects, of every class and condition, absolved from their allegiance to him; his family dissevered from all natural ties; and, as king and as father, all further obedience and duty to be withheld from him. For it is only right and just, meet and proper, that whoso assails thee, should himself be destroyed—who depreciates thy honour, should be deprived altogether of his own. And since he, the said Henry, hath obeyed not, as a Christian he was bound to do, thy behests, whereof I am the humble organ, and returned not again to the fold of the Lord, which he hath so shamefully abandoned; but, on the contrary, hath only strayed all the more widely from its precincts, keeping up companionship with other hapless men, accursed of the church, and cut off from her holy communion, heeding not my solemn admonitions, slighting the repeated warnings which I gave him, and, as thou art a witness, despising in me thy sanctity, and seeking to separate himself wholly from the true church; so, by that power which thou hast endowed me with as thy successor, and which thou derivatest and inheritest from heaven, here, in thy name and on thy behalf, do I bind him in the bonds of thy curse, and the

curse of the holy church, to the end that all folk may know and see that thou art Peter; that the Son of the living God—the Saviour of the world—hath built his church on thee, as on a rock; and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Be he therefore accursed, here and hereafter, now and for ever, world without end. Amen.”

A similar sentence was pronounced by the enraged pope upon Siegfried, Archbishop of Mentz, president of the council of Worms, and upon all the other archbishops, abbots, bishops and inferior clergy who assisted at it.

This act of Gregory served as the signal for a general outbreak in all parts of Henry's dominions. There had long been a deep-rooted distaste to his rule; but, besides this, there was another cause equally potent, though latent and concealed, to stir up the chief nobility of the empire to rebellion against him. Heretofore, every man among them had had a chance of the empire for himself or his descendants, inasmuch as the imperial dignity was sometime elective: since the accession of the Salique dynasty, however, it had become hereditary; Conrad the Second being succeeded by his son, Henry the Third the father of the hapless subject of this memoir, as a thing of course. It was mainly to bring about this ancient order of succession, so favourable to individual ambition and individual avarice, that the princes and nobles of Germany took advantage of the proclamation of the pope, and stood forth in arms against their sovereign; though it cannot be denied, that their ostensible object was the advocacy of morals and good go-

vernment, their ostensible motive the horror of anathema, and the affirmance of true religion. "We may perceive," says a well-informed modern historian,* alluding to the events which subsequently ensued; "we may perceive, in the conditions of Rodolph's election,** a symptom of the real principle that animated the German aristocracy against Henry IV. It was agreed, that the kingdom should no longer be hereditary, not conferred on the son of a reigning monarch, unless his merit should challenge the popular approbation. The pope strongly encouraged the plan of rendering the empire elective, by which he hoped either eventually to secure the nomination of its chief for the holy see, or at least, by sowing the seed of civil dissensions in Germany, to render Italy more independent."

Availing themselves of this crisis in the affairs of the emperor, the disaffected princes of the empire, joined with the defeated but not dispirited Saxons, accordingly; and revolting against his sovereignty and rule, they proceeded conditionally to depose him. That is to say, they proposed to refer the quarrel between them to the arbitration of the pope; Henry, in the meanwhile, agreeing to relinquish his dignity, and live in a private station for one year, in which period it was to be settled. If by the end of that time he should not succeed in obtaining a removal of the anathema, which was put forward as the promevent of the rebellion, it was then proposed that he should forfeit for ever his title to the empire,

* Hallam's "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," vol. ii. cap. v. p. 98.

** Treated of in the succeeding part of this narrative.

and give his unqualified assent to the election of another sovereign in his stead. "When things were come to this desperate extremity," proceeds Mosheim (who has been much followed in this part of his history by later writers, because of his perspicuousness and veracity), "and the faction which was formed against this unfortunate prince grew more formidable from day to day, his friends advised him to go into Italy, and implore, in person, the clemency of the pontiff. The emperor yielded to this ignominious counsel, without, however, obtaining from his voyage the advantages he expected. He passed the Alps amid the rigour of a severe winter, arrived in the month of February, 1077, at the fortress of Canusium, * where the sanctimonious pontiff resided at that time with the young Mathilda, countess of Tuscany, the most powerful patress of the church, and the most tender and affectionate of all the spiritual daughters of Gregory. ** Here the suppliant prince, unmindful of his dignity, stood, during three days, in the open air at the entrance of the fortress, with his feet bare, his head uncovered, and with no other raiment than a wretched piece of coarse woollen cloth thrown over his body to cover his nakedness. The fourth

* Canossa, or Canusium, was a strong castle in the Modenese, near Reggio, to which Gregory had fled in dismay, on the first rumour of Henry's arrival in Italy.

** Matilda, the greatest temporal benefactress the Roman church ever knew, was the daughter of Boniface; Duke of Tuscany, one of the most powerful of the great Italian princes at that period. "She found," says the historian in another part of his work, "that neither ambition nor grace had extinguished the tender passion in the heart of Gregory."
— *Verbum sap.*

day he was admitted to the presence of the lordly pontiff, who, with a great deal of difficulty, granted him the absolution he demanded; but as to what regarded his restoration to the throne, he refused to determine that point before the approaching congress, at which he made Henry promise to appear, forbidding him at the same time to assume, during this interval, the title of king, as also to wear the ornaments, or exercise the functions, of royalty." *

These disgraceful conditions were acceded to by the humbled monarch: he had no other alternative, in the hapless state to which he was reduced; and the proud priest who imposed them was inexorable. But not so with his subjects and feudatories, the princes and bishops of Italy. Adverse to the pope, by reason of his severity in matters of ecclesiastical discipline, and availing themselves gladly of the temporal justification for revolt which his conduct to Henry presented, they complained loudly of the intolerable character of these proceedings, and secretly and openly urged that prince to resist them. In the meanwhile, the confederate rebels of Suabia and Saxony called a mock diet at Oppenheim, on the Rhine, in the month of March 1077, and there solemnly deposing Henry, elected their general-in-chief, Rodolph, duke of Suabia, Emperor of Germany, in his stead.** This blow, which would seem to have entirely annihilated the wretched monarch, had,

* "Ecclesiastical History," cent. xi. part ii. cap. 2, s. xvi.

** Gregory, who stimulated this illegal election, sent the anti-emperor a crown, with the following singular legend inscribed on it:—

"Petra dedit Petro—Petrus diadema Rhodolphe."

however, a totally opposite effect; thus proving the futility of all human calculations, which reject our best feelings — gratitude, sympathy, loyalty, and truth — from their elements. It aroused the friends of the emperor, and brought the enemies of the pope into full action. Most of the Italian potentates and many of the prelates at once sided with their lawful sovereign: the patriarch of Aquileja placed himself at the head of the clergy, who were opposed to this usurpation of the temporal power; and the dukes of Carinthia and Bavaria took the lead of the laymen who stood forth in aid and defence of Henry. The great mercantile cities of the empire, more especially those on the Rhine, likewise declared themselves in his favour, and exerted themselves strenuously in his behalf. By their united assistance he was enabled, in a short period, to raise a very considerable army, and to give his spiritual and temporal antagonists much trouble. While, however, matters were thus pending, the rebels in Germany were acquiring fresh strength every day, and adding largely to their reinforcements of men and munitions of war. To make their cause preponderate, Gregory threw the entire weight of the church into the scale: Rudolph was at once recognised by him as the lawful Emperor of Germany; the adherents of Henry were declared excommunicated; and the ban of excommunication was also revived against Henry himself. But that monarch was now in a condition to dread the papal anathema less than heretofore; and there existed no longer any cause to deter him from repelling it. Accordingly he deposed Gregory a second time, in a second

council called by him at Mentz, and caused to be elected, in his stead, under the title of Clement the Third, Guibert, archbishop of Ravenna, one of his most faithful adherents (A.D. 1080.)

Fortune, of whom he had long been the sport and the scoff, seemed now tired, for a while, of persecuting this monarch; nay, with the fickleness usually attributed to her sex, she seemed inclined to favour him. After various successes with detached bodies of his opponents, he met and defeated their united forces in a general battle, fought at Wochsheim on the Elster (A.D. 1080). In that engagement his chief antagonist, Rudolph of Suabia, fell, covered with wounds, fighting in a manner worthy of a better cause;* and not long after, his successor in the chief command and the imperial dignity, Hermann, count of Luxemburg, voluntarily relinquished the usurped title he bore into the hands of its rightful owner. The empire now enjoyed a partial peace, and Henry had leisure to turn his attention to Italy and his arch enemy Gregory. At the head of a formidable army he once again crossed the Alps, and attacked Rome (A.D. 1082.) Twice was he obliged to raise the siege of that city, by the valour of its defenders, and the bravery and conduct of the troops sent by the enthusiastic

* "In that engagement," says Vogt, "Rudolph, who was in the thick of the fight, lost, first his right hand, and then his life. In his dying moments he remarked to those around him, that it was with that hand he had sworn fealty to Henry. . . . The great bulk of the people, and more particularly those attached to Henry's party, saw, in this circumstance, God's judgment on perjury; and that belief was better than a victory for Henry's cause," — *Rheinische Gesch. und Sagen* b. i.

Countess Matilda to the succour of her friend; but the third and last attempt he directed against it completely succeeded, and he became once more sole master of "the mistress of the world."

The first step he took, after this success, was to place his nominee, Guibert, on the papal throne. This done, he received himself the imperial crown, at the hands of the new pontiff, and was publicly saluted king by the Roman people. The Empress Bertha was crowned at the same time. He then proceeded to lay close siege to the mole of Adrian, or Castle of St. Angelo, where Gregory had taken refuge. Possession was soon obtained of this strong citadel; but it failed to secure him the person of his foe. The pope had succeeded in making his escape, before its surrender, to the court of Robert Guiscard, the Norman adventurer, then Duke of Apuglia and Calabria.

Henry, however, was not long suffered to retain the peaceful possession of Rome. The active mind of Gregory was not at rest during the period of his banishment and his disgrace. Stimulated by the fugitive pope, his friend Robert Guiscard, placing himself at the head of his hardy troops, hastened to the rescue of the "eternal city." "Unfurling," says Gibbon,* "the holy banners, he resolved to fly to the relief of the prince of the apostles: the most numerous of his armies, six thousand horse and thirty thousand foot, were instantly assembled: and his march from Salerno to Rome was animated by the public applause and promise of divine favour. Henry, invincible

* Hist. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, cap. lvi.

in sixty-six battles,* trembled at his approach; recollected some indispensable affairs that required his presence in Lombardy, exhorted the Romans to persevere in their allegiance, and hastily retreated, three days before the entrance of the Normans."

A few words will be sufficient to relate the events of this campaign, referring, as they do, but very remotely to the subject-matter of this memoir. The forces of the Norman prince, composed, in great part, of Sicilian Saracens, committed fearful outrages in Rome, and finally, through neglect or design, set fire to the city, previously sacking it; and Gregory, now hated by his own subjects as much as he was loved before, and unable any longer to live in safety, in a city which had been ravaged by his supporters, returned to Calabria with his friend Robert Guiscard, and there died at Salerno, the following year, A. D. 1085.

The most eventful period of Henry's life now approached. Notwithstanding the death of his implacable foe Gregory, he was very far from being at peace with the church. Clement the Third, a mild man, was induced to abdicate the papal dignity, A. D. 1088; and his place was taken by Urban the Second, another monk of Clugni, who, without the redeeming genius of Gregory, had all his fierce pride, all his wrong-headed temerity, and all his insane ambition. The contest between the popes and the

* Where did the great historian learn this?—and is it the fact? It is much to be lamented that Gibbon, with all his undoubted learning, is not always so accurate as his ardent admirers could wish.

emperor respecting investitures, which had slumbered during Henry's success, was quickly revived, with all the rancour of clerical hate, and all the bitterness of religious animosity, the moment his affairs began again to assume an adverse appearance. To make the situation of his enemy as perilous as possible, the revengeful pontiff, aided by the young Welf, or Guelph, son of the duke of Bavaria, and husband of the Countess Matilda, excited and urged on Henry's eldest son, Conrad, to rebellion against him; and he was but too successful in his abominable efforts. A seven years' deadly war ensued between the partisans of both princes, which ended in a second invasion of Italy by Henry, and the discomfiture of Conrad, who, abandoned by all his adherents, and betrayed by those who had stimulated him to this unnatural act, died miserably at Florence some time after. In the meanwhile, the unfortunate monarch had declared his second son, Henry, his rightful successor in the empire; and he now lavished on him all the paternal affection which he was precluded, by the peculiar circumstances of his case, from bestowing on his elder brother. For a brief period subsequently, he lived in peace with his subjects and his neighbours, and seemed, at least, to be happy. His ecclesiastical enemy was not, however, dead, but only sleeping. In fighting against the church, the hapless king had to contend with a foe that never forgives, and never allows the spirit of vengeance to expire until it is fully satiated. Paschal the Second, who succeeded Urban, was equally implacable as his predecessor, and equally

unscrupulous as to the means he employed to effect his purposes. Undeterred by the ill success of Conrad, and, perhaps, anxious as much to wound the monarch in the most vital part, as to advance the interests of the church, he set about to seduce the second son of Henry from his allegiance, and ultimately succeeded in making him raise the standard of rebellion against his sovereign and his sire. In this infamous attempt he was abetted by Guelph, duke of Bavaria, who had formerly assisted his predecessor, Urban, to alienate the loyalty and affection of Conrad. Henry had borne up bravely against the defection of his eldest son; his spirit was buoyed by temporary prosperity in his undertakings against him; and the result of the contest was, from the very onset, in his own hands: but this defection of his second child—of his best beloved son, too—was a blow from which he never after recovered, and which no subsequent events could cure. His heart sunk at the news; and he seemed from thenceforward a fated being. Although he made every necessary preparation to suppress this foul rebellion, he did so more at the instigation of his friends and followers than of his own free will: indeed, he appeared altogether careless or unconscious of what was going on around him; and never opened his lips to any one, but to lament the treachery of his son, as David did that of Abalom.

The remainder of his sorrowful history may be briefly related. It is a melancholy and touching tale of grief and suffering, of sorrow and of death. The unnatural contest continued, for some

time, with various success; but the emperor, in the main, had the upperhand of his undutiful antagonist. His traitor son, dispirited by these adverse circumstances, soon desponded, and saw nothing but defeat in the present, disgrace, perhaps destruction, in the future. In this dilemma he had recourse to treachery of a still more damnable character than any that he had, even until then, thought of. Under pretence of contrition for his crime, he prayed his offended father to meet him at Coblenz, there to grant him peace and forgiveness. The unsuspecting Henry hastened thither with the speed of paternal affection; and a penitential scene was enacted by the hypocritical rebel in the presence of a plenar court. Pardon was prayed and accorded; and in few days sire and son set out for Mentz, where an imperial diet, convoked for the occasion, was sitting to witness their meeting and their reconciliation. As they drew near to Bingen, it was intimated to the monarch by his son, that it might not be altogether safe for them to enter Mentz in company; and, acting on the counsel of this doublydamned traitor, he unsuspectingly consented to take up his temporary abode in the strong castle of Klopp, which overlooks this town, until all should be made ready for his reception in that city. Thither he accordingly proceeded with a small retinue. He had, however, scarcely entered Bingen when he saw his few followers attacked and slaughtered before his eyes, and found himself at once disarmed and made a close prisoner. * There he was detained then for some time in close

* Vide "Klopp;" vol. ii. for a more detailed account of this treacherous proceeding.

duration, until the diet which he had himself convened to witness his reconciliation with his son was won round to favour the pretensions of that unnatural monster. From thence he was transferred to Ingelheim; and in that palace of his ancestors he was violently deposed, and deprived of the imperial insignia in favour of his unnatural successor. Five years did the miserable monarch pine in the prison of Klopp, to which he was sent back after his deposition; many times, it is said, wanting bread; at all times needing the ordinary comforts of life; wretched, heart-broken, and weary of his existence. At the end of that time, however, he managed to make his escape, and throw himself into the arms of the commercial cities on the Rhine, all of which still remained faithful to him. In his flight he took refuge in Hammerstein, a fact which gives rise to the following tradition. The honest burghers of Cologne received him with open arms, and entertained him with reverence and affection; by their powerful and unceasing efforts, aided by those of the other commercial and manufacturing places on the river, he was soon at the head of a formidable force. The Duke of Limburg, the Bishop of Liege, and various other princes and nobles of the empire, soon hastened to his assistance, seeing that he was enabled to take the field independently of their aid. But the fiat of his doom had gone forth: the ingratitude of his only child had fastened on his heart, and gnawed it until it was quite consumed; life to him appeared no longer worth living for, and the world gave him no more enjoyment. Before a blow was struck he was seized with his last

mortal illness; and after lingering a few days in intense agony of mind and body, he died at Liege (A. D. 1106, 7th August). His last words were those of an affectionate father — his last breath exhaled to heaven in prayer as for his erring child. "If my son," he spake to his chief officers, as the breath of life trembled on his lips, ready to pass away from them for ever; "if my son falls into your hands, spare, oh! spare him! Spare him for my sake, that he may not be cut off in the flower of his age, and in the midst of his sins! Spare him! spare him!"

The unrelenting hatred of the church pursued him even after death: his remains, which had been transferred to the tombs of his ancestors in the cathedral of Speyers, were not suffered to rest in consecrated ground; and it was not until five years had elapsed from the period of his death that the ban of excommunication was removed, and they were permitted to repose in peace beside his imperial predecessors.

Henry the Fifth, his unnatural son, met with his deserts; the vengeance of an outraged Providence, though it may seem slow, is always sure. He lived a life of toil, and trouble, and strife, not alone with his own subjects, but with a still more formidable foe—the church. In fact, he never knew peace while he reigned. His friends fell off from him without apparent cause, and became by degrees his bitterest enemies; and he had repeatedly to sustain the papal denunciation for persevering in that opposition to its claims, which had cost his father his crown and his life. He was certainly feared, but he was also hated; he knew not what it was to

love, or to be loved; and he died childless, friendless, solitary—the last of his race—unblessed, unwept, and unregretted (A. D. 1125).

THE FLIGHT.

The Lord of Hammerstein looked from his chamber window, in the twilight of a stormy winter's evening, on the troubled river which fretted and foamed below, and on the drear landscape around him;—but he saw not the rushing stream, he heard not the raging waters; the cheerless fields and the bleak mountains were all unheeded by him; and neither the roar of the wind nor the crash of intermittent peals of thunder, which ever and anon shook the very heaven to its centre, seemed to be audible to his ears. His thoughts were on times past—his mind's eye looked on the light of other days; hence it was that he did not see or hear what passed in his bodily presence. The Lord of Hammerstein was old, but he had once been young; he was infirm, but he had once been active; and though no longer able to wield a sword, or couch a lance, or bear the weight of his massive armour, he had, in the days that were over, been one of the bravest warriors of the Rhenish lands, and as such had been the especial favourite of the Emperor Henry the Fourth, now aged and infirm like himself. He had followed the standard of that monarch until he was no longer capable of locomotion; and it was some time since years and public troubles had driven him to his strong castle of Hammerstein, there to pass over the remainder of his exis-

tenre. It was of his campaigns with that prince that he was thinking, as he sat in the coved recess of his chamber window, and gazed out on the stormy scene with the abstracted eye of vacancy. He bethought him of the time when, in lusty youth, full of noble hardihood and valliant daring, he had first fought beside his imprisoned sovereign against the rebellious Saxons; and the remembrance almost made him young and vigorous again. He recalled the days when in the train of that hapless monarch he had scaled the rugged Rhetian Alps and the *Ritterschaft*—when the German rode over the plains of Lombardy like a whirlwind, and poured on Rome like a raging torrent; and his withered heart bounded with the ardour of boyhood, as he summoned back to memory the abasement of the proud pontiff, Gregory, and his flight before the victorious arms of that prince. That was the last of his campaigns; since then he had dwelt in peace in his strong castle of Hammerstein, shut out from all communion with the world—living alone in the past—and only anxious for longer existence, on account of his two fair daughters, whom, like Jephtha, King of Israel, “he loved passing well.”

In a further corner of the chamber sat two gentle maidens, like twin roses from one stem. They were of singular beauty, and of a natural goodness which well deserved the love of their aged sire, but still he was not altogether happy with them, for the corroding care of his heart was the want of a son; and he saw with the deepest feeling of sorrow the extinction of the direct line of his ancient family in his own

person. This made him oftentimes appear stern and morose in his manner, and harsh in his bearing to them, when he was in reality only unhappy; but they knew him too well to feel hurt at whatever he said in these moments of irritation, and it was their pride and their pleasure to soothe his excited feelings; and alleviate their bitterness.

"What do you, Bertha, there?" he spake to the younger, as, awakening from the trance of thought in which he had been plunged, he arose from his seat in the window and walked towards her.

The laughing girl held up her spindle playfully.

"Oh! I see," he proceeded, with a peevish tone and manner; "you spin yourself a gay bridal garment—you will leave your old father when it is finished, and go forth from his heart and home to seek the home and heart of another—a stranger."

"Nay, dearest father, replied the maiden; a big tear trembling in her long eyelashes the while; "indeed, you unwittingly do me a wrong. I spin no gay bridal garment for myself—I but spin a warm cloak for you, that the cold may not touch your aged frame when you ride abroad in this weary winter season. Neither do I wish to leave you, while you suffer me to stay with you; while you live, I ask but to be your humblest handmaiden."

"And you, Minna," continued the old man, turning to the elder, apparently unheeding the impassioned eloquence of her sister, "you weave my shroud, eh?—is it not that you are busy

with?—you long for the old man's death, don't you?"

"Father! my beloved father!" cried the excited girl; "oh! father, you do me a great injustice!—a cruel wrong! Heaven forgive you for it!"

Her emotion choked her utterance for some moments:—the pearly tears coursed each other like a tiny torrent down her peach-like cheeks.

"Oh, my father!" sobbed she; "I wish not your death; for would it not break my own heart? Oh father, father! would that I could make you live for ever! The web that I weave is not for thy winding-sheet, but for thy robe of peace and joy, when on high festal days you gather around you in our ancient hall the friends of your youth—the companions of your age—the beloved of your heart—and make yourself merry over the pleasures of the present, or the fond recollections of the past."

The old man was silent. Bertha hung on his neck—Minna was at his feet. He could not but be happy, in the pure love of two such gentle beings, so young, so beautiful, so spotless, and so innocent.

"Yes, my dear girls," he replied, as if awakening from an unpleasant dream; "God knows how firmly I believe that you love me, and desire me to live; and God only can know the depth and the intensity of the love which I feel for you."

He raised Minna as he said this, and then he kissed them both on the forehead. It was a beautiful sight to look on—that aged man and

his blooming daughters, linked thus in the close bonds of holy and most sublimated affection.

"Yes, my dear girls," he continued, "I have wronged you; I know it!—I have been most unjust to you; I admit it!—but you will pardon your poor old father, for he has much to make him miserable as well as to make him happy."

He again kissed the fair girls, and pressed them to his aged bosom.

"God knows," he went on, "God knows that you are dearer to me than the light of mine eyes—than life itself. The dew on the flower is not half so delightful to the awakened lark, nor the sparkling of the fountain in the cool shadow of the forest to the weary wanderer over the burning plains of the south, as you are to my sight. But I cannot choose but weep when I think that I am the last of my name—the withered trunk of a long lineage, once noble and mighty—the parent-stock of brave men and virtuous women. Alas! alas!"

He hid his face in his hands, and, sinking in his ancient chair, wept in silence.

"Would that you had been valliant sons," he exclaimed, the paroxysm past; "would that you had been strong men, instead of weak, frail females! Then could I die in peace!"

The fond girls hung over him, and mingled their sympathetic tears with his. Night found them in this attitude.

The elementary strife abroad now raged fearfully: the thunder roared—the river raved—the wind bellowed and shrieked—and the distant mountains answered back their combined voices

with a loud and an awfully prolonged echo. The terrified maidens clung closer to their sire; accustomed as they were to the wild wintry storms, such a one as this affrighted them: they had never known nature so convulsed before. A knock at the door of the chamber aroused them, and excited still further their fears. The warder of the castle entered.

"What would you, Diedrick?" asked the old baron.

"Two pilgrims, my lord, wait at the outer gate, praying shelter for the night," replied the man. "Shall I admit them!"

"God in heaven forbid," replied the baron, "that I should refuse their prayer! Man! man! you should have known me better than to deem I needed asking to admit a weary traveller at any time, but especially at such a time as this. Go!—haste!—fly! and admit them at once. Bring them hither, when they are warmed and dry, and I will myself bid them welcome, to make amends for your error. And you, my dear children," he said, addressing himself to his daughters, "make ready our evening meal as speedily as possible, that these hapless pilgrims, tost of the tempest and buffeted by the storm may partake of it along with us."

In due time the applicants for admission were introduced by the warder. The old baron and his fair daughters looked on them with some curiosity. One was a man of noble bearing, aged in seeming, and somewhat infirm; but his face was so completely hidden with his cowl, that nothing could be said with certainty as to his years or appearance. The other was a stalwart man

of mature years, with a bronzed countenance, scarred across and athwart in various places; it was undeniable that he had been a soldier: he wore no cowl, and his face was quite uncovered. The former advanced to the centre of the hall—his step was stately, his form erect, his aspect that of a prince, though his garb was coarse as coarse could be. The latter hung back, as in reverence or in fear, and would not pass beyond the threshold of the apartment, until his companion beckoned him forward. The old baron and his lovely daughters rose to greet them, and proffer the hospitalities of the castle. After supper they conversed together for a while.

"Whither, my friends, are you bound on your pious mission?" asked the baron, addressing himself, as if instinctively, to the cowled pilgrim. "Go ye to Spain, or haply to Palestine? Or do ye now return to your homes and families, your toilsome task completed?"

The pilgrim answered not, but bowed his head on his knee for a while, and sobbed so bitterly, that the tender-hearted maidens wept to hear him. At length he raised himself, and, standing erect on the floor, flung back his cowl, and gave his face and form to the full view of his entertainers. It was a noble but a sorrowful countenance, aged, and worn, and wan; it was graced with long silver locks, which flowed wildly about it; but grief seemed to have done as much to mark it with the emblems of decay as years were capable of effecting.

"God of heaven!" cried the baron. "See I aright? It is, it is my emperor! my lord! my master!"

He sunk on his knees at the feet of the pilgrim; it was, indeed, his rightful sovereign, Henry the Fourth, who stood before him. His fair daughters and the monarch's pilgrim-companion did the same.

"But how is this?" exclaimed the aged baron in a kind of horror, as though he had been witness to a sacrilege, while he gazed on the emperor's altered aspect and travestied appearance. "How is this, my emperor? What hath befallen? Why are you here, and in this garb? Where is the imperial purple that should clothe thy shoulders? Where the crown that should cover thy anointed head? What has been thy hap? Hast thou been conjured by some foe? Where is the villain? Or hath some traitorous chief despoiled thee of the ensigns of royalty and empire? But ah, my poor head! I now recollect it all—an exile—a deposed prince! Oh my God, my God!" He sobbed bitterly as he spake these words! then, with much animation of manner, he continued, "God of heaven, that I were once more young! But give me my sword, and, old as I am, he shall not escape me. My lord—my master—my emperor!—pardon an old man for his forgetfulness of what has passed in the world—pardon him that he remember not what had befallen thee!"

The emperor raised his ancient friend most graciously, and pressed his hand to his heart, as men do that of a true friend: he then signalled the maidens to be seated; his companion stood respectfully at a little distance behind.

"Brother in arms! faithful friend!" thus spake the monarch, addressing the baron, "would that

all were like thee! Yes, I have been cruelly treated; but not in fight have I fallen. A treacherous foe allured me into his toils, immured me in a prison, and for five long years left me to pine in bitter captivity. Yes, a treacherous foe, assisted by traitorous subjects, hath despoiled me of the insignia of empire, and left me as you see me—a fugitive and a beggar."

"And the traitor?" cried the old lord of Hammerstein, "is——"

"My own son," said the emperor, sorrowfully.

Bertha and Minna embraced their aged sire as he stood aghast, with eyes upraised to heaven in wonder and deep amaze at such an accumulation of human perfidy. The monarch hid his face in his hands; his companion hung down his head, and wept aloud.

"Happy the sire," resumed Henry, "whose children are uncorrupt—whose sons are the props of his declining years; but happier he who has no son to be feared of in his old age. Praise God, my faithful friend, for his gift to thee—two lovely daughters, who have no ambition but to please thee; no plans but to smooth the path of thy life; no designs but to defer the approach of that death which is inevitable to all; or to make thy last moments peaceful and happy. Heaven has been bountiful to thee, and thou hast well deserved it: but to me——oh God! oh God!"

The afflicted emperor again wept bitterly.

"Your pardon, sire," interposed the old lord; "all are not alike. And sorry should I be if, in this honest German land, there was to be found another son who could treat his father as thine has treated thee. Yet you are right; God

has been gracious to me—gracious far beyond my deserts; and still I repine.

The fond father clasped his affectionate daughters to his heart: the emperor looked on the scene with mingled emotions of sorrow and pleasure.

"But say, sire," asked the aged baren, "whither go you now? how hast thou escaped? whence comest thou?"

"It is a brief tale, and soon told, replied Henry. "In my prison at Klepp, the warder was my constant companion: behold him, then, now, my best friend!" He pointed to his brother-pilgrim as he spoke. "Though rugged of aspect, he is gentle of heart, ay, even as a maiden. To his kindness am I deeply indebted for many alleviations of my misery; to his truth and his honesty do I alone owe my escape, my life mayhap, my all! He will tell his own story."

The emperor's humble companion then came forward at a signal from his master, and spake thus:

"My heart was sore to see how the son treated the father; my heart was sore to see my sovereign in such a sad strait. I remembered I was once a son myself, and I also remembered how I followed the victorious armies of my lord the emperor to Italy. You, noble Baron von Hammerstein, were in that glorious expedition: I was often beside you. I knew too that I was a father myself, and I felt for the emperor with a father's feelings. 'Cast what it may,' said I to myself, 'I shall set him free.' I laid my plans——"

"And we are here," interposed the emperor, "thanks to thy fidelity and thy discretion, never more to sever in this life."

"Now, God bless thee," exclaimed the old Lord

of Hammerstein, grasping the soldier's hand in a fervour of joy, "God bless thee, God bless thee!"

"And now, my old friend and brother in arms," continued Henry, "I would fain retire to rest, for I am sore weary, and very sick. But I must pray you, ere morning come, to despatch a messenger to Cologne with news of my coming. My companion sleeps beside me.—Good night!"

They left the apartment as he spake, preceded by the old baron's fair daughters, and followed by himself. The emperor slept peacefully that night. Early the next day he dropped down the Rhine to Cologne under the escort of his aged host.

ANDERNACH.

The Antonacum, alluded to by Ammianus Marcellinus, in his "History of Julian the Apostate," was, most probably, the original of the city of Andernach. It was founded in the very early ages of the Roman empire, and, perhaps, may even date its existence from the time of Drusus Germanicus, who, it is said, erected there one of the fifty castles built by him on the Rhine. Subsequently the head-quarters of a Roman legion, and the seat of a military prefect, under the *dux*, or commander-in-chief at Mentz, it became absorbed into the conquests of the Franks, who fixed their royal residence here; and finally, the fifth Henry, the unnatural son of the hapless subject of the preceding memoir, transferred it to the then archbishop of Cologne, Frederick the First, in reward for the

assistance afforded to him by that prelate against the Saxons (A. D. 1114).

In the war of succession between the Emperor Philip of Suabia, brother and successor to Henry the Sixth of the Hohenstaufen family, and Otto the Fourth, the anti-emperor, son of Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, which desolated Germany for twelve consecutive years, the city of Andernach suffered severely and deservedly the punishment of that ultra-partizanship which abnegates the better feelings of our common nature, and avails itself of any power it may happen to possess for the purpose of trampling down and destroying every thing held sacred by mankind. The citizens warmly embraced the cause of Otto; and a close siege was, in consequence, laid to their city by his opponent, Philip. The place, which was strongly fortified was defended by a body of troops from the duchy of Lorraine, who, in conjunction with the inhabitants, committed the most brutal excesses during the beleaguering. Among other infamous acts of violence and rapine perpetrated by them was the following—an act which, in the sequel, called down on their heads the utmost rigour of the conqueror. After attacking and robbing the convent of St. Thomas, then a nunnery for noble ladies, under pretence that these harmless women were favourable to the cause of Philip, they seized upon a nun, the youngest of the sisterhood, and, stripping her entirely naked, paraded her through the town on an ass's back. This done, they anointed her body all over with honey, and then rolling her in feathers, they once more placed her

astride on the tallest horse to be found in the town, with her face to the animal's tail, and in this state again paraded her through the streets of the city—the laughingstock and mockery of a jeering crowd. What became of this poor lady afterwards is not stated in any account of the transaction now extant. On the surrender of the city, however, in a very short time afterwards, Philip took ample vengeance on the base perpetrators of this unmanly outrage. Such of them as were the most active in it, he commanded to be cast into caldrons of boiling water, where they miserably perished; and various other punishments, equally severe in degree, were inflicted on every one of those who were known to be in any way participators in it.

Andernach was subsequently engaged in almost all the insurrections which took place from the twelfth to the fifteenth century against the archbishops of Cologne; and in every one of these popular outbreaks its citizens are to be found among the most active antagonists of the ecclesiastical pretensions. The last insurrection of any note that they were involved in was the unsuccessful one of 1496, in which they were defeated, deprived of their privileges, and their city, irrevocably degraded, annexed to the principality of Cologne.

During this period there existed a perpetual feud between the burghers of Linz and the citizens of Andernach; and to such a pitch was its virulence carried, that not alone was there no intercourse kept up between them, and marriages forbidden, but a sermon was also preached in public, in the market-place of the latter

city, on St. Bartholomew's day in every year, for the sole purpose of vilipending the inhabitants of the former, and keeping alive a spirit of unceasing animosity against them. It is stated that this insane hatred arose from the circumstance of an unforeseen and unexpected attack of the burghers of Linz on the citizens of Andernach, in which a great number of the latter were unresistingly massacred; but authentic local or general history makes no mention of the matter.

The remaining history of Andernach is soon related. It was attacked and stormed by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, A. D. 1632; and fifty-six years afterwards it was again captured and pillaged by the French troops, in one of the desolating campaigns of that period (A. D. 1688). In the very same year, also, it became a prey to fire, which destroyed almost every residence left standing within its walls—seventy-four houses only escaping the flames of all within the circuit of the city. It has never since recovered its pristine importance; and even now it is but at best a heap of inhabited ruins.

Andernach is full of remains of the classical as well as of the middle ages. Local antiquarians claim the illustrious Roman emperor, Valentinian the First, as their townsman, and confidently assert that his body lies interred in the beautiful parochial church.* They also insist upon it, that

* Valentinian died at Bregetio, on the Danube, near the present city of Presburg, of an immoderate fit of rage with the deputies of the rebellious Quadii, Nov. 17th, A. D. 375. It is, therefore, altogether improbable that he could have been buried in Andernach.

the race of Merovignian monarchs had their abode as well as their origin within its walls; and in proof of the various traditions which they still preserve upon that subject, they shew the extensive ruins of the regal palace of these ancient Frankish kings, in the vicinity of the river. These ruins, however, are now known to belong to the abode of the dukes, or Gau-grafs of Austrasia, who governed the district under the Merovignian and Carlovignian dynasties; but, in strict truth, it must be added, that there is nothing whatever to disprove the possibility of that weak and wicked race of sovereigns having taken their rise, and occasionally held their court, within its precincts. Among the legends of that race these are related:

ORIGIN.

The first monarch of the Franks of whom history makes any mention is Clodio, the son of Pharamond, and father of Merovæus, who gave name to the Merovignian dynasty. Clodio lived in the beginning of the fifth century, and, according to tradition,—for history knows nothing of him besides his name,—resided at Andernach, on the Rhine. It was in the ancient palace of the Austrasian kings, the remains of which are still to be seen in that venerable city, that his son Merovæus was born: how he was begotten the legend itself shall state:—

It was noon, in the middle of the burning, summer of the year of grace 400; and Clodio

and his queen bathed together in the cool clear waters of the Rhine, which ran beautifully at the bottom of their palace garden. As they splashed about in the refreshing element, entirely unconscious of observation or of danger, they speedily became aware of the approach of a huge marine monster, which, rising on a sudden from the depths of the current, threw itself like lightning between them, and seized on the lovely person of the terrified and unresisting queen. Clodio, petrified with astonishment, hastened to the shore for his arms; but the monster, following him closely, and making such hideous faces at him, that every moment he feared he should be devoured, he considered that it would be a wiser course for him to alarm the palace, rather than to attempt his lady's rescue alone. By the united aid of his guards and his domestics, he deemed that he should succeed in effecting it with less risk and greater advantage. Accordingly, he gathered up his garments, and ran towards the palace as quickly as his legs could carry him, crying aloud for assistance for the struggling queen.

In the meanwhile, the monster had effected his purposes with the unfortunate lady; and had escaped to the depths of the river long ere the return of Clodio. She did not, however, mention to her husband what had taken place in his absence, like a prudent woman as she was; but she patiently permitted things to take their course, without unnecessarily troubling herself or others about their possible result.

In due time she was delivered of a male child, but such a child! He was unlike any other hu-

man being in the world—if human being could be called one, having more the appearance of a monster than a man. All adown his spine, from the nape of his neck to the inferior extremity of his trunk, was clothed with long, strong bristles; his fingers and toes were webbed together like those of a water-fowl; his eyes were defended by a film, similar to what is seen in birds and fishes, instead of a lid; his misshapen mouth extended from ear to ear, like that of a huge cod; and his arms, and thighs, and legs, even to his fingers and toes, were covered over with large scales, like the body of an armadillo. Such was the offspring of that unnatural embrace, according to the testimony of this tradition.

Clodio easily divined the cause of this uncouth form and monstrous aspect in the new-born child; and it was not difficult for him to persuade the queen to disclose the secret of her shame, on promise of pardon and forgetfulness of it in the future. With a degree of prudence which exactly tallies with his conduct at the time of the accident, he concealed the real circumstances of the case from his subjects, and adopted this semi-monster as his own son, giving him the name of Merovæus,* from his piscatory pater-
nity. Failing in any other issue of his marriage, he was succeeded by this unnatural progeny, who perpetuated a long line of sovereigns, the most worthless, the most wicked, and the most imbecile, which the pen of history has ever had to chronicle.

* Merweg, Mersefeh, Merovig, ex *Merofingi*, *Mereian-gelingi*.

ACTIONS.

Childerich, the son and successor of Merovæus, was expelled from the throne in the early part of his reign by his incensed subjects, for seducing the daughters and wives of his chief nobility, and indulging in other libidinous excesses not to be mentioned without sullyng these pages. One fast friend alone remained to him among his chiefs and nobles; his name was Winomadus. Having no male or female relatives, or close connexions, this chief did not feel the same antipathy to the deposed monarch as did his fellow-subjects; nor was he under an equal necessity with them to get rid of him, especially as he had always participated largely in his unlicensed pleasures. To him Childerich confided the task of watching over his interests during his compulsory absence, giving him at the same time a gold ring, which, despatched to him by a special messenger, was to be the signal for his return. Childerich then took refuge in Thuringia, at the court of Basinus, the king of that country.

In the meanwhile, the Franks had elected Ægidius, a Roman general, to the sovereignty over them; but they were still unsatisfied, and seemed to have only exchanged bad for worse. The lawless conduct—the brutal lust—the cruelty—the oppression—and, above all, the injustice of their new sovereign—so disgusted them, that they once more cast about how to rid themselves of him, and select another in his stead. This being speedily made known to Childerich, through his friend Winomadus, he rapidly returned to the

shores of the Rhine ; and , gathering strength of force as he proceeded in his march , he soon appeared before Andernach at the head of a formidable army , composed , in great part , of his former subjects , aided by his Thuringian auxiliaries , and was again hailed as king by the Franks.

During his abode at the court of Thuringia , however , Childerich , faithful to his follies , and unforgetful of his favourite vice , had contrived to seduce the affections of Basina , the queen of his protector. When he had succeeded in completely repossessing himself of his kingdom , to crown his treachery , he induced her to abandon her husband and her home , and come to live with him , as his mistress and his queen , at Andernach. Basina , was a sorceress , and she had the power of foreshadowing the future to those who placed themselves under her guidance for the purpose of seeing it ; and Childerich , like most wicked and all weak men , was greatly prone to credulity and superstition. He anxiously desired to see what fate had in reserve for his race ; and Basina undertook to gratify his curiosity , and open the page of the future to his longing eye. Accordingly , one night , at the midnight hour , she led him forth from their chamber in the palace to the top of the high hill behind the town , on which ages afterwards the once famous convent of St. Thomas was erected. There bidding him stand on the summit , and look out over the plain which stretched between the base of the acclivity and the bounding river , she preceded herself to the rear , and commenced her magical operations.

"What see you now, my husband?" she asked, after the lapse of a considerable time spent in various forms of incantation; "what passes before your eyes? say."

"I see," replied the king,—*"I see a great light on yonder plain, though all around and about me is pitch darkness."*

"Well," she replied, rather sternly.

"I see," he proceeded,—*"I see an immense assemblage of wild animals,—the lordly lion, the spotted pard, the striped tiger, the huge elephant, the graceful unicorn—gods! they are coming this way!—they'll devour us!"* He turned, as though to fly.

"Fool, said the sorceress sharply, "they cannot come here, and they will not harm you. Look again. What see you now!"

He looked again; he was evidently in much alarm.

"I see bears, and wolves, and jackalls, and hyænas. Heaven protect us!" he resumed, in fear and trembling, "the others are all gone! How is this?"

"Peace!" interposed the queen, "it boots not to you."

The king's heart quaked, and he was silent under her reproving glance.

"Look again!" cried she, after a moment's pause "look again,—'tis your last time! What see you now?"

"I see now dogs and cats, and little animals of all kinds," he made answer in a more assured tone. "But there is one small animal—smaller than a mouse—who seems to hold them all in subjection. I do not know what it is like, or what

it may be; but, oh, wonder upon wonder! he is eating them up!—he has swallowed them all!—ay, every one of them,—dogs, cats, rats, and mice, all—all! one after another!”

“That will do,” spake the queen: “the play is over.”

Childerich looked again; but the light, the plain, the animals, all had vanished, and there was only darkness and dreary vacancy around. He prayed the queen to tell him what these things denoted, and she promised compliance as soon as they reached the palace. As they lay in bed together that night, she thus outspoke to him in accordance with his request, and her own promise,

“The first vision you beheld denoted our immediate successors in this kingdom. Bold as lions will they be, fearful as tigers, strong as elephants, unique as unicorns, beautiful as the spotted pard. These are the men of an age. One hundred years shall they rule over this land, for a century shall they be its sovereigns.”

“Praise be to the gods!” exclaimed the delighted Childerich.

“The second,” pursued she, “are the men of the next age—of the following century—our more remote descendants—their immediate successors in this sovereignty.”

Childerich liked not much the similitude of his offspring to those animals of the second vision, and he made a gesture to that effect when he heard it. The queen, however, heeded him not, her mind’s eye looked not on the present—she saw only the future.

“Rude as the bear,” she went on, rapt in her subject, “fell as the wolf, fawning as the jack-

all, cruel as the hyæna, shall they be—the curse of their people—their own curse!”

“Enough! enough!” cried the king; “go on to the last.”

“The last one, of the age following, the last of your name and lineage—the century which comes next after—they will be,” — she continued, — “weak, timid, irresolute, vacillating, and uncertain—the prey of every thing base, and mean and low—the victims of violence—the sport of deceit and cunning; they will at last be deposed and destroyed by one of the smallest of their own subjects.”

If this tale be true, how wonderfully was the queen's prediction verified in the result! Pepin of Heristall, mayor of the palace to the Austrasian monarchs, who overturned the Merovignian dynasty about three hundred years after its foundation, is stated to have been one of the smallest men of his day.

The further fate of this race is more within the province of history than the scope of these pages

An interest of another and a gentler nature attaches, however, to Andernach palace and its vicinity; or the well-known legend of St. Geneviève belongs to them. We have the authority of a historian,* the sanction of the church,** and the credulity of many believing generations, for the general correctness of this wide-spread and

* *Vogt Rheinische Geschichten und Sagen* b. 3.

** Geneviève of Brabant has long been a standard saint in the Roman calendar.

touching tradition. That its main features are true, no one can doubt after such concurrent testimony.

GENOVEVA OF BRABANT.

In the year of grace 558, the four kingdoms of the east and west Franks, Burgundy, and Germany, were united into one monarchy, in the person of Clotaire, the youngest son of Chlodwig, or Clodio, founder of the Frankish empire, on the demise of his three brothers, Theodore, Chlodomir, and Childebert, without male issue of sufficient age to succeed to the throne.* The great extent of this empire caused the king, Clotaire, to apportion out the chiefest parts of it to his military retainers: and each gau, or tract of land, had a count, or gaugraf, set over it as

* Chlodomir left behind him two sons, in their minority, who were slain before they came of age, by order of their uncles Clotaire and Childebert, to prevent their succession to the kingdom. Montesquieu, (*Esprit des Loix*, Leo XVIII. chap. 29.) quoting Gregory of Tours (liv. iii.) in relation to this circumstance, says: "On a vu, que chez les Germains on n'alloit à l'assemblée avant la majorité: on étoit partie de la famille, et non pas de la république. Cela fit que les enfans de Clodemir, roi d'Orléans et conquérant de la Bourgogne, ne furent point déclarés rois, parce que, dans l'âge tendre où ils étoient, ils ne pouvoient pas être présentés à l'assemblée. Ils n'étoient rois encore, mais ils devoient l'être lorsque ils seroient capable de porter les armes: et cependant, Clotilde, leur aïeule, gouvernait l'état. Leurs oncles, Clotaire et Childebert, les égorgèrent, et partagèrent leur royaume. Cet exemple fut cause que, dans la suite, les Princes pupilles furent déclarés rois d'abord après la mort de leurs pères."

governor and head, in the same manner as the descendants of Clotaire were subsequently ruled themselves by their own chief officers. At this period the Rhine watered the shores of Austrasia—the fertile country lying between that river, the Maas, and the Mosel, was so named—and formed the boundary of that, then one of the most important portions of the kingdom.

Two centuries later, when Austrasia was still nominally governed by the worn-out remnant of the Merovignian monarchs, Theodoric the Fourth, but in reality the celebrated Charles Martel, mayor of the palace, and founder of the Carolingian dynasty, its deserted second capital, Andernach was occupied by one of these gaugrafs, or counts, who, in the troubles of the time, and through the impunity of ages, had assumed an absolute sway over that portion of the kingdom, and acknowledged only in semblance the authority of the weak and wicked monarch, who then resided in Paris. Tradition, for happily we have no higher authority, tells us that his name was Siegfried; that he was a brave and a bold man; that he was sprung from one of the oldest and most noble families among the Ripuarian Franks; that his power was great, and his alliances co-extensive with his power; that his friendship was much courted by his sovereign, Theodoric; that he was in the confidence of his sovereign's sovereign, Charles Martel, whose ambitious views he favoured and seconded; and that, finally, he had but recently married a most beautiful and virtuous wife, Genoveva, daughter of the Duke of Brabant better known in the monkish lore of the middle ages, and the imitative romance of modern times,

as the blessed St. Geneviève of Brabant. It is of her remarkable history—most remarkable indeed, if it may be credited—that the following legend treats. There is not a cottage in the northern and eastern parts of France, in the western parts of Germany, in the new sovereignty of Belgium, or in the fens and flats of Holland and Flanders, that does not possess some print or doub, or picture or memorial, illustrative of it.

Siegfried and Genoseva lived together for some time in peace and happiness, although they were unblest with any offspring. It was about this period that the Saracens, under their great Emir Abderrahman, crossed the Pyrenees; making an inroad into the very heart of the Frankish monarchy, and penetrating as far north as Tours, with the view of possessing themselves of the entire of Christendom.* Among the knights and nobles summoned to the aid of the faith, and the defence of the kingdom against the infidels, Siegfried was of the first; and, at the head of all the available chivalry of his district, he set forth without delay to join the main army, and meet the common enemy. Fain would the fond Genoseva have accompanied her beloved husband to the wars, and willingly would she have shared with him the perils and privations of the camp, the dangers and distresses of the field; but he would not hear of such a sacrifice on her part, however much he felt proud of it himself, and she was forced by his

* A. D. 732.

care to remain in Andernach, until the campaign should terminate in one way or the other. That she might have every necessary protection in his absence, he selected from the most favoured of his followers a young and noble knight, Sir Golo von Drachenfels, and confided her to his safe keeping while the contest lasted; constituting him joint regent of his territory with her, until his own return from the south to resume again its government. The parting between the tender pair was touching to think of and painful to witness; but it took place notwithstanding. Siegfried set forth on his distant and dangerous journey, full of spirits and hope; while his young bride wept alone and in silence her sad bereavement.

For days and weeks did the fair Genoveva remain inconsolable: for weeks and months was she sad and sick at heart for her great loss. Her single solace was the fond anticipation of her husband's return; her only consolation, to talk of him to her handmaidens, as they sat around her at needle-work in her bower; to pray for his safety was her sole pleasure; to rejoice in his success, her greatest gratification and delight. In the meantime, Sir Golo governed the state with justice and wisdom; and, by his moderation and generosity, won to himself the hearts of all in the land. But, as the old proverb tells us, "all is not gold that glistens:" and so was it in the case of Sir Golo von Drachenfels. His heart was consumed by a passion which poisoned his existence, because it could not be indulged without degradation to his honour, and a base betrayal of confidence, friend-

ship, and faith;—he wildly, madly loved the fair and gentle Geneveva.

"It may be that my humble services will please her," argued he with himself, ere he accepted the charge confided to him by his friend and feudal sovereign: "at all events, I shall be ever near her. Then, when a thought of the consequence of tampering with his passion, or giving it rein over him, crossed his mind, he would exclaim: "To abuse Siegfried's confidence! to debase myself! to be a traitor to the trust reposed in me! no! never! Such conduct is only that of a base-born hind. I am a noble knight, and a noble knight's son. I will bask in the sunshine of her beauty; I will endeavour to alleviate the misery I feel in her soft smile—but to betray my friend and lord, I shall never do so!—no! never!"

Like many other well-intentioned men, however, he suffered his good resolutions to be led captive by his passions; and he yielded up his better judgment to the sway of his feelings, when resistance to their impulses might have been wholly successful.

The fair Geneveva, unconscious of his attachment, and all too innocent of heart to imagine aught of dishonour in her husband's chosen friend, permitted the young Sir Golo every intimacy which strict propriety sanctioned. He, in return, did all in his power to make himself agreeable to her. But his wild passion grew stronger daily; for, like most other passions, "its appetite only increased with what it fed upon:" still, however, neither by word nor by action did he give the slightest cause for suspicion of the fact

to its innocent and lovely object. It did not, however, escape the observation of those around the court that the knight loved the ladye; but it came to the ears of the countess herself only by the merest accident, though some time spoken of.

One morning, as she took her accustomed walk in the pleasure-grounds of the palace, she heard Sir Golo sing to himself, as he deemed, unlistened by any person, a song descriptive of his own situation; and it was with horror, surprise, and deep sorrow, that she was, for the first time, aware of her own name mixed up with the fierce breathings of unholy passion, by him who should have been her best protector. From thenceforth the virtuous lady saw him scarcely at all: and it was only when the business of the state required it that she permitted his presence; but then, always, before her hand-maidens.

In a neighbouring castle, not far from the palace at Andernach, there dwelt a ladye, the widow of a baron, who had been guardian to Sir Golo von Drachenfels during his minority, and to whom, on the death of her husband, while the young Golo was yet a child, that office subsequently reverted. Her name was Mathilda. Once she had been very beautiful, and she was then courted of all: years, however, had long effaced a great portion of her loveliness, and given her deceit in its stead. But, although old and not handsome, she was still vainer than ever she had been even in her youthful prime. If a feeling for any thing, unlike selfishness,

abode in her bosom, it was for her protégé, Sir Golo, whom she loved with even more than a mother's affection, if that were possible. A formidable intriguer—a most consummate mistress of all the indirect arts of society at that period, she knew how to barb the dart while she soothed the victim, and could caress and flatter her prey even as she destroyed it. Such a woman it was that came on a lengthened visit to Andernach, to the court of the lovely Genofeva. It was like pairing the wolf and the lamb, so fearfully incongruous was the association.

The cloud which rested on the brow of her favourite Sir Golo was the first circumstance noticed by her; the second was the constraint which the pure-minded mistress of the palace imposed upon herself in his presence. From cunning like this woman's the secret could not be long concealed: by flattery and other artful means she succeeded in extracting, first from her protégé the confession of his love, and subsequently, from Genofeva, her knowledge of the fact.

"And now," said Sir Golo, in conclusion of his tale, "there is no alternative left for me. I must either fly or die."

"Fly or die!" mockingly repeated his confidant. "There is no need to do either. Leave the thing to me."

"I would fain inform my husband of the passion of Sir Golo," said, in a later communication to her, the fair Genofeva. "I may have no mystery with the lord of my affections as well as my person. He must know all."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed this wicked woman, "you shall do nothing of the kind. Would you

get my poor boy murdered by the angry count? Surely, surely, you could never have the heart for that:" and the gentle Genoveva was thus won over to withhold the fatal secret from her husband.

And so, like a snake in the grass, or rather like the serpent amidst flowers, did this wicked woman dwell in the palace of Andernach. From that time forward she left no plan untried, no art unessayed, to seduce the affection of the countess from her spouse, and to obtain their transfer to her accomplice, Sir Golo von Drachenfels; but she experienced only defeat in all her plans, and her base arts recoiled one after the other upon herself. The innocence and purity of the fair Genoveva were her best protectors; and she walked along "in glory and in joy," following undeviatingly the right path, because she knew not that there existed any other. In vain did the baroness seek to make her lend a favourable ear to the suit of her protégé; in vain did she expatiate on his worth, his youth, his comeliness; insinuation or entreaty were equally powerless, equally inefficacious, with the virtuous wife whom she would fain have made her victim. She did not, however, communicate the invariable repulses she received, nor the repeated defeats she sustained, to her accomplice and paramour, for such, in truth, he had become: but, on the contrary, by false representations and by deceitful promises, she contrived to hold out to him a hope of certain success in their nefarious efforts. Thus matters went on for a while.

Among the inferior domestics of the court, there was one named Dragonés, a man in every way

above his lowly station. The countess was very partial to him because of his uniform good conduct; and she valued him greatly for his knowledge of the world, as well as much of what it contains—of men and things. It was his delight to select the choicest bouquet for her bower; and to bring her the most beautiful birds to be found in the forests gave him the greatest pleasure; while the gentle ladye always received his gifts with praise and kindness, because she knew them to be the offering of an honest heart, though humble,—of a heart entirely devoted to her service and that of her beloved husband. It so happened that, early one morning, as this worthy man was abroad in the gardens of the palace, collecting a nosegay of dew-bathed flowers for her bower, he overheard a conversation between the Baroness Mathilda and her confederate, Sir Golo, in which enough was disclosed of their deadly plot against his mistress to make him shudder with horror, and cause his flesh to creep. Without a moment's delay he sought out Genofeva, and communicated to her all he had heard, and every thing that he had been privy to. The pure-minded lady was horrified at the recital; but she was too good to injure even those who designed her harm: she deemed, on reflection, that Dragoness might have mistaken the purport of the conversation; or, that, in his zeal for her safety, he might perhaps have misinterpreted it. Influenced by these feelings, she did not act on the information she had received; she did not dismiss Mathilda from her court; nor did she command Golo to absent himself from her council: but she could not avoid displaying a degree of

coldness and reserve towards the former which had never before been shown by her; and to the latter she was so distant and ceremonious in their scant intercourse, that he was involuntarily compelled to keep at a greater distance from her pure presence than ever. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth:" how much more must they feel who know that their guilt is discovered? It was so with Golo and his paramour. Dragones was at once suspected by them. As the transition from mad love to insane hatred is most easy, the countess and her faithful servant were doomed by them to immediate destruction; and every plan which baffled spite or defeated malice could devise was at once brought into play to effect their fearful purpose.

In the meanwhile, the Count Siegfried, unknowing of the danger which impended over his beloved wife, and all unconscious of the plots laid against his own peace and happiness, was, pursuing a bright career of conquest and glory against the common enemy of Christendom. In the decisive victory of Tours, where the might of the Saracen was smote to fragments — even as the rock by the smith's sledge-hammer — by Charles Martel,* Siegfried took a very prominent part. For his valour and conduct on that day he obtained the public approbation of the commander, and the applause of the entire army. A spear wound, however, which he received in the affray, incapacitated him from taking the field for a long time after; and his convalescence was greatly delayed by the extraordinary silence of Geneveva,

* Charles the Hammer.

of whom, during wellnigh a year, he had now heard nothing. Day and night he thought of her, and of her alone; his soul was filled with fears for her safety or her health; but of her honour he never entertained the slightest suspicion. He could endure this state of torturing suspense no longer; so, while the negotiations for peace were pending, he despatched a trusty messenger, the knight of Rheingrafenstein, to Andernach, to ascertain all the circumstances of his ladye's condition.

It was a beautiful summer evening—the rooks were returning to their nests, the song-birds were warbling their vesper hymn, the cricket was chirping his farewell to day, and the tender plants which close their petals to the night dew, were expanding their delicate bosoms, as if to catch a last kiss of the setting sun, when Genofeva, sad, but also rejoiced—if joy and sorrow can be coexistent in the same bosom at the same moment—sat alone in her garden bower, on the margin of that mighty river, the beautiful Rhine. That day had she received the message of her husband; and her soul was filled with the most conflicting emotions. The love she bore him made her magnify his wounds, almost to deem him nigh to death; while her heart throbbed with delight to find she was as fondly remembered by him as ever. She had not been long in this situation, when her solitude was disturbed by the heavy tread of a man. In a moment more his thick, hot breathing, was felt as well as heard by her; for it scorched her delicate cheek, so close was it to her. Terrified and shocked beyond measure, she looked up; and her horror was

equal to her surprise when she beheld by her side Sir Golo of Drachenfels. It required not an instant's consideration to point out the course she should pursue; she rose, and, beckoning the intruder aside, with all the dignity of her sex and station, made at once to leave the bower. But the die was cast; the guilty traitor was too deeply steeped in crime: his character, nay, his very existence, was in peril: he had staked his all—it was life or death with him at that moment. Stammering out a few incoherent words, he threw himself between the countess and the entrance of the arbour, and effectually cut off all egress from the spot.

"Miserable man!" exclaimed the indignant Genoveva; "miserable man! what would you? Would you injure her whom you have sworn to protect, to uphold, to support, against all enemies? Would you destroy the wife of your friend and master, whom he has trustfully confided to your care? Off, wretched being! Off! off! and let me pass on to the palace!"

The traitor, however, was not to be deterred by the dignity of innocence or the eloquence of virtue—few traitors ever were, ever are, or ever will be. He had gone too far to recede; to draw back would be perdition to him,—so, at least, he concluded with himself. If he advanced, he might meet with success; if he retreated, he was certain of death.

"It is all over now," he cried, attempting to embrace the countess, his inflamed eyes the while glowing with uncurbed passion; "you must be mine. Will ye? will ye?"

"Never!" shrieked she; "never! Help! help! help!"

Her cries were not unheard; for he who gave them cause was not unnoticed nor unobserved. Dragonès, the faithful Dragonès, ever watchful for the safety of his beloved mistress, was at her side in a moment. He had seen Sir Golo enter the bower as he collected simples in the shrubbery; and he had followed close on his steps for the purpose of defeating his wicked designs against the innocent Genoveva.

"Unhand her, villain, or you die!" shouted he to Golo, in a voice of thunder. "Fear not, most gentle lady," he addressed himself to the countess with much gentleness, "my life is at your service."

"Base slave, begone!" shouted the infuriated traitor, drawing his sword as he spoke, and making a thrust at the intruder.

"Have at you, then!" cried Dragonès, making a deadly pass at him in return.

Genoveva fell senseless to the earth at the commencement of the affray.

"Help! help!" shrieked the Baroness Mathilda, who had been lurking in the bushes close by, to await the result of her infernal machinations. "Help! help! help!"

The gardener, old Adam, accompanied by a portion of the palace guard, were quickly on the spot.

"Seize that villain traitor," said the wicked woman, pointing to Dragonès. "Seize him! seize him! he would fain have dishonoured the count, your lord. But for the timely coming of his friend, the good Sir Golo, he would have

ere now effected it with the willing wife ; and, behold, he has even drawn his sword on the representative of his sovereign ! Was ever such bold-faced vilany in such a slave ? ”

It booted not what the hapless Dragonés could say in his own defence ; for who would believe a serf in preference to a noble knight, possessed too of the sovereign power of state, and a noble lady, his dear friend ? Certainly not one of their own class or condition, still less one of those beneath them. And the countess, who could alone have vindicated his innocence, was conveyed to her chamber in a state of protracted insensibility. His prayers and his protestations were unheeded, or only served to aggravate his guilt in the eyes of his captors ; he was dragged off to the keep of the palace without delay ; he was thrown at once into its deepest dungeon. “ To make assurance doubly sure,” a guard, composed exclusively of Golo and Mathilda’s creatures, was placed constantly on the sick chamber of the countess ; and reports the most injurious to her character, the most destructive to her fair fame, were industriously propagated in the court by the delinquents, during the dangerous illness that followed that scene of excitement and crime.

But this was not all. A confession, purporting to be made and signed by Dragonés, in which he acknowledged a guilty commerce with the countess, was forged by the conspirators ; and the hapless victim, to prevent a *viva voce* examination, was removed by poison, prepared by the hands of the baroness herself. This confession, authenticated by the signature of Golo,

was despatched to the camp at Tours; and the knight of Rheingrafenstein, who had arrived at Andernach almost about this time, was made the bearer of it to his lord, the Count Siegfried. In the meanwhile, the innocent Genoveva was kept a strict prisoner in her chamber, and denied all intercourse with any of her domestics who were supposed to entertain a feeling in her favour; until an answer should be received from her husband.

In this solitary confinement, bowed down by sorrow, abandoned by hope (for she had been informed of the death of Dragonés, and the simulated confession of his guilt), despairing of relief, and all but utterly prostrate and broken-hearted, Genoveva gave birth to a beautiful boy, the first fruits of her inauspicious marriage. He was the very image of the count, his father; eyes, traits, hair, complexion, all were his; and not even the most casual observer could mistake the near relationship indicated so strongly by the close resemblance. But, blinded by their own wickedness, the guilty twain, Golo and Mathilda, resolved to make this circumstance a further means for the more effectually accomplishing the hapless countess's destruction. The child was baptized by the name of *Schmerzenreich*—by reason that he was brought forth in sorrow, and seemed destined to suffer but pain in his passage through this life. Before this pledge of mutual love had attained a month of age, an *avant courier* announced the coming of the count, stating that he would be at Andernach in a few days, and giving orders for all

requisite preparation for his coming. He came accordingly at the time appointed.

In a solemn assembly of the feudatories of the county, convoked by Siegfried for the occasion, Golo of Drachensfels stood forth as the accuser of the Countess Geneveva. He charged her with adultery—he charged her with treason to her husband's bed; and he asserted that her beautiful boy was the offspring of a shameless intercourse with the deceased Dragenes. These accusations he offered to prove by deadly combat in the duel, with whoever dared to dispute them, or to stand forth in that persecuted lady's defence.

Pale, silent, and sad, the gentle Geneveva sat at the bar of that awful court, and heard this foul accusation. When she arose to reply, her strength and her senses failed her together, and she sank to the earth in a deep swoon. She was, however, soon restored to recollection; and trial proceeded.

"Geneveva of Brabant," spake the herald of the court, in the cold, clear tones of utter indifference, so wretched for the accused to hear, because so indicative of scant sympathy; "Geneveva of Brabant, have you no champion to take up your cause? If you have, name him. The court awaits your reply."

A deep stillness pervaded the assembly for some moments. The countess cast her eyes imploringly around on the crowded circle; but she could see no responsive glance among the knights and nobles who composed it; and she only sighed and cast down her eyes in answer.

The summons was repeated a second time,

with the same result. A third and last time the herald put the question.

"She has!" replied a strong voice in the rear of the crowd, after another pause, in which the judges were preparing to pass sentence on her as on one convict for want of defence, and doomed by the decision of heaven.

"Stand forth," cried the herald.

"I am here."

A buzz of delight resounded through the court as the young, valiant, and noble knight of Rheingrafenstein stepped forward and flung his gauntlet on the ground.

"You!" exclaimed Golo. "You!" and the traitor, unable to hide his emotion, bit his lips till the blood started.

"I will maintain the innocence of the gentle Countess Genoveva," exclaimed her brave defender; "ay! to the death I will maintain it. Be the battle with you, traitor, to the outrance."

"God defend the right!" solemnly spake the herald.

"Be it to-morrow," said Siegfried. "God defend the right!"

The court then broke up for the day.

The morrow came; the lists were erected; the court was assembled; the marshals of the field and their men were there fully accoutred. On a given signal the bars were thrown down, and the combatants entered. At another signal they commenced the affray. The battle was long and bloody; but God defended not the right to all appearance, for it ended with the death of the noble knight of Rheingrafenstein. In his eagerness to reach the traitor Golo, he had exposed

himself too much to the skill of his adversary; and, through an unguarded spot, he received the deadly point of his antagonist's sword in his heart.

"Yours is only the triumph of hell," were the last words of the brave youth, as Golo approached to despatch him. "The triumph of hell," he muttered, as his life-blood welled forth on that fatal arena, and he sank down never to rise more on this earth.

The court had now no alternative, had they even a desire to avail themselves of one, but the condemnation of the culprit.

The Countess Genoseva was duly declared guilty of the weighty crimes charged against her; and by the same sentence was she degraded from her high rank, and sentenced to suffer the most painful form of death. Her innocent offspring was also included in this sweeping doom of destruction. The mode of her punishment was to be directed by the count; and the time also it was left to him to fix; but these he confided to the traitor Golo, since this disastrous occurrence grown to be his greatest favourite and sole confidant.

It was not, however, the policy of the fiendish Mathilda to permit her minion to superintend the execution of the countess; for she thought that, at times, he had shewn too much remorse for the part he had performed in the work of her destruction, to be intrusted with a matter so essential to their mutual safety. Under pretence, therefore, of sparing him the painful feelings attendant upon the due discharge of this horrid duty, she proposed to undertake it herself; and Golo, now entirely at her command, had no alternative but acquiescence in her suggestion. She

then proceeded to put her designs into execution—to give the finishing touch to this hellish plot. Two ruffians attached to her suite were speedily commissioned to slay the hapless Geneveva. The place of execution was settled to be the darkest recesses of that part of the Ardennes forest, which then stretched down even to Andernach. The time was fixed for midnight; and the proof of its completion, it was decided by this fiend, should be the tongues of her victims—that of the young and gentle countess, and her innocent, beautiful babe.

The wild wind roared in the sear leaves of the twisted trees, swinging the fathers of the forest as though their matted tops were a silken awning—the forked lightning shot across the dark sky, ever and anon, piercing the glomy canopy which covered them, when the fair Geneveva, pressing to her heart, as in a last embrace, the helpless object of her maternal love, knelt on the green sward, and bowed down her gentle head to the deadly blow about to be inflicted on her by the glave of one of the two ruffians intrusted with her execution. The second ruffian forced from her arms her crying babe.

With a piercing shriek she cried, “Oh! let me give my boy one kiss more before I die.”

The ruffian again brought it to her, and she embraced it as only a dying mother may embrace her child. Giving him back to the man, she said,

“I am now ready, strike!”

The broad, bright, uplifted sword, gleamed in the lightning as the ruffian whirled it rapidly round his head, to give greater impetus to the descending blow: but ere it fell, quick as thought,

an arrow from the underwood transixed his heart, and he fell to the earth—a corpse. At the same moment, old Adam, the head-gardener of the palace, suddenly made his appearance, with another shaft set in his bow, its unerring point aimed direct at the second ruffian's heart.

"Stir not hence—stir not at all—or you are a dead carcass!" exclaimed the good old man. "Listen and obey, and you, may be, shall live—though 'tis pity to let you. Give me the boy!"

The terrified ruffian, who had made as though he would fly, at once became still; he trembled all over, for he saw that the old man was firm and fully determined.

"Rise, my noble mistress," said old Adam to the countess, "rise, my good ladye, rise! Your life is safe. Here is your precious babe. Bless and preserve you both! Bless you! Bless you!"

Once more the fond mother hugged her infant to her heart. Who can tell her joy—her unspeakable delight?

"And now," said he, turning to the cowering ruffian, "you must return to the palace with me. But first you must swear, by all you hold sacred, that you will do even as I bid you, and never betray me to any one."

The oath was taken: the ruffian would have murdered his mother to save his own wretched life.

"Go, ladye," said the old man silently, the big tears coursing each other rapidly down his pale and furrowed cheeks, "go, ladye, go, and may God comfort you. He who fed the prophet in the wilderness will not fail you in your need. I can no more. Adieu!"

Genoveva embraced her aged friend and departed; she was soon lost in the gloomy mazes of that thick forest. Adam and the ruffian returned to the palace. Before the latter saw his mistress, he accompanied the former to his humble abode; there he received from the hands of the good old man, the tongue of a sheep and the tongue of a lamb, which he had killed expressly for the occasion.

"Take these," he said, "and even though your mistress were as wise as she is wicked, she would fail to discover the difference between them and those of her destined victims. You have been amply rewarded; all my long savings have fallen to your lot; but Heaven will repay me, and I do not repine at their loss. But, remember, be secret; or, old as I am, your life is not worth a moment's purchase."

The ruffian sought his wicked mistress, and delivered into her hands these simulated proofs of his obedience. He easily satisfied her on the subject of his companion's death. She received them with demoniacal joy; and she rewarded him richly for the foul deed she supposed he had performed.

When the morning dawned, Siegfried was made aware of the execution of his young wife and child; and from that hour forth he never more smiled on any one. His conscience smote him for his cruelty; but he had also an undefined feeling, notwithstanding the clear conviction of his reason, that Genoveva was innocent. Peace nor rest he knew not from thenceforward; and by day as well as by night the images of his victims—the objects of his hasty vengeance

—haunted his fevered imagination. Besides these compunctious visitings, however, his sleep was nightly disturbed with the vision of a spectral form. It was the ghost of the murdered Dragones, who ever and always stood close to his couch in the deep watches of the night, affirming, in a solemn, sepulchral voice, that he also was guiltless of crime. The count daily became paler and thinner; he seemed altogether broken down in appearance; and every thing told of a speedy catastrophe. The government of his county was entirely given up to the traitor Golo; and the false and ambitious baroness ruled his palace and his state with a sovereign sway. Thus passed over a long and weary year.

It was the morning of the new year; the hills and the valleys were sheeted with snow; the brooks and the smaller rivers were frozen in their course; the earth was bound up in the rigid gyves of winter—the mighty Rhine alone flowed free of these frozen fetters; the long heavy icicles hung pendulous from the naked boughs of the forest trees; the little starved birds sat cowering with the cold in their leafless tops, or flew, timidly, to the busy haunts of men to risk life and liberty for food and shelter in the inclement season. The severity of the cold was intense; but still the court of Andernach was in a joyous commotion. How came this to pass? Thus: the Count Siegfried had at length shaken off the lethargy which hung so heavily on his heart since the condemnation and death of his once beloved wife; and he was

now, on a sudden, about to resume his former favourite amusement—the chase. From every apartment of the palace poured forth domestics and retainers, equipped for the inspiriting sport; the neighing, the tramping, the pawing, the champing of eager steeds, were heard in every one of the various courts of the building; the footmen thronged hastily through the great gates and the posterns towards the rendezvous in the forest; the long unused hounds were barking and baying aloud, and bounding about in despite of the leash and the voice of the huntsman and his cracking whip, which ever and anon fell heavily on some wincing rioter—so glad they were to take the field once more; and man and beast—horse, hound, and hunter—each wore the semblance of delight in their actions and in their countenances. Sir Golo of Drachenfels alone was sad in that gay throng; but his accomplice, the Baroness Mathilda, was very unhappy. The former rode beside the count, who, that morning, looked brightly—seeming to have cast off altogether the cloud which had darkened his noble brow for a full twelvemonth past, and to participate in the exciting amusement with the same degree of pleasure as he was wont to feel in days of yore, when peace and happiness were his constant companions. What wrought this change? Listen.

At the very moment when the old year was melting into the new, in the deep silence of the midnight hour, the ghost of the murdered Dragoness had taken its accustomed station by the bedside of Siegfried, and addressed him in these words:—

"Go to the chase to-morrow," spake the spirit; "go, even as was heretofore thy habit. Bid Sir Golo of Drachenfels to the sport. Place watch and ward on the Baroness Mathilda. Obey my behests, and the night will not arrive without bringing to you once more happiness: obey them not, and you perish in your sin. I come from an avenging God: justice must be done on the traitor; the vengeance of heaven will fall on the murderer. 'For whose sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Adieu!"

The vision melted into thin air as the last word died on the count's ear.

"Adieu! adieu!" repeated the shadowy echoes.

Hurrah! hurrah! over moss and over moor,—over hill and over dale,—over ice and over snow,—through stream and through brooklet:—through bush and brier, - through wood and through water - tramp, splash, dash, crash; tra-li-ra-la, goes the merry bugle; cheerily shout the hunters; and headlong onward goes the gay train. The morning sun shines brightly on the sport; every heart in that throng is happy. No, there is one there a prey to all the fends of hell, whom not even the chase can enliven: it is that of Golo. A presentiment of some great impending danger seemed to weigh down his soul to the lowest depths of remorse and despair. He spake not, he smiled not,—he was all wrapt up in his own gloomy thoughts, and saw not even the scene nor the pleasant circumstances which surrounded him. The forest was soon reached; the order of the hunt was speedily form-

ed; a milk-white doe sprang up before them; the dogs were at once cast loose from the leash; halloo went the horns; the footmen cheered lustily; the hounds bayed most musically; the hunters shouted cheerily; the horses neighed, and whined, and champed the foaming bit; the chase went on merrily, right merrily.

"On, my merry men all!" shouted the exhilarated count. "On, my merry men! on!"

"Tra-la-li-ra-la!" pealed the shrill bugles on every side. "Tra-la-li-ra-la-la-la!"

Tramp — tramp — tramp — went the gallant steeds, the gay riders fondly patting their arched necks the while, and proudly smoothing down each flowing mane.

The baying of the hounds was beautiful for a hunter to hear; for,

———— "match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each, a cry more timeable
Was never hallooed to nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly."

The milk-white doe, however, soon distanced them all; dogs, riders, peons, horses all were left behind after a short sharp run, except the count and his close companion, the gloomy Sir Golo. They alone gained on the quarry.

"Now have at ye!" cried the count, as he neared the handsome animal. "'Tis a hit, Sir Golo, I'll guerdon my knighthood!"

He flung his hunting-spear as he spoke; and, true enough, it grazed her side; a slight streak of blood shewed the extent of the wound; it was, haply, but a very slight one. In a moment more the hunted hind was buried in the bushes.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the animated hunter; "now she is ours!"

As he said these words he spurred his reeking steed fiercely onwards, and burst at once through the underwood, which separated him from his prey. An open space of some width then presented itself to his view; it was like a scene in paradise. He galloped across it, following the blood-stained track of the wounded animal.

"God of mercy!" exclaimed he aloud, drawing back as in affright. "What do I see? Hither, Golo, hither! Quick! quick!"

His companion, however, came up but slowly; they approached together the object of his hasty exclamation. Well might the count be surprised. It was a female of transcendent loveliness, in a state of entire nudity; but still completely covered by the impenetrable masses of her long yellow hair, which floated in glittering folds over her ivory shoulders, like the reflection of a rich sunset on the foam-tipped waves of the heaving ocean. This strange ladye knelt on one knee, stanching the blood which defiled the smooth white coat of the stricken doe; while a beautiful boy, of some twelve months old, lay close to the gentle animal sucking her soft dugs, as a child may the breast of a tender mother. The coming of the count and his companion was unheeded by her; indeed she was not conscious of their presence, so wholly was she absorbed in her office of mercy; and it was only when she had succeeded in effecting her purpose, and turned to embrace her boy; that she was aware of their proximity to her.

"God of goodness, save my child!" she exclaimed,—*"my child! my boy!"*

Her lovely form cowered over the laughing infant, as a hen does over her chickens when the hawk is in the sky above them. Her first emotion was the safety of her offspring; her second, shame for her untoward situation.

"Ladye, fear not," cried the count, "you have no cause of fear from me. Whoever you are, you are safe. But stay; bide ye a bit. Here!"

He flung her his mantle as he spake, and thus continued:—"Here, ladye, cover thee with this, and then look up that I may see thy face, which needs must be surpassing fair to match such a lovely form. Fear nothing! I am Siegfried, Gaugraf of Andernach, lord of this forest, and of the adjacent lands."

To envelope herself in the ample folds of the mantle so considerably afforded her—to catch up her infant in her arms—to rush towards the astonished count—to fling herself at his feet—to embrace his knees—to cling to them—was but the work of a single moment.

"My husband!" she shrieked, "my husband!"

"God of goodness! my wife!" was the cry of Siegfried, as he raised her from the earth, to which she had fallen, the first excitement of the moment over.

It was indeed the gentle Genoveva. "The Lord had tempered the wind to the shorn lamb." For twelve long months had she and her dear babe subsisted on the milk of the white doe, which led her husband to this recognition of his wife and child; for twelve long months had they

been denizens of that forest in summer's heat and winter's snows; but they knew not to feel the inclemency of the season, for the God of all mercies was bountiful to them. Fondly and freely did the count fold them both in his arms; blessings and thanks were showered down by him in abundance on their innocent heads. The beautiful white doe, the proximate cause of all this gratulation, bounded about playfully the while, like a happy spaniel dog, ever and anon caressing the ladye and her infant charge, sniffing curiously at the garments of the count, or butting angrily at the traitor Golo, who stood apart at a little distance from the group—a confounded spectator of the scene.

In the meantime, the horn of the count had collected together his numerous train of followers; and there they stood, all around, in a silent circle, with many tearful eyes among them, wondering every one at the singularity of the scene. Each, however, acknowledged that it was a miracle, and admitted that the hand of Providence had prepared the meeting. As they gazed and wondered, Sir Golo stepped forth into the midst of the throng, and thus addressed the count:—

“My lord,”—he spake solemnly; like a man at the hour of death,—“my lord, I am the guilty one. Your noble and virtuous ladye is innocent of all crime.”

On which he related all he knew — his own treason, and the fiendish acts of his accomplice.

“I would fain expiate my crime with my life,” he said in conclusion, “for life has long been a heavy load to me; ever since I injured her

life has been to me a bitter burden. Willingly shall I lay it down now, and die and be at rest."

The count and the gentle Genofeva, followed by their escort, shouting like men mad with excess of joy, returned to the palace at Andernach. They were greeted heartily by the town's folk, who thronged in thousands—young and old, men, women, and little children—to welcome back again their beloved mistress. Golo, strongly guarded, brought up the rear of the procession; he was overwhelmed with the curses and taunts of the multitude, for the whole tale had travelled before them.

There were rejoicings in the dominions of the count for a week, in commemoration of this happy event; and not an eye in Andernach was closed that night for excess of happiness.

Next morning the traitor Golo was brought forth, and doomed to die; the wretched Mathilda, his companion in crime, had poisoned herself the preceding night: the happiness of those she hated was too much for her to witness. Short shrift was allowed the traitor, and his guilty head fell amidst the execrations of the honest multitude—ever abhorrent of such atrocious treachery. The count and countess lived long and happily thenceforward and thereafter, and died nearly about the same time,—the one in the fulness of years, the other in the odour of sanctity.

Such is the legend of Genofeva of Brabant, which has found a responsive echo for ages in the hearts of those long dead, still living, and, perhaps, to be born for centuries upon centuries to come.

NEUWIED.

At some distance above the Devil's House, on the same side of the river, stands the modern town of Neuwied. It offers a striking proof of what the spirit of religious tolerance may effect, if properly developed and rightly directed. Neuwied was founded in 1733, by the Count Frederick William of that name, who opened it as an asylum for the persecuted of all creeds. The result of this enlightened and liberal policy was a degree of prosperity, unparalleled since the decadence of the great commercial cities on the Rhine in the latter end of the middle ages. The sovereignty of this little state has been mediatized, and the sovereign has been rewarded with the title of prince in requital for the relinquishment of his independence. Neuwied possesses many attractions to the intelligent stranger: but the principal, perhaps, are to be found in the remains of Roman antiquities discovered in its vicinity, believed to be the site of the ancient city of Victoria; and the flourishing establishment of the Herrnhuters or Moravian brethren, which still subsists there in all its primitive integrity.

The history of Neuwied is the annals of prosperity for a period of a hundred years: and its perusal affords a practical lesson of the advantages of religious liberality; and of a mild, paternal government. But there is nothing of sufficient interest in it beyond what has been just related, to obtain its further place in these pages, and we shall, therefore, recross the Rhine. Passing over the space intermediate between that river

and the convent and lake of Laach, a little way in the interior of the country, behind Andernach, we shall at once introduce the reader to that romantic spot, and its wild and wondrous associations.

LAACH.

Although Laach, strictly speaking, is scarcely within the scope of this work, treating as it does of the Rhine shores alone, it is still so closely connected with it by situation as well as by circumstances, that to pass it by unnoticed, might be justly deemed the omission of ignorance, or of wilful neglect.

"Leaving Wapanach," writes a young author,* behind us, we again toiled up to a great height through woods and cornfields. The woods which surround the Laacher Sea are royal forest-lands, and are of very great extent; they contain much game; deer and wild boars are abundant in them. When we reached the skirts of forest, we turned round, and resting on our staffs, enjoyed the magnificent view which this elevated spot commanded. In the distance was the high chain of the Westerwald, to which we looked across the charming valley of the Rhine. To the north, were the towering tops of the Seven Mountains, with the singular basalt-capped hills of the Hochwald, speaking plainly of their violent and igneous birth; behind us were the Eifel mountains, on a small branch of which we stood; at our feet wound a little valley, deep sunk between the

* Mrs. Trollope's son, in that lady's pleasing volumes, "Belgium and Western Germany in 1833." John Murray.

richly wooded and precipitous hills we had ascended.

"Having gazed on this landscape for a few minutes, we entered the wood; and, descending for a short distance, came upon the Laacher Sea. It would be impossible for me to describe the astonishment I felt, even though prepared for the scene that opened upon me. I had just climbed to a great height, and but a few moments before had been gazing upon distant valleys far beneath me, yet here I stood beside the blue expanse of an inland sea. It appeared to be the effect of magic, and I felt utterly confounded.

"The lake is a mile and a half long, and a mile wide;* it is surrounded on all sides by hills, without any visible outlet. To the north and east, these hilly banks are very steep, and beautifully wooded to the water's edge, and the pendant boughs dip themselves in the lake. To the west, the bank rises more gradually, and pastures border the water, reaching upward to the noble forest, which here also crowns the summit with a most luxuriant growth. To the south, are bare, uncultivated peaks, which proclaim a volcanic origin; and their sterile nakedness contrasts finely with the rich foliage and smiling meadows which surround the lake on the other side. Vast masses of lava lie scattered round; and I have no doubt that they are right, who in this mountain-lake think they discover the crater of an extinct volcano.

"The accounts given respecting its waters dif-

* Others make it a mile and an eighth long, and a mile and a half broad.

fer: while some assert that neither the heaviest rains nor the longest droughts ever cause them to rise or fall an inch; others relate that the inhabitants of the monastery on its edge were once nearly overwhelmed by their sudden swell. This lake is of great depth, — some say it has never been fathomed; and the peasants all declare than bottom it has none.* The waters are quite clear, and as blue as the middle of the Atlantic."

To this graphic and spirited description it may be added, that the lake of Laach is fed by three thousand springs, according to the rather questionable statement of Schreiber: that the atmosphere which exhales from it is unfavourable to the existence of animal life; and that its waters, having no natural outlet, are drawn off, in seasons of superabundance, through a subterraneous canal, constructed by the monks of the adjacent monastery, in the fourteenth century.

This monastery is very well deserving the notice of the traveller. It was founded in the year 1093, by a certain Henry of Laach, count of Lorraine, who was also *Palatinus Primus*, or Chief Paladin, of the Rhine. The strict rule of St Benedict was adopted by its occupants. For ages the hospitality of the monks of Laach was famous all over the surrounding country; and, perhaps, never was the cenobitical system carried out more advantageously to the community at large than during the long period it was possessed by those excellent men. Up to the time of the first French Revolution, their benevolence continued in full

* The depth is generally stated to be 314 feet; but there are some parts deeper even than that.

activity; but that great political earthquake, which shook society and morals to their very centre—overthrowing, like every other convulsion, the good and the bad, and confounding them together in one indiscriminate heap of wreck and ruin—overthrew also the organisation of this society. The monastery was first forcibly secularised, and then it was sold to the highest bidder who felt disposed to risk his money in that season of universal insecurity and general fear. So much for the real: now for the legendary and traditional connected with the beautiful scenery of this lake and its circumscribing valley.

THE SUNKEN CASTLE.

Two wanderers stood on the shores of the lake of Laach, at the close of a bright summer's day. They had come from far distant lands; and they discoursed together in the light of the setting sun on the lovely scene which lay stretched out before them, and of the traditions which had their abode beneath the surface of those transparent waters.

"Yonder fair lake," spake the senior of the twain,—“yonder fair lake flows over the castle of a chieftain who was great and powerful in days of yore.”

"Yea," replied his companion, “and a proud castle it was too, with its towers, and its bulwarks, and its battlements. It stood on a high hill in the centre of the valley—an object of wonderment and amaze to all strangers—of dread and dismay to all dwellers beneath its shadows, on which side soever they fell.”

"Truly," resumed the senior, “and many wild

tales they tell of the last lord thereof. Listen while I relate one of them."

The younger wanderer bowed his head in silent acquiescence. Both seated themselves on the green turf, beneath the branches of a spreading oak, a spot which looked out over lake, and valley, and mountain. The elder then began.

"The lord of that castle, it is related, was a bold and a bad man—one who made his fellow-men his prey—who sported with their miseries—who delighted in their distresses—who gloated over their ruin. He was a notorious Raub-Ritter; * and rapes, murder, robbery, and marauding of every kind were his constant amusement. Every one hated him; even those who were his agents and accomplices in sin and crime held him in detestation: the oppressor of the poor, the plunderer of the rich, the terror of the church; he was abhorred of all, and none loved him. In seasons of scarcity he would drive his starving serfs from the castle-gate with blows, when they went thither to beg a morsel of food; nay, he would even let loose his hounds on them, and urge them to tear the hapless wretches to pieces. No wealthy way-farer passed through his territory without being stripped of the greatest portion of his property, if not the entire of it: even the voice of the church—through nearly all-potential at that period with mankind—had no power with him: for he stopped not to revile the clergy, or, still worse, to seize whatever of their goods he could lay his unholy hands upon.

* A Robber-Knight.

“At the further side of the lake there also stood, ages ago, another castle; it existed at the same time with the sunken Schloss of Laach, and occupied the brow of the opposite hill. Between the lord of this stronghold and the lord of Laach there existed that kind of friendship which springs only from a community of evil deeds. In a season of famine which fell on the valleys and the highlands of the beautiful shores of the Rhine and the contiguous country, it was the custom of these wicked men to visit each other in chariots formed solely of bread, for the purpose of playing at nine-pins with large loaves; the wretched, starving serfs who witnessed this wanton waste the while, not daring to touch a crumb that fell to the ground, under pain of immediate death, at the hands of the well-fed retainers who guarded them. Many of them, however, braving the terrors of death to satisfy the immediate cravings of appetite, were cut down at once by orders of these fiends in human shape. Thus lived the Lord of Laach.

“It was on an evening in summer—just such an evening as this;—the sun had set in a sea of golden clouds; the bright yellow moon uprose in the east, filling the beautiful valley with her mellow light; the air of heaven was pure and balmy; the earth reposed like an infant asleep; only the song of the lovelorn nightingale was audible in the leaves, or the gentle wooing of the zephyr as he breathed through the rustling foliage, when the Lord of Laach sat in the highest turret of his proud castle. He sat there alone, and looked out on all below him; and he boasted to himself that what he beheld was

his. But he felt no pleasure thereat; for the wicked know but scant joy; and the peace of virtue, and wisdom, and godliness, had departed from his soul for ever. As thus he sate in the solemn silence of the night, he heard a loud screaming, as of many birds of evil omen, in the still heaven above his head; he turned his eyes upwards, and behold! a flock of ravens were floating over the castle-roof, and covering all between him and the sky with a dense living cloud. They then took to flight, but they flew not far: high up in middle air they hung—a portentous speck upon the deep moonlit blue of ether. A crash—a rush—a rumbling noise, like the sound of thunder in the mountains, quickly followed their flight. The terrified wretch felt that his hour had come. He flung himself on the ground; he supplicated mercy; he prayed for pardon, as the massive masonry of his *fortalice* rocked and reeled about with him like a cock-boat on a convulsed ocean. He shrieked aloud in his mortal agony; he tore his hair for the fear of death; he bit his hands in his madness; he was wild with affright, for he fancied to see the forms of all those who had suffered at his hands preparing to fasten on his perishing soul. But shrieks and supplications, agony and remorse, madness and despair, were alike unavailing;—his doom had gone forth; the vengeance of an offended God was let loose upon him, even as he had often loosed his hounds on the starving poor: for him there was no salvation here, and, it may be, hereafter;—no hope—no prospect—no chance.

“The affrighted inhabitants of the vally saw

the next morning a broad lake where had stood the high hill, castle-crowned, of their lordly oppressor but the evening before:—hill and castle had sunk in the earth ere the night had sped over, and “left not a wrack behind’.”

“It is a fearful tale,” said the younger wanderer; “but I have heard the legend of that castle and its wicked lord differently related.”

“Tell it then,” said his companion.

“The Lord of that Raub-nest,” * pursued the junior accordingly, “was a wild and a wicked man. It may be that he was the same as him whose story you have just narrated; it may be that he was before or that he lived after him: but be that as it may, a wild and a wicked man—a godless tyrant—a truthless friend—a disloyal baron—was he. Nothing was too hot or too heavy for his rapacious hands! nothing too sacred for his filthy gratification. On one occasion he robbed the altar of God; on another, he tore from her convent sanctuary and ravished by violence a vowed nun. Plunder was his pleasure; murder his pastime; and all evil deeds gave him delight. It is true that he would do penance for his sacrilege, when the church was too strong for him; and it is equally true that he restored the ravished nun to the convent, when he discovered that she was his own sister; but for all the murders he had committed, for all the rapine he had done, for all the injuries he had inflicted on his fellow-men, he never re-

* Robber-den.

pented; and he continued the same dreadful career of wickedness, and sin, and crime to the last hour of his existence.

“Well, as the old story runs, one morning—it was the morning of a day on which a banquet was to be given by him in his strong castle—the cook who had sent to the fisher for fish, received, instead of an eel, a silver-bellied serpent of a species altogether unknown in this country. It was, however, so like an eel, that it seemed next to impossible to distinguish the one from the other; and the cook dressed it for dinner accordingly. Of all the guests at the banquet that day, the lord of the castle alone partook of this dish. You shall hear what happened to him therefore.

“He had no sooner eaten of it than he became aware of an entirely new faculty existent in his mind: he discovered that he could understand the language of animals, and found himself perfectly well acquainted with the meaning of all the sounds which they emitted. A proud man and a vain was he of this knowledge, and much he prided himself on its acquisition. But he did not solely possess it; for the servant man who had waited at table, had also tasted of this wonderful food; and, equally with his master, he too acquired this wondrous faculty.

“It was, however, a fearful knowledge for the Lord of Laach, and one that he had been far better off without possessing. In every twitter of the little birds—in the low of the cattle, the bleat of the innocent lambs, the grunt of the swine, the crow of the house-rock, the chirp of the sparrow, the gabble of the turkey, the

hiss of the goose—in short, in the natural sounds of all animals, tame and wild, which he encountered, he heard alone of his crimes and of their probable punishment; thus almost every hour of his existence was now embittered by those unconscious monitors of his evil deeds. The agony he endured was intense; he did not, however, amend his life even for that; but persevered in his wicked courses with the same dogged audacity as before.

“‘It is so hot!’ he exclaimed to himself, as he walked one morning in the gardens of his castle, to catch the balmy breeze of the newly-awakened day; ‘Methinks that the place is ventilated with the vapours of hell. Ugh! Ugh! Where shall I find coolness and repose? My very heart burns within me.’

“‘My lord!’ stammered forth a menial, booted and spurred, and travel-stained, as though he had ridden all night on an errand of life and death—‘My lord! my lord! your sweet sister is dead. She never held up her head since that—’

“The Lord of Laach beat his breast in the bitterness of his grief, and sought his chamber to hide the overpowering emotions of his conscience. As he hastened through the garden-walks, he heard his name in every bush: the little birds all warbled forth a psalm of the impending vengeance of God upon his ruthless life, and exulted in the speedy punishment of his hideous deeds. In the poultry-yard of the castle, through which he passed for greater privacy, he became aware of an awful commotion among its feathered occupants. For a moment he listened to a dialogue between ‘a solitary sparrow on the

house-top' and a maternal dove who sat brooding in her cote over an unfledged generation of little bipeds.

"'And is it even so?' twittered the sparrow—
'Is it even so, in good truth?'

"'Ay, in truth,' answered the cooing dove;
'in good truth, it is.' Twit! twit!' cried the sparrow; 'Yon is the man.'

"The dove looked down and saw the Lord of Laach.

"'Ay! ay!' cooed the pretty creature, 'there is the wretch. His measure is full—his race is run — his hours are numbered — yea, his very minutes are counted. In one short hour will this castle and all within it—he, and they, and every living thing, be swallowed up in the earth; and over it shall roll the ceaseless, sounding waters.'

"The servant of the Lord of Laach had overheard, as he stood at the barn-door, the story of the dove. On this he up and told to his master all that he knew; and to his subsequent questions, he admitted how he came by the knowledge.

"'Speed thee! speed thee!' cried the Lord of Laach, 'speed thee! and saddle quick my bravest steed! Lose not a moment!—No, stay! Get ye together all my valuables! I'll saddle the roan horse myself.

"The steed stood at the stable-door, and the Lord of Laach, fully equipped, stood beside him.

"'Here,' he spake to his servant, 'here, hand me that casket.'

"He took the proffered casket, then leaped lightly into his saddle.

"'Oh, master! master! take me along with you,' shrieked the terrified menial; 'let me not

perish here, I pray you!—I conjure you! The sun just dips—once gone, and it is all over with us—take me with you! take me! take me!

“The Lord of Laach answered nothing to this agonising appeal; he sat in his saddle, as if spell-bound, and looked eagerly to the west, and saw the tip of the declining sun touching the verge of the horizon.

“‘For the sake of Him who made us all—for the sake of that God who suffered for us—for the sake of the Heaven which we should every one seek—for the sake of that mercy which you hope for hereafter—leave me not here to perish!’ thus anxiously prayed the servant to his master. The Lord of Laach was still silent and immovable.

“The sun had sunk; the last line of its margin had just been dipped from view beneath the intervening horizon. Up in his stirrups then stood the Lord of Laach, and thus outspoke he to his prostrate menial:—

“‘You would learn to know what the animals say,’—he gnashed his teeth as he spoke,—‘you would be as wise as I am and as great—save yourself, then, I’ll not aid you—you stir not hence with me. To hell with ye!’

“Setting spurs to his pawing steed as he spoke this cruel speech, he urged him on with might and main to the open portals of the castle.

“‘Well, then,’ shrieked the terrified wretch who so vainly supplicated his vile master’s mercy, ‘an you go, then you shall go with me. We leave this together, or here stay to perish.

“Ere the Lord of Laach could leap from his horse, or extricate himself from the desperate

embrace of that despairing man, the hour of retribution had arrived. A crash—a flash—and a shock like that of an earthquake followed one another in rapid succession; and the Castle of Laach then sunk down for ever in the fathomless abyss which suddenly yawned to swallow it.

“‘The waters wild’ have surged over the spot ever since. Often of a still evening the mournful voices of the wind and wave commingled sound like a solemn dirge for the long departed.”

“Such is the vulgar belief,” spake a deep voice close to the wanderers’ ears; “error ever finds votaries; and the human heart is, unhappily, too prone to credit the evil tale rather than the good. Alas! alas! for poor human nature.”

They both looked up at the speaker, and started with surprise. Well might they start too: for he had come unperceived, and his aspect was one wholly unfamiliar to their eyes. Tall, grave, dignified, and imposing; as that aged man stood before them, he seemed to their imagination like an incarnation of the traditions of ages—a representative of the unforgotten past; and they felt a veneration and an awe in his presence which they could not account for, even if they were ever so well inclined to subtilise on its origin. They rose at once, and paid him the reverence due to his age and venerable appearance.

“Such,” he repeated, on returning their greeting, —“such is the vulgar belief. Alas! alas! that it should be so.”

“But say, father,” asked the younger of the twain, —“say what is the truth?”

"We are here but to learn the lessons of wisdom," interposed the elder. "Be, then, our teacher, an you will, most reverend sire."

"Man should be slow to judge," resumed the noble-looking old man; "he should welgh well before he pronounces sentence on his fellows, past, present, or to come. Listen to my words. Give ear to the truth."

The twain reseated themselves, according to his desire, on the green-sward; the "ancient of days" stood over them in the attitude of an apostle.

"The Lord of Laach," he then went on, "was a just and a good man. Old stories tell us that he was of a pure and a noble race; and old songs sing that he was a famous minstrel, as well as a stalwart knight; one who loved poesy more than pleasure; and whose delight was in diffusing happiness all around him."

"How different," spake both his auditors at the same moment,— "how different from what we have heard!"

"But," continued the old man, not regarding the interruption, "his soul was plunged in the deepest sorrow, and a dense cloud of care always o'ershadowed his lofty brow. Why it was so no man knew, and it boots not now to tell. Suffice it to say, it was not the recollection of misdeeds which troubled his mind, nor the workings of remorse which altered the traits of his clear countenance. Now, mark."

The wanderers bent an eager ear to catch the words of the venerable narrator.

"In yon lake, which then surrounded his insulated dwelling," he pursued,— "insulated,

for that it stood on a lonely island in the very centre of it—in that lake dwell fond spirits innumerable, in grottoes of crystal and caverns of transparent spar; meads of asphodel and amaranth stretch before them; bowers of beautiful form and hue every where invite them to pleasure and repose. Well, these fair spirits grudging to earth the possession of such song as the Lord of Laach produced, in the depths of his solitude, undermined the basis of his rocky abode, eat away its foundations, and drew down gently to the lowermost depths of their subaqueous abode the island, the castle, the poet, and all that was contained within the compass of that lovely spot. An eddy on the face of yon smooth deep points out the place where it once stood, ages long ago; and when the moon is up and the wind is hushed, on a still summer eve, the voice of song from the happy beings below there may still be heard stealing over the bosom of the sleeping waters."

"Oh! for the happiness to hear but the echo of such celestial melody," spake the younger wanderer. "To list it, and cease to live."

"If it were but conceded to us to hearken for a moment only the sound of such unearthly song," spake the elder of the twain, "I——"

"The moon rises!" abruptly interposed the sonorous voice of the ancient stranger. "Like a good man emerging from sorrow and deep grief, she comes forth in the darkness, shedding her chastened light over all below. Behold!"

The travellers looked; they beheld the broad, bright harvest moon surmount the distant hills; they saw her yellow light flood the lonely valley

in which they stood, and form a radiant track on the glistening lake they looked over. A sound, as of many distant harps, then stole on their senses; a commingling of innumerable sweet echoes overcame them; they grew rapt with the transcendent melody which poured in upon them from every side; they became tranced; their faculties were taken prisoners; their souls were wafted away to a higher and a happier sphere; they were "lapped in Elsyium." What time this beatitude lasted they knew not, nor could they guess; but the spell was broken by the passage of a gigantic shadow, whose head touched the heavens, over the placid bosom of the still waters of the lake.

They looked to their ancient instructor for an explanation of the same; he was gone—how, or when, or whither, they knew not.

Such is the legend of Laach.

HOCHÉ'S MONUMENT.

Returning to the shores of the Rhine, and proceeding upwards against the stream, the monument of General Hoche—an ill-formed obelisk—is seen, erected upon a rising ground, commanding a wide reach of the river, and forming a prominent point of view for a great distance around. It is inscribed to his memory by the army of the Sambre and the Meuse. Hoche was a man of high military skill, notwithstanding the miserable failure of his attempt upon Ireland; but the story of his career belongs not to these,

but to the pages of French history. He lies buried at Coblentz.

SAYN.

A little further upwards, on a steep acclivity, washed by the waters of the Sayn, and overlooking the mighty Rhine, stand the shattered towers of the once lordly castle of Sayn. These extensive ruins are believed to bear date from the tenth century; and tradition ascribes their erection to a Count of Sayn, famous for his feats of arms against the Saracens. Some recollections of his life have been preserved. This is one of them:—

JUST IN TIME.

“As the Count of Sayn lay abed one night beside his young and lovely bride, to whom he had been but recently espoused, lo and behold!” says the legend, “he saw an angel from heaven hover over his head, who bade him go forth from the home of his fathers for seven long years, to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. In the morning the will of God was communicated by him to his wife; and he seriously set about preparing for his immediate departure. His preparation completed, he committed his beloved bride to the safe keeping of a fond and noble friend, giving him also power over his lands and vassals in his absence; he then set out on his distant and perilous journey accompanied by an ample train of followers.

"Seven years had wellnigh passed and gone. The Count of Sayn lay beneath the shadow of a palm-tree on the far-off plains of Palestine; the few of his vassals whom the wars had spared reposed around him; they all slept away the noon-tide heat in this grateful, cool spot. As he slept, lo and behold! the same angel, who had bade him go forth from home, appeared to him again to his view, in the vision of a dream, and telling him that his pilgrimage had now expired: the heavenly herald commanded him to rise at once, and return without delay to the shores of the Rhine. Without delay he accordingly arose, and at once set out on his journey. In due time he reached the vicinity of his own dwelling.

"Now, it so happened that, as he approached the Castle of Sayn, he encountered several groups of people hastening thither also: some gay, as though on a holyday excursion; others grave, as though engaged on weighty business; while a third party, evidently mendicants, seemed looking out for proviant for the day, content to find it without caring for the morrow. Joining in with the latter, he ascertained that on that very night his ladye was to be wedded to his friend, for that the seven years of his stay had expired on the previous evening, and that he was therefore believed to be dead. They soon reached the castle, which was alive with preparations for the approaching nuptials. The count, disguised as a palmer, took up his station with the mendicant crew whom he had ac-

accompanied thither in a corner of the inner courtyard.

“‘Tell your noble ladye,’ said he to the almoner who came round with the dole customary on such occasions—‘tell her that a poor palmer from Palestine would fain speak one word with her.’

“The priest retired to execute this errand; but the ladye was not to be spoken with: at that moment she was approaching the altar to wed his rival. Such was the answer he received. He now hastened to the chapel; in the tumult, he entered it entirely unperceived. The chaplain stood at the altar; the expectant pair stood before him; the bride radiant with beauty; the bridegroom on tip toe with hope and expectation. In a corner of the chapel, hidden behind a massive pillar, crouched the Count of Sayn. The priest spake the nuptial ceremony—his hand was put forth to place the wedding-ring on the ladye’s finger. At that moment the sound of song was heard in the sacred place. It was a song which the ladye well remembered, and which she knew was known to none but her lost husband. She could not repress her emotions; she fell senseless at the altar-foot; and the nuptials were postponed to the next day in consequence of her agitation.

“Not so, however, the banquet; that proceeded as if nothing had happened. The fair dame, who had now partially recovered, headed the table; seated beside her was her intended bridegroom. Again did the Count of Sayn obtain ad-

mission to their presence, in the bustle and excitement of the hour and the circumstance, and again did he stand before his wife and his friend in the garb of a mendicant pilgrim.

“‘Ladye,’ he spake, approaching the head of the table, where she sat in graceful pride—‘ladye, give me a cup of wine, for God’s sake!’

“The menial crew would have chased the poor petitioner from the hall; but the gentle dame forbade them to touch him: she then complied with his request, and poured him out a beaker of the generous beverage with her own fair hands.

“‘Here’s to the health of the Count of Sayn!’ said the palmer, raising his voice to its highest pitch, and drinking deeply of the foaming cup.—‘Ladye, will you pledge me?’

“He handed her the wine-cup as he spoke, and she took it freely from his hand. He had, however, contrived to drop his signet-ring in the vessel before he gave it to her. She swallowed the draught in silence; but the ring remained in her mouth.

“‘My husband!’ she cried, giving him one searching look, and then flinging herself in his extended arms.

“‘My friend!’ exclaimed the bridegroom elect, kneeling at the poor palmer’s feet.

“‘Forgive us! forgive us!’ supplicated both in the most touching accents—‘forgive! forgive!’

“The guests and the vassals thronged around the group, and made the welkin ring with the boisterous greeting they gave their master.

“Raising the suppliants, the good-natured count embraced and forgave them; then, taking

his rightful place at the board, the remainder of the night was spent in true German conviviality."

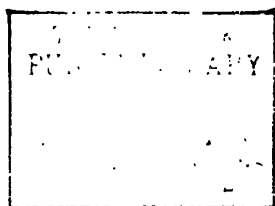
The legend adds, very judiciously; that "he never afterwards opened his lips on the subject, either in reproach or pleasantry; but preserved an inviolate silence to the end of a long and happy life."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE RHINE.

Volume II.







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THE RHINE.

COBLENTZ.

COBLENTZ is one of the most ancient cities on the shores of the Rhine. At the time of the invasion of Drusus Germanicus (a. c. 13) a castle was built there by that conqueror; which, in process of time, became the centre of the great city that stood on both banks of the Rhine and the Moselle in the middle ages. The position of this city originally gave rise to its name—*Confluentes*, or *Confluentia*; a name which, though corrupted, has been still preserved in the word Coblentz. It was so called from being placed at the confluence of the waters of the Rhine and the Moselle: both rivers uniting their streams there, and thence flowing onwards, conjoined, to the embouchure of the former in the flats and fens of Holland.

In the troublous times of the Roman empire, and in the period of its greatest splendour and glory, the name of Coblentz is never once mentioned, as, indeed, might be expected: and for very nearly three centuries subsequent to its foundation, nothing is known respecting its history. The first Latin writer who alludes to its existence,

is Ammianus Marcellinus, in his lives of Constantius and Julian the Apostate (A. D. 360);* but it is subsequently noticed in the "Antonine Itinerary." **

The next mention made of Coblenz is posterior to the fall of the Western Empire. An interval of five centuries intervenes between the period of the previous notice and the one which succeeded it. It was the point of junction where the rival grandchildren of Charlemagne met to prepare the articles of the treaty of Verdun, by which the empire was subsequently partitioned among them (A. D. 843).

On the death of Ludwig the Pious, better known to the readers of history as Louis le Débonnaire (A.D. 840), his three sons, Lothaire, Louis the German, and Charles the Bald, inherited the ample dominions of his father Charlemagne. The two first, together with their deceased brother, Pipin, had been in a state of rebellion against their weak-minded sire during the greater part of his reign: their unnatural conduct had embittered his existence; and it is more than probable that the ill treatment he had, on several occasions, received at their hands, accelerated his death. It was not to be expected that they would agree with one another, when they

* It is in describing the march of the Roman army along the Rhine that it occurs, and the passage in the original runs thus: "Per quos tractus nec civitas ulla vistor, nec castellum; nisi quod apud confluentes locum ita cognominatur, ubi amnis Mosella confunditur Rheno."

** The author of this ancient work calls the place *Confluentes*, and states that its population then exceeded one thousand persons.

proceeded to such lengths against him. Accordingly, a bitter feud, followed by a destructive war, immediately arose between them.

Lothaire, as the eldest surviving son of Louis, claimed sovereignty over his brothers; this privilege they were by no means disposed to concede to him, and they at once met his claim by an unequivocal declaration of independence. To strengthen their cause the more, they entered into a solemn league; binding themselves to stand by each other in all emergencies that might arise out of this proceeding of their elder brother. They then speedily assembled a large body of troops to resist his aggressions. Lothaire was not slow to attempt the enforcement of his claim: at the head of a powerful army he marched upon Worms; and, after a sharp siege, succeeded in expelling its defenders and taking it into his own possession. He next proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where Louis the German resided; but here he met with such a severe repulse, that he was obliged to retire from before the city, and finally to beg a truce from the brother he had come to subdue. He was not, however, dispirited, neither was he to be diverted by any reverses from his ambitious design. Confiding the charge of the boundaries of the Rhine to his friends, Otgar, Archbishop of Mentz, and Adalbert, Count of Metz (subsequently Duke of East Franconia), he quickly hastened to West Franconia, for the purpose of attacking his youngest brother, Charles the Bald.

During his absence, however, Louis had succeeded in exciting the popular mind against his pretensions; and gathering together a formidable

force, he threatened the weakened army which had been left by him to watch the Rhine. This demonstration at once attracted Lothaire back again, and left Charles free to pursue his further operations. Through the aid of Adalbert of Metz, the ambitious monarch once more succeeded in alienating the minds of the fickle multitude won over by his brother, and in bringing them back again to his side. Louis, thus deserted by the popular party, sought refuge in Bavaria, with his few faithful followers. This was the movement which Lothaire most desired: and he availed himself of it to concentrate all his forces on the Rhine; thus interposing an unsurpassable barrier, as he deemed, to any future junction between his brothers.

Having done this, he considered himself secure for a season; and quite at liberty to resume the war, from which he had been diverted by Louis. Accordingly, he again despatched a numerous army into Western Franconia to distress Charles; and made every preparation which he deemed necessary to ensure its success. But Louis was not unacquainted with these manœuvres, nor inactive to defeat them. While Lothaire was lulled in a fancied security, Louis entered Suabia, and, after ravaging that country, encountered and overthrew in the Ries, on the Rhine, the army sent to check his career, under the command of Adalbert, Count of Metz. This done, he proceeded down the river without interruption, and effected a junction with the forces of Charles in Western Franconia. At the fearful battle of Fontenay in Burgundy, which immediately followed (June 25, A. D. 841), the pretensions of Lothaire

to the supreme sovereignty were for ever annihilated: he was signally defeated—his power was broken to pieces—his immense army destroyed—and, according to some historians, he fled the field, leaving the almost incredible number of forty thousand dead and dying behind him.

The last resource of the ambitious Lothaire was the usual one of desperate and unprincipled men: to sow dissensions between his victorious brothers: and to turn, if possible, their triumphant arms against each other. To effect this, one of the only two instruments fitted for such nefarious purposes—a woman or a priest—was necessary: he chose the latter; and accordingly, therefore, selected the Archbishop of Mentz to carry his plan into operation. The selection shewed his knowledge of human character, if it shewed nothing else: the plots of the churchman were successful; the brothers were brought to suspect each other; private disunion speedily followed, and wellnigh led to open rupture between them. At this conjuncture, however, they were suddenly awakened to a sense of their own danger by the precipitancy of Lothaire, in returning to Worms, and setting on foot negotiations with the principal feudatories of the empire before these projects were quite ripe for execution. Alarmed by the extent of the confederacy, and by the situation in which they found themselves placed, they once more renewed the solemn league by which they had before bound themselves to each other, * and proceeded immedia-

* This solemn compact was entered into at Strasburg; and the original document is still in existence. It is sub-

tely to take such measures as would effectually preclude any further attempt to disunite or injure them. They spent the winter at Worms, whence they had driven forth Lothaire; and passed the time until the opening of the new year in warlike sports, with all manner of rare and pleasant devices.

On the coming of the spring, the united brothers once more took the field. The campaign was commenced by a descent upon the country between the Rhine and the Mosel, then held for Lothaire by the Archbishop of Mentz, Otgar, and Hatto, Count of Metz, successor of Adalbert, who had been slain in the Riesgau in Suabia the preceding year. The invading army was formed into two divisions; one of which, under the command of Louis, marched along the shores of the Rhine, and reached its destination with little

joined as a philological curiosity, being one of the most ancient fragments of old German extant:—

“DIE FRANKEN.

“In Godes Minna, in durch tes Christianes Folches, in nasserer Behhero Gehalt-nissi fon thesemo Dage fram-mordes so fram so mir Got gewizzen indi Mahd furgibit so bald ich diesen minan Bruedher so so man mit rehta sinan Broudher ocal in-ti Uthaz er mag so so anduo indi mit Lutherem nino thei-nen thing an gegango ze mi-man Wellon imo-ce Schaden werben.”

“HINRAUF DIE SCHWABEN.

“Obo Karl then Eid then er ainemo Bruedher Ludhu-wige gesuer geleistet inde Ludhuwig min Herre then er mir gesuer forbrichit ob ih ina we arwendeme mag noh ih noch thero thimbis ur-wenden mag imo the sollasti widbar Karl ne wirdhit.”

interruption; the other, with still less difficulty, arrived there about the same time, by the road over the Hunderäck mountains. The brothers then concentrated their forces before Coblenz. It had been conjectured by Lothaire that they would have taken the most obvious course to that point, the course of the river, and he had issued orders to Otgar and Hatto to contest their passage to the last extremity. But they had been made aware of his designs; and by this manœuvre had effectually defeated them.

Coblenz was held for Lothaire by these generals; but their means of defence were insufficient against such a mighty army as now threatened it. They accordingly fled to Sinzig, leaving the place a prey to the conquerors, and seeking refuge there with their mother. A large force of the united army was despatched after them; and close siege was laid to that town. After sustaining all manner of reverses, and every privation consequent upon an abode in a beleaguered fortress, Lothaire was, at length, prevailed upon to submit to his brothers, and sue for peace at their hands. The preliminaries were settled at Coblenz in an imperial diet held in the ancient church of St. Castor, and were subsequently ratified at Verdun (A.D. 843). Of the famous treaty, which sprung out of this peace, partitioning again the empire of Charlemagne, and recasting, once more, the sovereignty of Europe, the chief conditions were: that Lothaire should have the title of Emperor, with the whole of Italy, and the tract of country lying between the Rhetian Alps, the Maas, the Scheldt, the

Rhone, and the Saone;* that Charles the Bald was to have Gaul, or France; and that the entire of Germany on the right shore of the Rhine, inclusive also of the tract on the left known as the Worms-Gau, the Speyer-Gau, and the Nahe-Gau, with the important cities of Worms and Spire, should be the inheritance of Louis the German.

Coblentz, on this partition of the empire, fell to the share of Lothaire, and formed part of his newly founded kingdom of Lorraine. It was, however, again annexed to the German monarchy by Otto the Great, on his defeat of Lothario, King of France, at Paris, one hundred and fifty years afterwards, A.D.978. Henry, the second emperor of Germany of that name, known in history by the appellation of the Holy, presented the royal palace, and the feudal sovereignty of the city, to Poppo, Archbishop of Treves, A.D.1003—1024. By the successors of Poppo in that see, the hereditary stewardship of the city was confided to the Pfalzgrafs of the Rhine, then princes of great power in the vicinity. From them it passed, by marriage, to the Nassau family; and again it reverted, in form of a pledge, to its original possessors, the Archbishops of Treves (A.D.1253); having, in the lapse of these two centuries, become entirely independent of their jurisdiction.

About this time it was that the democratic spirit which animated the chief trading cities of the Rhine influenced also the form of local government in Coblentz. The civic community was divided into two classes—nobles and burghers.

* Since named after him, Lotharingen, or Lorraine.

The former consisted of about three hundred families; the latter were divided into seven trades, guilds, or companies—namely, cutlers, weavers, bakers, shoemakers, smiths, tanners, and vintners. Originally the government of the city was entirely in the hands of the nobility, all offices in the magistracy being filled from their ranks; but in process of time the growing power of the burghers became too great for total exclusion from them; and, after many attempts, at first ineffectual, they were ultimately admitted to participate in some degree in the privilege of self-rule. From that period the opulence and importance of Coblentz may be said to take their rise. The spirit of commerce and industry soon made it one of the principal places on the Rhine; one of the chief emporiums of traffic on that greatest highway of civilized Europe in the middle ages. It was then that the city extended itself, so as to cover not only the peninsula on which it at present stands, but also the opposite shore of the Mosel,* now without the vestige of a residence, and the narrow strip of land lying between Ehrenbreitstein and the river, together with the little valley running at right angles from it with the Rhine.

In the year of grace 1262, Arnold, Archbishop of Treves, then sovereign of Coblentz, proposed to surround it with a wall, and fortify it against external assailants. It was very poorly protected in this respect; and the citizens, therefore, at once acceded to his proposal. To carry out his design he suggested a tax, which was immediately acquiesced in also; and the work

* Then known as Lützel-Coblentz, —or Little Coblentz.

was vigorously prosecuted, to the great satisfaction of both parties. But the jealous burghers soon discovered that the archbishop intended to erect a citadel for the increase of his own power, as well as bulwarks for their defence from others; and they accordingly demurred to any further interference on his part with the affairs of their city. The erection of the walls was in consequence suspended; and the tax levied for their support discontinued.

Under the short reign of Henry, the second Archbishop of Treves of that name (A.D.1286), who immediately succeeded Arnold, the works for the defence of Coblenz commenced by his predecessor were resumed, and considerable progress made towards their completion. They were, however, interrupted, as before, by the jealous spirit of the citizens, who deemed that the design of Arnold to build a citadel was countenanced by Henry, and that this prelate only waited a favourable opportunity to carry it into full effect. A civic insurrection ensued; and a civil war of two years' duration between the archbishop and the burghers of Coblenz was the consequence of this attempt at encroachment on the one side and of resistance on the other. The contest, which was of a most sanguinary nature while it lasted, terminated in favour of Henry, who inflicted the severest punishment upon the promoters of the revolt. During the remainder of his rule, Coblenz gave him no further cause of uneasiness, and no other disturbance took place within its walls until his death.

Diether, his successor, was not, however, so

fortunate. The see of Treves was at this period split into two factions, partisans of two hostile candidates for the archiepiscopal throne. Of this favourable conjunction of affairs the citizens of Coblenz at once availed themselves; and once again they proceeded to assert their local independence. Their efforts were crowned with success; they won back their ancient privileges, of which they had been deprived by Henry; and while Diether lived they enjoyed the fullest freedom.

On his death, however, which took place A.D. 1854, their political circumstances once more underwent a change, for the worse. Baldwin of Luxembourg, his successor, was a man of the most consummate abilities, and of the most unbounded ambition. The first act of his government was to enforce the almost abject obedience of all his subjects; his every other effort was directed to the extension of his dominion, and to rendering the principality over which he ruled the most powerful under the empire. Among other cities of the see of Treves, which he promptly subdued, was Coblenz; and never once afterwards had he occasion to complain of the refractory spirit which previously animated its inhabitants. He was, however, the great benefactor of the place: for he strengthened its defences against external violence; freed the shores of the river which belonged to him, both above and below it, from robber-barons and rapacious knights; extended the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein, then Hermannstein; built the old bridge over the Moselle; established peace and order among all classes of the community, which com-

posed the civic population; and effected, by the authority of the papal see, very many necessary reformati^ons in the discipline of the church. He died in the fulness of his fame and glory; fame and glory, it should, however, in justice be added, more of temporal than of a spiritual character—the fame and glory of a politic prince rather than of a pious prelate—A.D. 1367.

Kuno von Falkenstein, who followed Boemund the Second, the immediate successor of Baldwin (A.D. 1368), in the archbishopric of Treves, was a worthy disciple of that great man. Like Baldwin, he was ambitious, and like him, too, he was possessed of transcendent abilities; but circumstances favoured him far more than ever they had done his predecessor; and the extent of his dominions, long before his death, was as wide as ever the heart of that prelate could have wished. He governed, at the same time, the archdiocesses and principalities of Treves, Mentz, and Cologne, to each of which he had been freely elected for his great power and high reputation; and in right of his sovereign sway over these the three chief electorates of the empire, he became sole master of all the fertile country on both sides of the Rhine, from Speyers to Holland. After a fortunate reign of twenty-one years, he died in the castle of Kunoberg, also known as Thurnberg, but more commonly called the Mause, on the right bank of the river, almost impending over Weimich, and nearly opposite to St. Goar, A.D. 1388.

For the period of a century and upwards after his death, a succession of inefficient prelates, alternately opposed and supported by different

parties of their subjects, occupied the archiepiscopal throne of Treves. But though, during these turbulent proceedings, the citizens of Coblenz, it is to be presumed, were not inactive spectators of the ever-shifting scene, little mention is made of their city in the local history of the archdiocese.

The last archbishop of any note was John, Markgraf of Baden, who, supported by the emperor and the pope, assumed the electoral insignia, A. D. 1456, and became the worthy successor, though, it must be acknowledged, at a wide interval of time and talent, of his long defunct predecessors in the see of Treves, Baldwin of Luxembourg and Kuno von Falkenstein. Under his auspicious government Coblenz increased in prosperity, and extent, and populousness; and, next to Mentz and Cologne, became the most important city on the shores of the Middle Rhine.

An honest old chronicler* draws the following picture of the social state at that period which will, it is to be presumed, cast considerable light in the way of illustration upon many of the legends and traditions, and much of the history in these pages

"There be among the German folk much distinction of rank, and many grades of that distinction. The first grade consists of the clergy; the second of the nobles—in which latter there are several varieties, such as princes, counts, barons, knights, and gentlefolk;—the third, of the burghers and peasantry. The princes take

* Vide Note pag. 9.

the first place in honour and in power; for they have broad lands and a wide extent of territory. The others take precedence according to their station—counts, barons, knights, and gentlefolk; but all sit below the princes of the land. When it so happens that the emperor displeases the nobles, they absolve themselves from their allegiance to him, and declare themselves and their followers free from his rule. This class considers itself not a little debased when any one of its members follows an honest occupation, and descends either to become a merchant or a manufacturer; also if he weds with an ignoble woman, or dwells as a recognized burgher in any city. They live not in communities; but abiding altogether in their castles, either on the peaks of the mountains, or in the depths of the impassable forests of our land, or in its spacious solitary plains, they deem themselves wholly independent. Their chief pleasure is the chase, and it also forms their principal dependence for food: the laws made by them against encroachments on this their privilege are, therefore, very severe. They hold that the wild beasts of the forest are theirs—for their use and gratification alone: and it is in some places punished with the loss of both eyes, in others with sheer decapitation, for an inferior to trespass on their preserves. There is, however, a permission understood to kill all noxious animals and useless beasts of prey. These nobles live lustily in their castles, eating and drinking of the best at will; and they also clothe themselves richly—especially their women—who are all over decked with costly ornaments of gold and precious stones, when they go forth, or

when they give a grand entertainment. In their excursions they are ever followed by a large train of idle people pertaining to their households: and they are known from the common people, wherever they be met, by their proud air and measured, haughty step. But they mostly go a-horseback, however short the distance; for they consider it unseemly in them, and a degradation to their state, to walk. Yet will these proud men hesitate not to set on and rob the helpless wayfarer, and deprive him of his honest wealth, whenever an opportunity offers itself to them. If a feud break out between two of them, or if one does to the other an injury or a wrong, each collects his vassals and retainers, and then they ravage and destroy each other's lands and property with fire and sword, like great potentates or sovereign princes.

"The burghers or citizen-folk are considered the lowest in the scale of honour and rank in the German empire. Of these, some serve the emperor; and some be the subjects of the prelates or princes in whose territories they dwell. Those who serve the emperor immediately, enjoy considerable privileges; their cities are generally known as free cities of the empire. Every year they select among themselves a chief or local ruler, known by the title of Burger-Meister, in whom they vest the supreme power of the community. His judgments in all cases of crime or misdeed are based upon reason, and the ancient customs of his class: but an appeal lies from them to the emperor. In every great city two classes of citizens are to be met with—the first noble-born, being generally the younger sons of

the great families of the empire; the second the common-folk, consisting of mechanicals, manufacturers, and merchants. The former follow no occupation publicly—neither traffic nor business of any kind—they style themselves patricians, and monopolize the offices of honour and profit in the magistracy of their respective cities: on the latter devolve all the burden of trade and all the weight of labour. Though these may acquire great riches they are seldom recognized by their noble fellow-citizens: and it is with great difficulty that one of them ever succeeds in obtaining a position amongst these proud men. They are, notwithstanding, eligible to the highest offices of the magistracy: but, it must be added, they very rarely attain to them. In Germany, the cities and towns are generally well situate: either planted proudly on the summit of a hill; or built beside the course of some broad river; or lying in a rich and fertile plain: and they are ever surrounded with a thick wall, in some cases strengthened by deep dykes; in all defended with solid towers and bulwarks.

“But the lowliest condition of all that be is, however, that of the serf or peasant, who tills the earth, and lives in open villages or lonely cottages. A wretched life these creatures lead of it. They hold scant communion with each other; and live with their families and their cattle all alone. Their dwellings are rude huts of mud and wattles, thatched with straw. Their food is black, sour bread, with thin porridge or pulse soup. Their only drink is water or milk. Their garb is a coarse gown and a wide straw hat. Their subsistence is derived principally from sup-

plying the towns with the produce which they raise from the soil. These poor people never know rest; early and late they are obliged to toil; their existence depends upon their labour. The greater part of their time is the property of their lord, who may compel them to work for him as long as he lists without fee or reward; and the severity with which they have been treated on several occasions has caused serious insurrections in the country. There is no steel so tempered that it may not snap—no bow so tough that it may not break."

The subsequent history of Coblenz is soon told. In the course of the thirty years' war, this city repeatedly changed masters: the Spaniards; the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus; the French; the Imperialists, under Wallenstein; and the Protestant party, being successively in possession of it. Merian, a contemporary writer* thus describes it at this period:—

"This noble city, so celebrated in the *Itinerario Antonini*, is pleasantly situated on a very fruitful soil; and all around it is grown excellent wine, on the acclivities of the hills and the mountains, and in the fertile valleys. An active commerce is carried on by its citizens with those of Cologne, Treves, and Mentz. The city itself contains many capital edifices, and public and private buildings, among which the foremost are the two abbey churches; several monasteries and nunneries; the Teutonic House; the princely palace in which the Archbishop of Treves usually

* Topog. Archiep. Mogunt. Trevir. Colon. p. 31. 1636.

resides when he comes hither; and a magnificent bridge of hewn stone built over the Moselle."

In the year 1688, Coblentz was bombarded by the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, and almost reduced to ruins: but without any advantageous result to the assailants. During the early period of the first French revolution it became the refuge of the expatriated princes and old nobility of France, and consequently a focus of intrigue against the republican government of that country. In 1794 it capitulated to the Sans-Culottes, under the command of Marceau, after a few hours' siege; the garrison of Ehrenbreitstein having been seized with a panic-fear at their approach. The city was then annexed to the territory of the republic. It now belongs to Prussia; that power having acquired it by cession on the settlement of Europe at the general peace, A. D. 1815.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Ehrenbreitstein, known in the middle ages as Hermannstein, lies on the other side of the Rhine, and serves as a citadel to Coblentz. It is said to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; and is styled by native writers the "Gibraltar of Germany."

The derivation of its original name, Hermannstein, is not very clearly traced by antiquaries; some consider that it owes its origin to a temple, which, they say, once stood on the spot, dedicated to the German Mars, Herrman; others allege that it comes from the circumstance of

the death of Herrman, or Arminius, the national hero, which took place here in the time of Tiberius (A. D. 28—31); while a third party attribute it to the erection of a castle on the site of the old Roman structure, by Herrman, archbishop of Treves. Of these, the first appears the most probable; but the second is by far the most romantic. The third can have no foundation in fact; for, notwithstanding the statement of Merian (Top. Archip. Mogunt. Trevir. Colon. 1646), no prelate of that name ever filled that see from the days of Eucharis (A. D. 100) to those of Clemens Wenceslaus, prince of Saxony (A. D. 1612). It is the second, therefore, that these pages adopt, less for its truth, than for the opportunity it offers of relating the history of the saviour of his country; of telling the tale of the first great struggle for independence undertaken by the German people.

LIFE OF HERRMANN.

Herrmann lived in the time of Augustus Cæsar; he must, therefore, have almost been contemporary with Christ. He and Segest were chiefs of the Herusci, or inhabitants of the Harz forest. An idolater of national independence; he was, consequently, a bitter enemy of the Roman domination. Herrmann had been some time in the camp of Drusus Germanicus, the conqueror of Germany; and he had there succeeded in making himself master of the Roman military system. In subsequent times he turned this knowledge to such terrible account against them, that his name became a word of

fear to the oldest veterans in the army of the invaders.

It was shortly after the accession of Herrmann to the leadership of his people, that Quinctilius Varus, the Roman proconsul of Gaul, then resident at Treves, a bold, bad man, commenced a series of oppressive proceedings towards the Germans on both sides of the Rhine, which completely alienated their allegiance from the empire, and ended in their virtual independence of it. Among the first to stand forth in the defence of his country was Herrmann. Aware, however, that open resistance to the power of the Romans would be useless, he resolved also to call in the aid of stratagem to effect his purposes. With this view, he excited an insurrection among his subjects, the Heruscii, and then applied to the proconsul for assistance to quell it. The politic Roman was not slow to grant the assistance required; he calculated on effectually weakening this spirited people by setting them one against the other; which done, he resolved to step in quietly and overpower the victor. Herrmann was aware of his intention, however, and he set about counteracting it. The insurrection, as it is seen, was but simulated, to draw the Roman forces into the impassable forests of the interior, and inextricably to involve them in the impregnable defiles of that rugged country.

Notwithstanding the information to this effect which the proconsul privately received from Segest, the contemporary and collateral sovereign with Herrmann, he still persisted in his design. The Roman cohorta crossed the Rhine,

over the bridge built by Julius Cæsar,* and advanced through the country of the Hasuaril, or Hessians, into the Harz forest, which then covered the greater part of central Germany, and stretched almost down to the shores of that river. Allured onwards by false reports, they advanced further and further into the interior; nor did they perceive the perilous nature of their position, until it was too late to retrieve it. In that part of the forest, known as the Teutoburger Wald, they were surrounded on all sides by the Germans under the command of Herrmann, and attacked with an inconceivable fury. The disadvantages of the ground, the suddenness of the surprise, the violence of the assault, were insufficient to dispirit the conquerors of the world, though they had the effect of ensuring their destruction: they fought in close phalanx like the heroes they were; and only a scant remnant of their formidable force sought safety in retreat. Three entire legions were cut off in this sanguinary encounter; and the Roman power on the Rhine received a shock on that day which it never afterwards recovered. It was on hearing the fatal intelligence of this fight, that Augustus Cæsar is said to have exclaimed, in the deepest agony of grief, "Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions."

The consequences of this victory were of the last importance to the Germans: it shewed them the advantages of combination, and taught them the strength that lay in union. Their foes, the

* The best-informed antiquaries place the site of this bridge at Weissethurm; the part of the river subsequently crossed by Hoehe, in 1797.

Romans, too, were schooled by it not to despise any means for the destruction of such a formidable enemy. "Fearful are the Alemanni," says Tacitus, "when they fight together; but, combating singly, are they ever defeated." The Romans acted on this knowledge; and they, accordingly, set on foot intrigues of all kinds to foment discord and sow dissensions among them. This insidious policy was but too successful. The rulers, or chiefs, or dukes of the Heruscii, or Harz-folk, at this period were Herrmann and Segest; those of the Hasuarii, or Hessians, who lay between the former and the Rhine, Theutrich and Chattrer. The latter princes had two daughters, who were respectively betrothed to Gelhaar, or Flavius, the brother of Herrmann, and Sesistack, the son of Segest, his heir in the government of the Heruscii. The interests of both people appeared to be indissolubly bound together by this auspicious alliance; but a disavowance of it arose in a quarter from whence it could be least expected. Whether from caprice, which is not impossible, or political considerations, which is very probable, or love for the fair dame, which, after all, is the most likely, Herrmann brought down on himself the vengeance of Segest, by forcibly carrying off the beautiful Thusnelda, his daughter, against his consent, and excited divisions in the German camp by ravishing her from the arms of a neighbouring prince to whom she was on the point of being united.

The Romans had intelligence of those things, and they availed themselves of them to further their views of subjugation of the Germans. To

the application of Segest, for aid to recover his daughter, Drusus Germanicus, who now commanded on the Rhine, lent a favourable ear; and, not content even with this, he despatched Cæcinnus, his lieutenant, at the head of four legions, and five thousand auxiliary troops, into the Harz country. This formidable force crossed the Rhine at Mentz, and, marching through the defiles of the Taunus, threw themselves between the Hessians and the Harz-folk, so as to cut off any possibility of communication between them. They then laid waste all around them; among other acts of violence, destroying the ancient Matzen, the capital of the former people; and finally retired to Treves, but without effecting any great result.

On the first intelligence of the retreat of the Romans across the river, the Hessians fell upon the territories of Segest—the author of all this evil—like a furious whirlwind. They ravaged his lands; they destroyed or dispersed his people; they pillaged and burnt his towns; they spread desolation far and wide in the country of the Heruscii; and, finally, they besieged himself in his chief city, to which, in the extremity of his distress, he had fled as a last resource, and a final refuge. In this, his dire extremity, Segest again had recourse to the Romans; and again they despatched a force to his assistance. After many severe encounters, the Hessians were defeated, and the beleaguered prince set free from his enemies. This victory gave the invaders a large portion of the right bank of the Rhine.

Among those who were liberated by this movement, was Thusnelda, the daughter of Segest,

and the wife of Hermann. It is not related how she happened to be in her father's power, and separated from her husband, but such is stated to be the fact. She was then pregnant, by Hermann, of her first child. The will and wish of her sire was to separate her from him for ever; and to have the offspring of their union, if a male, brought up in sentiments of the strictest amity with the Romans. This he communicated to Drusus Germanicus; and it was settled by that prince to take place as he desired it. Accordingly, Thusnelda was removed first to Rome, where she was delivered of a son, whom she named Thumelich; and subsequently her abode was transferred to Ravenna, where a compulsory separation took place between her and her child. For his services against his country, Segest was rewarded by the conquerors with the sovereignty of the Hessians and the dominion of the right bank of the Rhine, from the Maine to the Sieg.

The grief and indignation of the bereaved Hermann, on learning the capture and deportation of his wife were indescribable; but still he did not waste his powers of mind and body in idle lamentations and unavailing regrets. On the contrary, he traversed the Harz forest from one end to the other, every where exciting the inhabitants against their tyrants, and never neglecting to depict the treachery of his father-in-law in the darkest and most repulsive colours. The result of this expedition was unqualified success; there was at once a general rising in favour of freedom and fatherland, among the thousand liberty-loving tribes who then dwelt in the

shadow of the ancient German forests; and the most active measures were accordingly set on foot to overthrow the Roman dominion on that side of the river. The insurrection soon became general all over Germany; and, in a short time, there was not a nation of any consequence, or a family of any fame, in that warlike people, who did not stand forth under the command of Herrmann, in the defence of their common country. But the bravery of uninstructed troops like the Germans availed little against the disciplined steadiness of their opponents, the Roman legions; and the forces of Germanicus, consequently, penetrated every where, from the Rhine to the Elbe, from the North Sea to the Weser. Herrman was defeated in all points, but with a fearful loss of life to the conquerors; and Germanicus returned to Rome to receive the honours of a triumph, and the poisoned cup of the assassin from his unnatural uncle, Tiberius, in reward for his unparalleled success.

In the meanwhile, Herrmann, though defeated, was not dispirited, and, though often overcome, was never wholly vanquished. On the death or retirement of Germanicus from Germany, he drove out Segest, and seized upon his kingdom; and then, despite of all the efforts of the Romans, he maintained himself in it to the very hour of his death. His history, however, draws to a close. The withdrawal of Germanicus from the chief command on the Rhine gave a sort of peace to the native princes opposed to the Romans; a circumstance more fatal to the liberties of their country than a state of the most active warfare. During this period Herrmann and Markbot, chief

of the Suabians, disagreed, and hostilities ensued between them. They met with their united forces, and fought a decisive battle; some say, on the plain which extends from Darmstadt to the Rhine; others, on the height above Coblenz, from whence its original name of Herrmanstein. The defeated prince sued for the assistance of the Romans, and speedily obtained it; he also plotted to such purpose as to engage Herrmann's own brother, Flavius, or Gelhaar, his uncle, Jugemar, his father's brother, his father-in-law, Segest, Adganbust, the son of Chattmer, his brother's father-in-law, and many other chiefs and princes, in a formidable conspiracy against him. It was successful, and he perished by their hands:—some say by means of poison, after the manner of his great antagonist Germanicus.

Thus fell Herrmann—the tutelary genius of German liberty—a victim to the malice of those he had saved—one of the noblest sacrifices ever offered up on the altar of human freedom. His most enduring epitaph is written by a foe “Herrmann,” says Tacitus, “was incontestably the liberator of Germany. Never wholly conquered in battle, never entirely defeated in the field, his is the glory of resisting the Roman power, not as other kings and princes did, in its infancy, but in its maturity, and when it had attained to its highest pitch of greatness. Seven and thirty years was the period of his life: twelve of his power. Still lives he in the songs of his native land, though unknown to the Greeks, who admired only their own heroes, and not too often alluded to by the Romans, who are either

ignorant of the great deeds of the German, or envious of his glory."

"Sic transi gloria mundi."

But to return to the history of Ehrenbreitstein.

In the year of our Lord 358, it is believed that the Emperor Julian the Apostate erected a *castrum*, camp, or castle, on the spot now occupied by the formidable fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein. From that period to the present, it has continued to be the seat of power—an almost impregnable military stronghold. Little, however, is known of its local history for at least seven centuries subsequently; except that it almost always underwent the same fate as the city of Coblenz, which it sometimes watched over as a guardian genius, sometimes oppressed as a relentless foe.

Hillinus, bishop of Treves (A. D. 1169), erected the great tower of the old castle of Herrmanstein, since demolished; and also constructed an immense cistern, or reservoir, excavated principally in the solid rock, for the purpose of securing a supply of water to the garrison at all times, and on all occasions.

In 1503, however, the cistern was superseded by a well forty fathoms in depth, sunk by John of Baden, archbishop of Treves, at the same time that he added outworks to the castle, and fortified it more after the improved manner of that age than it had previously been. He is known in Rhenish history by the cognomen of Johannes à Petra, from this work.

The old castle of Ehrenbreitstein was destroyed according to the terms of a treaty, January 1643,

after having been at various times occupied by the Swedes, the Spaniards, the French, and the Imperialists, in the course of the Thirty Years' War. It was, however, subsequently rebuilt.

The position of this fortress rendered it of the greatest importance to the possessor in the French revolutionary war of the latter part of the last century; consequently it became a first object of attack to the republican invaders, and of deep solicitude to the invaded. It was blockaded by the army of the convention, under General Marceau, September 1795, on their first passage of the Rhine; and twice did it experience the same fate on the following year, with the addition of a bombardment from the adjacent heights. In 1797, it was blockaded again, immediately after the French troops had crossed the Rhine a second time, under the command of General Hoche; and two years subsequently, it sustained a fifth siege by a French force, during the pending negotiations for the treaty of Rastadt. In the last blockade Ehrenbreitstein surrendered; not, however, until a dreadful famine had nearly destroyed all its brave defenders, at the head of whom was the gallant Colonel Faber, in the service of the elector of Mentz. The capitulation and delivery of the fortress took place on the 27th January, 1799. Shortly after entering on its possession, the French commenced to erect new works, and strengthen the old positions; but they too evacuated it at the peace of Luneville, on which occasion the fortifications were once more destroyed.

At the general peace in 1816, Ehrenbreitstein fell into the hands of the King of Prussia, who

began afresh the erection of the ruined fortifications. Since then it has had lavished on it all the resources of skill and science. It is now, perhaps, one of the most impregnable military positions in the world.



OBERWÖRTH.

A few hundred yards higher up the Rhine than Coblenz and its companion Ehrenbreitstein, lies the lovely little island of Oberwörth, or Magdalenenwörth, in the very centre of the river. This beautiful spot was formerly the site of a famous nunnery, founded early in the twelfth century (A. D. 1143): which was afterwards secularised, and subsequently destroyed on the cession of the left bank of the river to France, in the war of the first revolution.

Ages ago the following wild tradition respecting one of those hapless maidens, who died loving, but unmarried, within its walls, obtained wide currency in this vicinity.

THE DANCE O' THE DEAD.

The Freiherr von Metternich, who had his abode in Coblenz, early in the fourteenth century, was a proud and a haughty noble; and he thought no youth, of all those in the neighbourhood, good enough to aspire to his fair daughter's hand, or to enter into an alliance with his ancient family. But the pride of birth has been more than once abased by love; and the calculations of man have

too often failed to be deemed infallible. The lovely Ida was his only child; she was gentle as the morning; but her heart had long been bestowed upon a noble youth, who, according to the customs of chivalry, served her father as esquire until he should win his spurs, and receive the honourable *accolade* of knighthood. Gerbert, such was his name, loved her in return with a love almost surpassing that of woman.

Their wooing was unknown to the haughty Freiherr von Metternich, and equally hidden from him was their betrothal. Ida and Gerbert swore eternal faith to each other long before her jealous sire discovered their tender inclinations. A wroth man was he when he made the discovery.

"It shall not be," he spake to himself, as he paced the splendid apartments of his palace; "it shall never come to pass; she must be placed with the good nuns until she forget him: and he—I shall send him a journey—a long journey."

The proud man smiled suspiciously as he repeated the last words; and it was easy to see that he meditated something evil to the object of his soliloquy. In a moment more he summoned his most trusty retainer, and they retired to his closet to hold private conference together. That night the young Gerbert, all unsuspecting of the storm then gathering over his devoted head, was despatched to the neighbouring castle of Lahneck, on a mission to the provincial grand prior of the Knights Templars, who held his residence there; and in a few hours after his departure the fair Ida, his betrothed bride, was conveyed in silence and in secrecy to the shore of the

Rhine, and from thence transferred in a covered barque to the convent of Oberwörth.

The grand prior of the Templars sat in a lofty chamber of the Castle of Lahneck, as the youthful Gerbert was introduced to him by the obsequious servitor. He was a dark man, not young, nor yet old; but a heavy cloud—it might be of care, it might be of sorrow, it might be of crime, for his order had long acquired the character of unscrupulousness—rested on his furrowed brow, and gave a character of settled gloominess to his aspect. The burning sun of Palestine, which lent his cheek a darker hue, contributed also not a little to shadow the expression of his otherwise noble countenance. He sat alone, his head supported on his hands, his eye fixed on the ground; deep thought seemed to have taken full possession of all his faculties.

"I present you with this missive, sir," spake Gerbert, approaching him, bending his knee submissively, "'tis from the Freiherr von Metternich, your ancient friend."

The prior started at the words; the voice which uttered them sounded like an old familiar tone in his ear. He awoke from his reverie and looked on the youth; and again he started, as a man will do who beholds suddenly presented to his view the well-remembered traits of one long dead. He uttered no word in answer, however, but received the letter in silence from his hands. Hastily breaking the seal, he scanned the contents with intense eagerness, ever and anon looking up from the page to the face of

the intelligent youth, who stood reverentially before him awaiting his answer. "Your name?" he abruptly queried, before he had entirely finished the perusal of the letter, "Your name?—Speak!"

"Gerbert von Isenburg."

"Your mother's?"—asked the prior, with unwonted agitation.

"Guda von Isenburg," replied the youth.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the prior, whom the reply seemed to agitate beyond all reasonable measure, "Alas! alas! and wo is me! how may I forget the past." As he spoke, he wiped away a burning teardrop which burst involuntarily from his suffused eye, and commenced to run its swift, scathing course adown his furrowed cheeks. "Alas! alas!"

He motioned Gerbert to sit beside him, when he had in some sort mastered his deep and unwonted emotion; and then he bade him listen. The youth obeyed without observation or comment; but he was sorely surprised, notwithstanding, to see such a conflict of human feelings in the breast of one, the head of an order proverbially dead to every passion but that of an all-absorbing ambition.

"Know ye the contents of this missive, my son?" asked the prior: "Know ye aught of my correspondent's desire?"

"Nay, sire," replied the youth; "I know naught of what it contains. I am no clerk to read such cyphers; and it is no concern of mine, even an I were."

"But it is, my son," said the prior; "it is concern of yours, and of vital import to you too."

Gerbert looked amazed at the Templar: his eyes asked that which his tongue could not bring itself to inquire of him.

"Hear me, my son," pursued the prior, "it asks me to contrive against your life; it asks me to send you to the Holy Land, and to order it so there that you be placed in such a position of danger, that to survive, still less ever to return to our own fair land, would be utterly impossible. It requires me to do all this—villain that he is who asks it!"

The youth was quite thunderstruck at this dreadful intelligence; still the truth of a heart which of itself knew no guile, made him hesitate in giving implicit credence to such a foul accusation against his master. When, however, the prior read the letter to him, word for word—when he heard from the lips of that dignitary, the whole circumstances of his love for the fair Ida—when he listened to the angry accents in which the tale of treachery was commented on by his newly found friend—and when he saw the fire of indignant rage which lighted up the sunken eye of that warrior priest, he could not choose but believe it, and give up his whole soul to the horrid conviction.

"But he shall be disappointed," said the prior as he concluded the perusal, "he shall be disappointed. The child of Guda von Isenburg shall never suffer ill while I have a hand to avert it from him."

Gerbert bent his eye full upon the face of the speaker, until it met his glance; there was in the look which he gave him, something of anger, mixed up with much of natural astonishment.

"What means he," thought he the while, "by thus mentioning the name of my sainted mother? Why should her memory shield me from his complicity with my wicked master? or why should he seek to save me for her sake alone? I must know it."

The prior, who evidently saw what was passing in his protégé's mind, hastened at once to appease his excited feelings.

"My son," he proceeded, "well may it surprise you to perceive the interest I take in your fate; but your astonishment will cease when you hear how it has come to pass. Know, that I love you well enough to sacrifice ancient friendship, close connection, and even in some sort the interest of the order which I serve, to protect you from the slightest harm. Listen."

Gerbert placed himself in an attitude of the most profound attention.

"It is a sad story," resumed the prior after a short pause, during which he seemed again a momentary prey to the most uncontrollable emotions; "A sad story for me, but soon told in words, though it has cost me a life-long agony to learn it. I loved your mother "

The youth started to his feet, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword. The action was involuntary: his mother's fair fame was dearer to him than life; and it was therefore but natural that he should be stirred to wrath at the mention of her name, thus coupled with the word "love," from any mouth save that of his departed sire. The prior however waved him sternly to his seat, and went on with his interrupted narrative.

"I long worshipped your angel mother. She was the loadstar of my life—

'My hope, my joy, my love, my all'—

But alas! she did not return my passion. Days, months, and years, did I suffer in silence all the pangs of unrequited love: for I had never told to her the tale of my affections. I felt that it would be to dissipate the dream of delight on which I lived: and I postponed prosecuting my hopeless suit until all chance of success had departed. We were neighbours; our paternal towers were in view of each other; our families were united in the bonds of old friendship and good fellowship for ages. Every day I saw your mother, and every day I only sorrowed the more; for I could not take heart to declare my love to her. But why should I dwell on recollections which even at this distance of time—when toil and travel have bleached my hair, and bronzed my cheek, and changed my whole aspect—which even now, stir my heart within me, like the sound of the last trumpet, when the Spirit of God will cover the face of the earth and shadow the heavens?"

Gerbert listened to these passionate outpourings in silence; but his heart gave them back its gentlest sympathies: for was he not also a hapless lover himself? and how long might he not remain so? Perhaps, for ever.

"But, to conclude my story," resumed the prior, recovering himself with the quickness of one accustomed to control his feelings. "But to conclude. One day I rode over to the abode of

your mother, resolved to know my fate. I had made up my mind to a declaration of my passion; and I went to proffer my hand. As I rode slowly onwards, cogitating how I best might urge my suit, I was aware of a favourite page of the ladye of my love, who came galloping towards me on a fleet palfrey. We met; Oh God! that I had died at the moment! He told me that which now wrings my heart to remember;—he told me that your mother was that very morning to be married to another, and that he was then actually on his way to my castle to bid me to the nuptial feast. If all the torments which human nature can conceive or inflict—if all the pangs which man has suffered, or may suffer, were concentrated into one, I do not think it could equal the feelings of utter agony which overcame me at this intelligence. My head reeled—my eyes swam—my limbs lost their strength;—it was with difficulty that I could prevent myself from falling to the ground. I succeeded, however, in suppressing my emotion before the youth, and in assuming an air of grave unconcern: 'Here,' said I to him, when he had delivered his message, 'take this ring and give it to thy ladye. Then tell her that it was worn by one who loves her beyond life itself, and who renounces the world for her sake. In twenty-four hours from that time I was on my way to Palestine. That ring is now on your finger;—thence my recognition of you—a recognition, which your likeness to her who was my idol, and the similarity of your voice to her sweet voice, at once confirmed."

The prior embraced the youth, who freely

mingled his tears the while with those of the dark, bearded man that held him to his bosom.

"And now, my son," pursued he, "we must provide for your safety first; your future success with the fair Ida we must leave to Providence. The Freiherr von Metternich is one of the best friends of our order; and to refuse acquiescence with his desires would be to infringe upon our canons, which declare that every thing is lawful to be done by us, which shall have the effect of strengthening our hold on the empire. But all these things I care not for, so I can serve the offspring of her whom I once loved and still love so fondly."

"What may be done?" asked Gerbert. "It is an emergency, no doubt: but may I not combat my own way through it, so as not to involve you in any peril?"

"Nay," replied the prior, "you may not; for you could not. Listen: you shall go incontinent to a distant commandery of our order, where the prior, who is a close friend of mine, shall take good heed for you. In the meanwhile, I shall watch over the safety of your ladye-love, and let you know the fitting time to return—if ever it arrive. Go, and God speed thee."

The midnight hour had not chimed ere the youthful Gerbert, accompanied by a trusty knight of the Temple, was on his route to Suabia, whither lay his ultimate destination.

Twelve long and weary months had come and gone; and heavily, heavily had they moved to the thought of a hapless maiden, who dwelt

within the sacred walls of the nunnery of Oberwörth; for they carried away hope with each hour; and brought back with them no happiness. This maiden was none other than the fair Ida von Metternich. On the eve of the day, which, a year previously, had robbed her of her lover, she now lay a-bed, in her lowly cell, sick even to the death. The girl was dying: the vital principle had perished within her: and the ruthless sire, who now repented his cruelty, would have given worlds, had he possessed them, to restore her to that health of which his own fell act had deprived her. She lay extended on an humble pallet in the lowly cell allotted to her: the shadow of her former self;—her only companion a middle-aged lay sister of the convent, whose duty it was to attend on the sick or ailing nuns.

"I feel that I am dying, Margarita," spake the gentle girl to her attendant; "I feel that this world is passing away from me—I feel—Oh God! that I should say so—I feel that never more in this life shall I see him for whom I die—my own—my dear—my best Gerbert!"

"Sweet sister," replied the good-natured attendant, "it is not seemly to speak so. 'While there's life there's hope,' the adage says; and 'many more unlikely things may come to pass.' Worry yourself not, then, about the matter; but leave the future to Him who orders all things for the best. In the meantime I'll tell you a story—'twill wile away your thoughts from your despair; and teach you that nothing is hard or impossible to God."

The pious sister then poured forth the following metrical legend, which still survives among the

Alas to thee, bride, for thou wastest the feet
Of him who, as lover, thou never shouldst
meet!

For sorrow to know it your father would die;
For sorrow, beside him your mother would lie.

Alas! to thee, foundling bride, and oh woe!
Father and mother of thine dost thou know?

A heavy sad heart had that maiden so fair,
When back to the bedroom that bath she did
bear;

And as she stirred up the warm water to cool,
She wept like a fountain for her deep dool.

'Now, bride of mine, why weepest thou so?'
Sir Conrad thus spake, 'an I'm liked not, I'd
know?'

'Oh! thou art too good,' then answered the
maid,

'I weep but for what yonder starling hath said.

When to the gay garden for herbs I did go,
He sung in my ear thus, 'Oh woe! oh woe!

Alas! to thee, bride, for thou wastest the feet
Of him who as lover you never should meet!

For sorrow to know it thy father would die;
For sorrow, beside him thy mother would lie.

Alas! to thee, foundling bride, and oh woe!
Father and mother of thine dost thou know?'

Sir Conrad then looked on the bath at his feet,
The arms of the empire his eyes there did greet.

'That is my sire's own 'scutcheon,' said he;
'How came this bath in a hostelry?'

Then outsang the starling so loud and clear,
'Even in that bath they did bear her here:

Alas! to thee, foundling bride! and oh woe!
Where are thy father and mother, I trow?'

Sir Conrad he looked on the maiden's sweet
neck,

A mother-mole there her fair skin did fleck;

And he cried, 'God greet thee, now sister
mine—

Thy father is king by the broad bounding Rhine,

Christina the gentle is thine own mother,

And Conrad—I—I—am thine only brother.'

The maiden she knelt on her knees when he'd
done,

And never rose from them till up rose the sun.

And she thanked her God, who had held her
free

From the greatest of sins by such agency.

The cock crew out when the morning broke,

And the hostess beshrewed her, and thus
outspoke:

'Arise thee, arise, you young bride, up there
rise,

And clean ye the house, an ye wish to be
wise.'

Then Conrad thus answered:—'No bride now
is she,

And she cleans the house no more for thee.

But bring me a beaker, nay, start thou not
so,—

I'll drink ye a stirrup—cup off ere I go.'

The hostess she brought him a brimming cup,
And thus spoke Sir Conrad, as he held it up:

'New tell to me whence this fair maiden you
have—

She's a king's own daughter—or naught may
you save?'

As pale as the wall that woman became;
She guessed 'twas the starling that told of her
shame.

'An infant,' she said, 'in a garden so gay,
Sat in yon bath, and was stolen away;

This maiden it was,—by a gipsy queen,—
Who from that garden was stolen, I ween."

Sir Conrad was wroth with such treachery,
So he cleft her skull—to the chine cleft it he.

Then he kissed his sweet sister, and she kissed
him;

Their eyes with the fond tears of joy were
quite dim.

He sprung in his saddle, he sate her behind;
Around his broad waist her white arms she
did bind:

Upon her lap the foot-bath she bore;
And in this guise to Worms they rode o'er.

At the palace-gate they encountered the queen,
She was a puzzled woman, I ween.

'Oh son! sweet son! what now may betide—
Bringst thou this maiden home as thy bride?'

'No bride of mine shall ever she be;
She is thine own Gertrude: now look ye and
see.'

The maiden she down from the tall steed flies;
Her mother she faints away with surprise;

But when she came back to life again,
She embraced her dear daughter with might and
with main.

'This very day 'tis fifteen years,' she said,
'Since from yon garden ye were conveyed.'

'Yes, they bore me over the rushing Rhine
In this foot-bath, sweet mother of mine.'

And as they thus spake in joyful mood,
The starling upon the window-sill stood,

And sang, 'Alas! and my heart is sore,
Never a babe shall I steal, no more!'

The starling's cage was that foot-bath free,
And the wires were the finest of gold you
could see."

And now," said the kind-hearted sister, "cheer
up—cheer up—you see what strange things will
sometimes come to pass."

"There is no hope for me," replied the dying
Ida,—“no hope! no hope! I die unwed, though
a betrothed wife. Alas! alas! for me!”

"Now, Heaven forefend!" exclaimed her com-
panion, in affright,—"Heaven forefend! Then
you would be doomed to dance the death-dance.

Oh! think not of dying until you are wed, or, at least, until you have renounced the world and taken the veil. My poor sister was like you—wooed and all but wedded—never vowed to the cloister, and now—God be our guardian!—now she is to be seen—dead—dancing—God protect us!—the death-dance! Oh, my dear ladye! think not of dying. They dance in a choir on that herbless, verdureless spot, which stands in the centre of the island. You know it. And they are doomed to dance there every night until they meet a lover;—Heaven be gracious to the poor man!—And whether he be the lover they have left, or a stranger, 'tis all the same, they dance around him and around him, and dance him, and dance him, until they dance him down; and then he dies on the spot, and the youngest of the phantom-maidens makes him her own, and then she rests in her grave for ever after. Every night at midnight—I assure you that it is too true—they may be seen; their transparent forms flitting about, like rays of moonlight, over that accursed spot. I saw them once myself. All the powers of the church have failed to exorcise them. But it is not often that they get a victim. Their last was a young knight whose ladye-love, reft from him by paternal hands, died in these cloisters. He sought the island in the dead of night, and——he perished."

The gentle Ida almost held her breath until the garrulous nun had concluded her strange story, listening the while to every syllable of the wild tale, apparently with the deepest interest. She then died. Her last words were coupled with her lover's name.

"Gerbert! Gerbert!" she sighed with her expiring breath, "we'll meet again!—Farewell!"

It was one of the wildest nights ever witnessed on the shores of the Rhine, the night of the day on which the gentle Ida von Metternich was borne to her last resting-place in the charnel-vaults of the convent of Oberwörth. The rain fell in torrents; the wind raged like a chafed lion, vying in its terrible loudness with the thunder which ever and anon crashed as though heaven and earth were falling to pieces; while commingling with the voices of the storm, and occasionally rising even above that doubled elemental strife, were still heard the roar of the surging river, and the dash of the heavy surf, lashed up into foam, or rushing along before the hurricane with an overwhelming power and fury. It was on this wild night that a man, weary, wasted, toil-worn, and lone, leaped on the shore of the little island of Oberwörth. He had loosened a skiff from its moorings, when he found that no sum could tempt the boatmen to risk the passage of the raging river; and he had daringly ventured across the stream in a storm which made the oldest mariner among them shudder but to behold. It was Gerbert,—Gerbert von Isenburg it was, who thus braved death to see his beloved Ida, before life had passed away from her for ever. Alas! alas! for the hapless youth. "Ill tidings travel fast," says the adage, which was not belied in his instance. In the depths of Suabia, on the shores of the lake of Constance, had he learned that his ladye-love

was dying; and, regardless of danger, in the depth of winter, amidst all the severity of the season, had he hurried thither to save her life, or expire in her arms. Alas! alas! for him; the life had left her full seven days before he reached Coblenz. The first greeting he received on entering that city was the account of her death, his first inquiry informed him of her funeral. Poor youth!

"Dead or alive, I'll see her again." It was thus he soliloquised as he struck into the heart of the island, and made for the glistening turrets of the convent, at its extremity, with rapid, irregular strides.—"Dead or alive,—ay, dead or alive,—I'll see her once more, and, then——"

Exactly central in the island, lay a circular plot of ground, on which no grass was ever known to grow, on which the dews of heaven never fell, and which seemed wholly neglected by that bountiful nature, so beneficent to all around it. This spot was believed to be accursed: by some, because of a murder, which tradition asserted to have been perpetrated there ages before; by others; because of a sacrilege and a suicide committed by a nun in the early period of the establishment of the convent. Of the first, it was stated that the victim was a confiding maiden, who trusted too much to her lover, and was requited for her confidence by death at his hands. Of the second, the story ran, that a young nun, tired of the cloister, and having, moreover, her heart fixed upon a youth of Coblenz, broke her vows, and robbed the convent chapel at the same time; and that on this patch of ground she deprived herself of life in a fit of

meanness, indeed, according to the legend, by sacrilegiously flinging away the host, which she had brought off along with the plundered vessels of the altar. But, whatever the cause might be, the spot was accursed; and a perpetual blight seemed to rest upon it in all seasons of the year. This spot Gerbert had to pass on his way to the nunnery; it was in a direct line with the little cove at which he had disembarked, the only landing-place on the island. As he approached it, rapt up in his own melancholy musings, he was suddenly recalled to consciousness by a rushing sound, in his vicinity, like to the whisper of very many voices. It was a sound which even the roar of the storm or the rush of the wild waves, could not drown, so unearthly deep did it imprint itself on his ear, at the same time that it seemed so deadly low. Just at this moment, too, the wild wind whirled away a dense mass of clouds which darkened the face of the moon, and that beautiful luminary stood forth in the heavens—the queen of night—in all the splendour and brilliancy of her winter garniture. The youth looked up: and he started back in amaze. A troop of veiled maidens, garbed in long flowing robes of white, danced dimly before his eyes. One of the group detaching herself a little from the rest, and circling round and round him in a giddy whirl, approached by quick degrees the astonished Gerbert. She beckoned him to join her in the dance; and the fascination she exercised over him was irresistible. He thought to see in the shadowy form which flitted before him, his own love, his dear, his lost Ida, and he rushed to clasp her

in his arms. She mixed with the throng,—he followed her;—the scene then changed. The troop of shadows closed around them; they stood in the centre of the charmed circle; they stood on that spot accursed of God and of man. There did they all dance to a wild, unearthly music, which whispered rather than played; but still seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere of space with its harmonious sound. Round and round they danced;—round, and round, and round. Gerbert and his partner turned, as it were, on a pivot; they themselves the point on which the dancing troop also appeared to revolve in the everlasting gyrations which they made around them. Quicker and quicker whirled the pale, white-garbed dancers;—quicker and quicker still whirled the bewildered youth and his veiled partner. “Fast and furious” grew the movements; the ample, flowing garments of the females expanded like the sails of a ship in a stiff breeze; the veils rose upwards from their faces; their long hair floated abroad in the wild, night-wind. Every moment the sensations of the youth became less vivid; every instant his perceptions grew more and more indistinct: the unceasing rotation confounded him; he could see or hear nothing save the unceasing sound of the supernatural music to which his death-like companions danced, and their faint transparent forms, as they flitted between him and the bright orb of the declining moon. He fell exhausted to the earth as the convent-bell tolled out the hour of one. As he fell, he was conscious of a rush in his ears like to the noise of a swarm of bees, and a flicker before the eyes like that of the

lightning on a sultry summer's night. He remained long senseless; yet he thought to retain a recollection of some after-scene; for his lost Ida, whom he affirmed to be the spirit that had danced with him, he said, stooped over him, taking his powerless hand in hers, and, imprinting a fond kiss upon his burning forehead, disappeared after the others.

Next morning he was found extended on the earth by the garden-servant of the nunnery; and he was quickly conveyed into the hospital of the establishment. The gentle sisterhood attended on him with all the assiduity of their natures, and all the benevolence of woman; but care and attention could do naught for him; he was too far advanced on his path to eternity to be recalled back to this life. He told what had befallen him in the intervals of his returning senses; and then lingered on until the evening fell upon the earth. That night he died.

NIEDER LAHNSTEIN; CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

On the right bank of the Lahn, just at its mouth, is situated the ancient church of St. John, now in ruins. The destructive influence of French democracy, as evinced by its armies in the first revolution, extended itself even to this noble structure, during one of their earliest visits to the shores of the Rhine. It was ruined by them without any apparent cause.

It is of the cemetery of this structure, or rather of the point of marshy land lying at the confluence of the Lahn with the Rhine, which served, in days of yore, as the sole burialplace of sinners and individuals excommunicate of the church, that the following legend treats. Graveyard, as well as ground unconsecrated, has long since shared in the common ruin of the church and its appertenant foundations.

THE ONE LONE GRAVE.

Come, listen, gentles, while a tale I tell,
'Twill touch your tender hearts, I wist full
well.

On yon bleak spot, washed by the Rhine's
wild wave.

Apart from all, of yore, stood one lone grave;
One solitary tomb of rude stones piled,
Reared its dark form and frowned upon the
wild:

And in its loneliness, sublimely grand,
Looked like the guardian spirit of that strand.
In vain the searcher seeks it now—'tis gone ;
Ages age its every trace hath flown :
There stands not of that antique pile a stone,
Too well the work of ruin hath been done.
'Tis of that tomb, and of these ancient times,
That I would tell ye in these tuneless rhymes ;
And we will sit beside it, while they last,
And hold communion with the buried past.

Oh! who within that cold and cheerless cell,
Whereon the curse of man for aye doth dwell,—
Oh! who beneath that dark and dreary heap,

Whereon the blessed night-dew ne'er doth
weep,

In gloomy grandeur all so sound doth sleep?
Some ancient hero, drunk with human gore?
Some tyrant whom no subject sighs deplore?
Some stalwart knight? some scion of high race?
Hath either found him here a resting-place?
Alas! alas! no hero slumbers here,
Tyrants and chieftains have a haughtier bier:
But two (alas! I blush to breathe the name
With which their kind have stigmatised their
fame)

Incestuous lovers! even in death, forth sent
By man—pure, spotless man!—to banishment.

Twin-born, from birth they had been separate;
And they but met to share one bitter fate.
Stolen in her infancy from friends and home,
The maiden had been doomed through youth to
ream,

Until adoption by a childless bride
Had put a period to her wanderings wide,
And left her store of wealth and land beside.
She had been nurtured 'neath that burning sky
Where thoughts and things assume a deeper
dye;

And her dark, sun-rip'd cheeks with passion
glowed;

And her bright eye, her heaving bosom, shewed
Her love for him; her——what?—alas! alas!
That such a blight o'er the young heart should
pass,

And kill it in its bud, before one flower
Had sprung to blossom, in life's little hour——
Her brother!

Why conceal the fearful crime?
Is not their sad tale on the page of time?
Hath it not left there such a deep-sunk trace,
That nothing the black record may efface?

He wooed and won her, from th' adoring crowd
That low before in daily worship bowed:
A sympathy, which neither sought to hide,
Drew each to each, and—she became his bride.
Bright summer saw them joined, as but one heart

Between them beat—never to bide apart;
And then abandoned they those sunlit skies
Where nature's radiance, night or day, ne'er dies,
And for the ruder climates of the north,
In bounding barque upon the seas put forth.
Soon o'er the deep upsprung a favouring gale—
And as love-breathed—filled their bellying sail.
From her tall bow that fleet ship flings the foam,
And, like a loosed bird, seeks her distant
home:—

That happy home, from which the hope of gain—

Vowed Conrad naught should tempt his steps
again :

And, when he 'd gained the broad Rhine's verdant shore,

No power should wile him thence for ever,
evermore.

And now, some weeks of pleasing voyage past.
They reach the long-wished land they seek at
last.

The joyous seamen fleetly furl the sails,
Each honest heart its happy fellow hails,
And warmly greets. Lo! on the nearing strand

Parents and wives await, a thronging band;
 And blushing maidens too, with tearful eyes,
 As tow'rds the shore the fleet barque swiftly
 flies.

Beside that group, pre-eminent, apart,
 Her straining vision picturing forth her heart,
 Conrad's fond mother—oh, how eager!—stood,
 Watching that brave ship bounding o'er the flood.
 Anxiety sat heavily on her brow,
 Displacing hope—until upon the prow
 Her loved son leaped, and shouted loud her
 name.

Then through her throbbing heart and thrilling
 frame

A thousand thoughts and feelings quickly move,
 And as they each to gain the mastery strove,
 Her spirit's strength, which bore her up till
 now,

Failed in the fight; and, like a sapless bough
 Flung by the wild winds on the leafy soil,
 When in the forest winter makes his moil,
 Prone to the earth she fell.

Quick Conrad bore
 The aged matron from the crowded shore;
 And soon, within their peaceful mansion's shade
 All that he loved around him he surveyed.
 His infant haunts, his manhood's fond retreats,
 The stream he sighed for, and the shadowy
 seats,
 Where erst he mused, in solitude, upon
 That power—that passion, love—then all un-
 known.

When night would find him in his dreaming
 mood,

Unscared by storms, unchanged in attitude.
 Happy now was he, as a child at play,
 For was not all around him bright and gay?
 Alas that ruthless fate, with stroke so fell,
 Should crush for ever souls that loved so well!

And now, and now, alas! alas! my tale
 Drags heavily; my heart doth sink and fail:
 To tell it well would need a spirit's wail.
 Like matrons all, his mother sought to know
 The history of her new-found daughter: Oh!
 The bitter grief that such inquiries bring
 Too often, and the gloom that they may fling
 Upon a joyous prospect, fair and bright!
 Why should they have the power to cloud such
 light?

It was a tale eventful, vague and dim
 As forms at eve, or faint, funereal hymn,
 When darkness breeds upon the earth all round,
 And the thick air but seems to obstruct the
 sound.

A tale of mystery. The maiden's youth
 Was unremembered, save for a faint truth,
 Which lingered in her mind's recesses—and
 Which flashed more fully on her in this land
 Where things familiar compassed her—or seemed

So much to do so, that she almost deemed
 The dream dispelled which haunted her till
 then,—

The veil uplift, or torn.

“Where, and when—
 Where wert thou born,—where? say,” the ma-
 tron cried.

"In sooth, I know not," thus the blooming
bride;

"But I have still imaginings of home,
From very childhood went to me to come,
Even as spirits of air, or ocean deep,
And when they come I cannot choose but weep.
One is of a mother—mine, mayhap. Oh! one
More like to thee than aught I've looked upon;—
A form that e'er my infant cradle hung
So fondly, and such mournful music sung
In aftertimes,—a melting strain,—of love
Which flourish'd fair, till envious tongues had
strove,

And not in vain, to separate two souls
Entwined together as one."

A big tear rolls,
A scalding drop, adown the pallid cheek
Of her who strongly strives, but may not
speak—

That ancient matron. The young bride went on
Thus with her story.

"She would gaze upon
My childish countenance; and then anon
Would kiss a mark I bore upon my breast,—
A full-blown rose by Nature's hand impressed,—
'Tis visible now;—and then she 'd sit and
weep

Over the couch whereon my brother's sleep
Was deep and still."

The matron's heart was clave,
Even as the earth is for a new-made grave;
And down she sunk beneath the strife of mind,
Even as an old tree 'fore the angry wind.
The bride, meanwhile, her bosom's snow laid
bare,

His new found sister!—Oh the horrid thought!—
 Bereft of life; a shade fell on his soul,
 And straightways from his sight the world did
 roll.

A moment on her prostrate form he gazed,
 Like one who dreaming walks and wakes
 amazed.

A moment, wildered, o'er her corpse he hung;
 And a full tide of scalding tears, up wrung
 From his heart's depths, upon it forth he
 poured—

Upon the cold, cold corpse of his adored.—
 A moment on the blue and smiling sky
 He then upturned his wild and wandering eye,
 As though communing with those things of air,
 Which legends tell us ever linger there;
 Then slowly forth, he from his dwelling sped,
 And ere night lapsed was numbered with the
 dead!

Thus perished they who, in that lonely tomb,
 Abode, and listened long the wild wind's boom:
 And yet slept soundly.

But why with their kind
 Rest they not? Say, the grave is surely blind—
 And the dark mould which covers corpses in
 Presents a front impenetrable to sin.
 Alas! alas! the virtuous of our race,
 Had thrust them rudely from their resting-place
 In yonder churchyard—consecrated earth—
 As though one clay to all did not give birth.
 Oh hypocrites!—And to this slimy shore
 Consigned their cold remains for ever, ever—
 more.

STOLZENFELS.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, Stolzenfels, on the left bank of the Rhine, close by Coblenz, was one of the most formidable robber-fortresses on that river. It was then called Die Stolze Veste—The Proud Fortress.

Long before that period, however, a young knight, named Ottmar, dwelt there, in honour and esteem. His only companion was a beloved sister, named Williswind, whose virtue as well as her beauty was the theme of every tongue from Cologne to Strasburg. They had a stately retinue, as becomed their quality: and nothing was absent from their castle which could increase the pleasures known at that period, and in the state of society which then existed. Human happiness, however, is not of long duration in any case. Perhaps it is well it should not: for its the poet truly sings,—

“Spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but Spring.”

A war broke out between the Prince Palatine of the Rhine and the Count of Julich: and both sovereigns bestirred themselves to obtain the advantage in it. Ottmar, who owed allegiance to the former as a feudatory, was summoned to his banner; and he set out for the camp of his liege lord, on the other side of the river, leaving the fair Williswind alone in Stolzenfels, protected only by some faithful servants of their father. It was a trying thing for one so young and so beau-

tiful to be thus left to herself in these troublous times; when might was right, when power was paramount to justice, and when "the strong hand" was superior to all law. But she had been brought up all her lifetime in comparative solitude; and, haply ignorant of the ways of the world, and unknowing of the wickedness of men, she felt no fear of the future, and experienced no anxiety for her dangerous situation. A pet raven was her favourite companion. She had reared him from the egg; and he was now the participator of all her innocent pleasures. In her walks he was ever with her; when she sought the recesses of the tangled wood, or strolled among the fair flowers of the castle garden — herself a fairer flower than the fairest there — he was always hovering round her head, or hopping gaily after her; while ever and anon he would perch on her shoulder and pluck her ruffles, and croak when he wanted food, or wished to attract her attention to himself.

Two months passed quietly in this peaceful manner — in this unclouded and uninterrupted sunshine of the mind. At the end of that time, Ottmar, along with the other great vassals of the Palatine, re-crossed the Rhine; and that prince placing himself at their head, the whole army advanced towards the country of Julich. Williswind was rather grieved at her brother's departure for the seat of war; but she had such a strong presentiment of the protection of a gracious Providence, that her sorrow was comparatively slight. She confided in God, and she felt that he would not forsake her. "For," thought she, "if my brother fell, I would have no one

to defend me from wrong; and the Maker of the world is too just to deprive one of support who never sinned against him, with a consciousness of so doing." Thus would she argue with herself; proving that "the wish is parent to the thought." Alas! poor girl, she knew little of the world; and less of the inscrutable ways of Providence. These arguments, however, had a good effect—they speedily restored her to her wonted serenity; and once more made the happiness of the heart that of all around her. Youth and deep sorrow are almost incompatible; they cannot coalesce together in any thing like a cordial union. So it was with the fair Williswind. She grieved no more for her brother.

One evening in the autumn which succeeded his departure, a dark-looking wanderer, garbed as a pilgrim from Palestine, approached the castle gate and prayed a shelter for the night. He was at once admitted by the warder, and speedily seated in the warmest corner of the ample hearth, at the extremity of the hall, by order of Williswind. They all sat to supper together—mistress, servants, and strangers—as was the custom of that primitive period; and the pilgrim entertained them during its continuance with tales of his travels, of the wonders he had witnessed, and of the dangers he had passed through during his sojourn in Syria. It was not, however, without some apprehension, some undefinable feeling of dread, that Williswind entertained him; she looked with fear on his ferocious countenance, the naturally repulsive expression of which was greatly increased by the long black beard he wore; and she deemed

his eye was far too free for a pious palmer, and his tongue much too loose for a holy man. He perceived it, and quickly changed his manner: but the impression was made, and could not be effaced; notwithstanding that he endeavoured to excite the tender-hearted maiden's sympathy by stories of his sufferings in strange lands, and of the pains and privations he had endured in his weary pilgrimage.

Williswind was unhappy while he stayed under the roof of the castle. She knew not why it was so; and deemed that she did the man injustice in attributing her uneasiness to him. But still she was restless, and ill at ease. Sleep visited not her eyes all that night; watchful and wistfully she paced up and down her apartment until the cold gray dawn became purpled with the warm rays of the rising sun. When the domestics were all astir at their respective occupations, then, and not till then, she sought her couch, and slumbered for a short period.

The pilgrim departed in due time; and the lady Williswind, as was the wont of those days, accompanied him to the outer portal of the castle, and there presented him with the means of pursuing his journey. As she gazed from the gate after his tall receding form, until the projection of a piece of rock, which intervened between the castle and the river path, concealed him from view, old Eberhard, the most ancient servant of her house, and who then filled the office of castellan, in the absence of her brother, approached her. Bowing reverentially, yet at the same time using the familiar expression which the rights of age gave him, he thus spake to the maiden:—

"Ladye," he said, "I much misdoubt me that yon cowl conceals a villain."

"Fye, fye, Eberhard," replied she; "judge not so harshly. Besides, consider his holy calling."

"The cowl does not make the monk," pithily observed the old man.

"I shall not hear any one ill-spoken of who does not, to my knowledge, deserve it," resumed the noble-hearted maiden.

"Well, well," said the old man, "your ladyship shall be obeyed by me. But what the eye sees the heart believes."

"What mean you, Eberhard?" asked Williswind, alarmed at the coincidence with her own feelings which appeared in this observation.

"Oh nothing, my ladye! nothing;" replied he. "But you remember the old nursery tale of 'Reynard the Fox,' who made a pilgrimage to Rome for absolution from the pope; and who persuaded the poor stupid ass and the silly sheep to bear him company, and carry him the greater part of the way."

"But what bearing has your story on the present case?" inquired Williswind.

"You shall soon know, my ladye," he answered.

"And how came such a thought into your head?" she continued, after a short pause, thus identifying her own suspicions with the old man's paradoxical hints respecting the stranger.

"Why, thus," answered he; "because I saw that yon fox, or wolf, in sheep's clothing, or whatever he may be, with the 'cockle-shell and sandalled shoon,' took every opportunity, that

he thought he could snatch unperceived, to pry into the state of the castle. But I noticed him though."

"Surely this is nothing but your own suspicion," exclaimed the maiden.

"Suspicion, or suspicion not," replied the blunt old castellan, "I much doubt me that some attempt will be soon made on this castle. So we must not be taken by surprise."

Williswind heard this prediction with a feeling of horror: but still she had such little knowledge of the wickedness of the world, that she could not persuade herself it could ever be fulfilled.

"We have no enemies," she said, "and the neighbourhood is at peace. Surely no one will harm us, who have not harmed them?"

"We shall see," observed Eberhard, shaking his hoary head incredulously. "We shall see."

Williswind concluded the conversation on her part by entering the castle: but the old castellan was observed to continue it, for a considerable time after she had left, garrulously talking with himself.

Very shortly after this circumstance had occurred it was forgotten by all but Eberhard.

Within a week, however, from the period of the pilgrim's departure, a knight armed cap-à-pie, and mounted on a large-boned, black charger, struck, early one morning, at the castle gate, and demanded admittance.

"I would fain see the lady Williswind," said he to the castellan; "I have that to say to her which she will do well to hear at once; my message brooks no delay."

Eberhard recognised immediately in the closely caparisoned rider, the wretched, weary, foot-sore, and houseless pilgrim of the preceding week.

"Ho! ho!" thought he; "you're come, are you? I thought so."

"Hind, that you are, tell your ladye quick my message," angrily exclaimed the knight, impatient at the old man's reluctance to admit him.

Eberhard proceeded at once to his lady's chamber, and told her all he knew.

"Admit him, Eberhard," said she; "as he is alone, he can do us no evil."

"But, stay!" she cried, as the old man proceeded to leave the room, "say I can only consent to hear what he has to say in your presence: on no other condition shall he have an interview with me."

The stranger strode into the bower a few minutes subsequently, and doffed his visor, as in duty bound, to the fair ladye. What was her surprise and horror when she perceived that Eberhard had not mistaken, and that it was in reality the pilgrim who stood in that disguise before her!

"Ladye," said he abruptly, "I come to woo ye. I would that ye were my bride."

Williswind was confounded. She scarce comprehended what he said.

"Ladye," he repeated, "what is your answer to my suit?"

"I am under the protection of my brother," replied she, a little recovered from her fright.

"He is absent from the castle at present. When

he returns you can speak to him on the subject. Press me no further."

"Is that your decided resolution?" resumed the dark-looking stranger.

"Yes," whispered she, very softly; for the sinister look of the man so terrified her that she durst not speak aloud.

"Well, well," was the reply, while a scornful smile sat on his countenance; "I know that women will have their own way. Farewell."

He departed. Williswind felt as if her heart was lightened of a heavy load when she saw his steed spring down the rocky path that led from the castle, and heard its hard tramp come fainter and fainter on her ear, until at length it died in the distance.

But still she was far from being at ease on the subject of the stranger's visit; and the old castellan too was equally suspicious of his intentions. They consulted together on the best mode of proceeding; and the result was, that Williswind determined to take refuge in a neighbouring nunnery, until her brother should return, or be apprised of her situation. Early next morning, accordingly, she set out, in company with her favourite maid and an old domestic, and took the road to the convent, which lay in the rear at some distance from the castle. As they pursued their way through a deep dark valley which intervened, they were suddenly encompassed by a body of men-at-arms, who had been in ambush there until their arrival. The old domestic, who made show of resistance, was slain at once: and Williswind, with her maiden, were hurried along to a lonely tower, which stood on

the summit of the highest rock that inclosed the valley. There they were immured. The stranger knight, who had been the day previously to the castle to woo her, and who, in the garb of a pilgrim, had partaken of the hapless ladye's hospitality, was the leader of this band, and the cause of all her grief and misery.

"Here," said he to the despairing Williswind, here you shall rest for the present. In three days I come again, to learn your answer to my proposal of marriage."

Saying this, he fastened the grated door of their living grave, and left them alone. Laughing like a fiend, he loudly congratulated himself on the success of his hellish project, and then departed.

Poor ladye! what did she not suffer! Her heart sunk at the idea of being in the power of such a monster. On her knees, with outstretched arms, she implored mercy of her captor, and prayed earnestly for the assistance of Heaven: but Heaven itself seemed to be heedless of her prayers; and the ruffian ravisher was deaf as the rock to her tears and entreaties. As she looked up, however, to that heaven which seemed to have abandoned her to the dominion of this wretch, she beheld, with feelings of no common delight, her favourite raven: and, with the unaccountable mutability of the human mind, her heart was at once filled with hope and rejoicing. She accepted it as a good omen. The faithful bird had followed her footsteps unknown to all, and unnoticed even by her in the confusion of her departure from the castle, and he now sat perched on a fallen pillar of the gateway before the

tower. When he caught a glance of his mistress's face at the grating of her dungeon, he flew to her with all that eagerness of delight which inferior animals are wont to manifest at seeing those they love; but not being able to obtain an entrance through the close-arrayed bars, he pecked at them with all his might, as though he would force his way into the bosom of his lady. His efforts, however, were all in vain; a fact which she soon learned to appreciate. Finding that he could not gain access to her, he flew to the neighbouring thickets, and from thence brought, time after time, to the grating of his mistress's cell, the sweetest wild berries which the woods produced. By this means she and her maiden lived during the three days of their imprisonment, and suffered naught from hunger or thirst; though their cruel and remorseless captor had left them without food or drink for that period, in the hopes of more effectually subduing the lady Williswind to his will. Thus did Providence watch over her when she least deemed of its protection. Weak and wilful beings that we are!

The third dreary day drew to a close, as the dark knight again made his appearance at the grating of their dungeon. He repeated his proposal: and Williswind repeated her refusal. She felt inspired by Heaven; and she was now conscious that she would not be forsaken by God.

"At all events," thought she, "the worst fate is better than to be his bride."

"Will you, or will you not?" shouted the ruffian, enraged to the last pitch by her obstinacy,—as he deemed it.

"Never!" replied Williswind, looking resignedly upwards,—“never!”

“Well, then, bide there and perish!” were his words.

So saying, he rushed from the portal and was quickly lost in the thick foliage of the forest. That night she slept in peace. It is strange how the most dreadful certainty shall leave the mind more calm than the most trifling uncertainty or doubt on any subject whatsoever.

Early next morning she awoke, refreshed and inspirited, and took up her station at the grating of the dungeon. There she found her faithful raven; and an abundant supply of fruits and wild berries provided by him for their matutinal meal. As she gazed wistfully, and not without hope, on the wide prospect before and around her, she thought she perceived, in the distance, the form of a man. She looked again—she was not deceived; for, immediately after, the deep tones of a masculine voice, borne on the breeze of the morning, struck distinctly on her ear. Could it be her persecutor? Had his heart relented? Was he about to compensate for the injuries he had done her by setting her at large? These were the thoughts that passed through her mind, as she strained her eyes to catch an occasional glimpse of the approaching form, ever and anon concealed by the sinuosities of the mountain-path, or the intervention of clumps of trees and masses of rock and foliage. Every nearer view, however, only served to convince her that these suppositions were less and less founded on truth.

She cried aloud for help, and the valleys echoed

back the sound. Her cry was not unheeded. A young knight was now visible, galloping rapidly up the steep hill on which stood the tower where she was confined. She waved a white kerchief from the grating:—his speed was redoubled;—the noble steed which he bestrode seemed to partake of the impatience of his rider;—a few bounds, and they were on the bit of green sward before her dungeon door.

“Ottmar!”

“Williswind!”

Need it be told that it was her beloved brother, whom Heaven had thus almost miraculously sent to her rescue?

At this interesting moment a third party made his appearance. It was the ruffian stranger. A few words sufficed to tell to Ottmar the tale of his atrocity: a few moments more were all the time he had to live on this earth. Ottmar attacked him with all the ardour which a good cause inspires; and the stranger defended himself as though he were paralysed by fate. He fell, cloven to the chine, by the heavy glaive of the enraged brother.

As he lay on the earth, the sky immediately over him became on a sudden completely darkened. Ottmar involuntarily looked up. Wondrous to behold, he recognised Williswind's pet raven at the head of a host of other birds, hovering over the prostrate villain. In another moment they had descended on the corpse, and attacked it at all points: some picked out his eyes, others lapped his warm blood; some mangled his hands and face with their sharp beaks; while others,

again, pulled his garments to pieces to get at his bare body.

Ottmar tore the keys of the tower from the girdle of the dead ruffian, and at once liberated his sister and her maiden. Then, setting them side by side on his steed, he led them in safety over crag and cliff, through dell and valley, to Stolzenfels. There was great rejoicing made for her happy deliverance and his fortunate arrival.

Williwind was not left much longer without an efficient protector; for, with her beloved brother's consent, she shortly after espoused one of the most powerful barons on the shores of the Rhine.

Her pet raven was honoured with an effigy over the gateway of the castle; and his memory is held in grateful remembrance to this day by the simple peasantry of the adjacent district.

Stolzenfels is celebrated, in subsequent tradition, as the scene of an alchymical cheat practised upon Werner, archbishop of Triers, who resided in it for a considerable period of his reign (A.D. 1388-1418). Werner was a poor man and a superstitious; he was, moreover, very much addicted to studies then denounced as magical. The expensive wars carried on by his predecessor, Kuno of Falkenstein, had exhausted the archiepiscopal treasury; and the witless prelate set about replenishing it by occult means. To this end he invited to Triers the most celebrated alchymists of the age; and spent all his time, and much of his remaining treasure, in making experiments

on the production of gold, and the production of the philosopher's stone. The result was ruin to the fatuous ecclesiastic. The pope, at the instance of the canons of Triers, silenced him, and appointed a coadjutor to perform his clerical duties. He died, it is said, in Stolzenfels: and the rumour ran that he left immense sums of money buried in its dungeons.

That this rumour was very prevalent, and not at all discredited, even by those who should have known better, is proved by one remarkable fact. John of Baden, Archbishop of Triers (A.D. 1456-1503), who re-edified Ehrenbreitstein, and proved himself one of the ablest princes that ever sat on the throne of that diocese, permitted himself to be persuaded of it by an Italian priest from Apulia, and, accordingly, set about excavating the vaults of the castle. He found nothing, however; and had only his expense and pains for his reward. This prelate, too, was addicted to alchymy: and he maintained a cheating Croat, for twelve years, for the purpose of discovering the mode of making gold and of perpetuating existence.

Stolzenfels is now undergoing the process of re-edification; and, perhaps, before these sheets are published, it will be completed as a residence.

LAHNECK.

On the right bank of the Rhine, a little inward from the river, and overlooking the Lahn, which flows at its foot, stands the ruined castle of

Lahneck. This formidable structure was erected in the year of our Lord 900; and it was presented to Hatto, archbishop of Mentz, a few years afterwards, by Oda, the wife of Arnulf, then emperor of Germany (A.D. 900-913). Hatto, of whom there is much to be said in a future part of the work, made it the boundary fortress of his diocess; and the gift of the empress to the see of Mentz was confirmed by a decree of Otto the Second, dated A.D. 976. The ancient edifice, however, fell into decay; and it became necessary to erect a new one in its stead. This was done by Dietrich, or Theodoric of Erbach, archbishop of Mentz (A.D. 1434-1459). The ruins of that structure are those which now strike the eye of the voyager on the Rhine.

Lahnstein, Braubach, Rhens; and Capellen, were the boundary points where the archdiocesses of Mentz, Treves, Cologne, and the palatinate of the Rhine, met together. Braubach appertained to the palatinate, as will be shown further on in these pages; Rhens was in the archdiocess of Cologne; Capellen belonged to Treves; and Lahnstein was, as it has been above stated, from time immemorial in the possession of Mentz. Between these four places in the middle of the Rhine, a spot was well known in the middle ages, by means of admeasurement from the respective shores, where each of these princes, sitting in their own boats, could hold converse with one another without stirring out of his own dominions.

It, however, appears that Lahneck passed out of the power of the Archbishop of Mentz, by what process is not known in the lapse of ages.

If the following tale be true, there can no doubt exist of the fact.

THE LAST OF THE TEMPLARS OF LANECK.

Popular tradition states that the proud castle of Laneck was once a fortress of the powerful Order of the Temple; and there is a story connected with it at this period of its history which is not altogether without interest. Before it is related, however, it may not be amiss to say a word or two of that famous order and its fearful fate.

There are few readers of history wholly unacquainted with the rise and progress of that celebrated fraternity of nobles and gentlemen, once the bulwark of Christendom: but the sad tale of their fate—their decline and fall—seems, generally speaking, to be almost entirely forgotten, or wholly unknown.

From the period of the fall of Acre (A.D. 1190), it is stated, by an industrious historian of the Crusades:—“The Holy Land had become a place of vice and debauchery, as well as a theatre for the display of great deeds and noble resolution. And we find,” he continues, “that, however orderly and regular any army was on its departure from Europe, it soon acquired all the habits of immorality and improvidence, which seemed some inherent quality of that unhappy climate. This was peculiarly apparent in the two orders of the Hospital and the Temple, the rules of which were particularly calculated to guard against luxury of every kind: yet the one till its extinction, and both during their sojourn

* James's Hist. of Chivalry. Cap. XV., p. 312; *supra*.

in Palestine, were the receptacles of more depravity and crimes than, perhaps, any other body of men could produce. After the capture of Acre, the knights of these two orders retreated to Cyprus; and when some ineffectual efforts had been made to excite a new crusade for the recovery of Palestine, the Templars retired from that country, and, spreading themselves throughout their vast possessions in Europe, seem really to have abandoned all thought of fighting any more for the sepulchre. With the rest of Europe they spoke of fresh expeditions, it is true; but, in the meanwhile, they gave themselves up to the luxury, pride, and ambition, which, if it was not the real cause of their downfall, furnished the excuse. Philip the Fair, of France, on his accession to the throne, shewed great favour to the Templars; and held out hopes that he would attempt to establish the order once more in the land which had given it birth. But the Templars were now deeply occupied in the politics of Europe itself; their haughty Grand Master was equal to a king in power, and would fain have made kings his slaves. In the disputes between Philip and Boniface the Eighth, the Templars took the part of the pope, and treated the monarch in his own realm with insolent contempt; but they knew not the character of him they had roused. Philip was at once vindictive and avaricious, and the destruction of the Templars offered the gratification of both passions; he was also bold, cunning, and remorseless; and from the vengeance of such a man it was difficult to escape. The vices of the Templars were notorious, and on these it was easy to graft crimes of a deeper

die. Reports, rumours, and accusations, circulated rapidly through Europe; and Philip, resolved upon crushing the unhappy order, took care that, on the very first vacancy, his creature, Bertrand de Got, archbishop of Bourdeaux, should be elevated to the papal throne.* Before he suffered the ambitious prelate to be elected, he bound him to grant five conditions, — four of which were explained to him previously, but the fifth was to be kept in secrecy till after his elevation. Bertrand pledged himself to all these terms; and as soon as he had received the papal crown, was informed that the last dreadful condition was—the destruction of the order of the Temple. He hesitated, but was forced to consent; and after various stratagems to inveigle all the principal Templars into France, Philip caused them to be arrested suddenly throughout his dominions; and had them arraigned of idolatry, immorality, extortion, and treason, together with crimes whose very name must soil this page. Mixed with a multitude of charges, both false and absurd, were various others too notorious to be confuted by the body, and many of which could be proved against individuals. Several members of the order confessed some of the crimes laid to their charge; and many more were afterwards induced to do so by torture: but at a subsequent period of the trial, when the whole of the papal authority was said to give the preceeding the character of a regular legal inquisition, a number of individuals confessed, on the promise of pardon, different offences, sufficient

* Under the title of Clement the Fifth, A.D. 1305.

to justify rigorous punishment on themselves, and to implicate deeply the institution to which they belonged." So far the historian. A more detailed account of their arrest, may, however, be read with advantage, inasmuch as it will first tend to prove the duplicity of their principal prosecutor, Philip, and then to give them the benefit of his bad character.

Clement the Fifth at this time resided in Avignon, under the complete control of his patron, Philip; and it was there that the plans of the king against the Templars were concocted. Under pretence of consulting with him, and the heads of the order, on a contemplated crusade, the pope required the attendance of Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master, and as many of its dignitaries as could accompany him, to Avignon (A.D. 1306). Undeterred by the rumours of danger which met them at every step of their journey, they proceeded from Cyprus thither. Philip, and his minion the pope, received these hapless men with every outward demonstration of friendship and esteem; nay, the former selected the Grand Master as sponsor for a babe of the blood royal, then about to be baptized. But all these were only so many blinds to mask their real intentions; for, on the 13th of October, 1307, the Grand Master, and every one of the knights of the order in France, were simultaneously arrested, and all their fortresses and commanderies seized by order of the treacherous monarch. Jacques de Molay, and the chief knights, were immediately transferred to Paris; and there in the Temple, their own house, were tried for the various crimes previously alleged against them.

"The Knights Templars," says a trust-worthy, pains-taking historian, * "If their judges be worthy of credit, were a set of men who insulted the majesty of God; turned into derision the gospel of Christ; and trampled upon the obligation of all laws human and divine. For it is affirmed that candidates, upon their admission to this order, were commanded to spit, as a mark of contempt, upon an image of Christ; and that after admission, they were bound to worship either a cat, or a wooden head covered with gold. It is further affirmed that among them an odious and unnatural crime was a matter of obligation; that they committed to the flames the unhappy fruit of their lawless amours; and added to these other crimes too horrible to be mentioned or even imagined.

"It will, indeed," he impartially proceeds, "be readily allowed that in this order, as in all the other religious societies of this age, there were shocking examples of impiety and wickedness; but that the whole order of the Templars was thus enormously corrupt is so far from being proved, that the contrary may be concluded from the acts and records, yet extant, of the tribunals before which they were tried and examined. If to this we add, that many of the accusations against them flatly contradict each other, and that many members of this unfortunate order solemnly avowed their innocence while languishing under the severest tortures, and even with their dying breath; it would seem probable that

* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Cent. xiv., cap. v. sect. 10.

King Philip set on foot this bloody tragedy with a view to gratify his avarice, and glut his resentment against the Templars; and especially against their Grand Master who had highly offended him."

The principal agents in the prosecution of the accused were the Bishop of Sens, a creature of the king's, appointed grand inquisitor by the pope for the occasion, and the monks of the order of St. Dominic, a body of fanatics devoted to the papacy, and mortally hating the Templars. The result of the trials was the condemnation of Jacques de Molay, grand master of the order; Guido de Penaldo, grand prior of Normandy, a venerable man of eighty years old; and fifty-nine of the most powerful and distinguished knights, who were all sentenced to suffer death by the punishment of a slow fire. They were executed accordingly, the 18th of March, 1314, on the little island in the Seine at Paris. where subsequently stood the statue of Henry the Fourth. A papal edict, extinguishing for ever the order of the Temple, quickly followed this fearful sacrifice; and thus the last prop of chivalry was for ever annihilated.* The grand master and grand prior stoutly defended their order on their trial, and loudly asserted their innocence at the stake. When the flames were ascending around them, and death in that most fearful of all forms flitted before their eyes, their last words were a solemn citation of King Philip, and the pope, his creature, to appear before the judgment-seat of God:

* Mosheim says that the whole order was extinguished by the Council of Vienna, A.D. 1311. He is good authority as to dates.

and within a year both princes followed their victims to the grave.

With equal promptitude, but not with like rigour, was the papal edict for the suppression of that once all-powerful order followed up in all the other kingdoms and states of Europe. The tradition which ensues has relation to that proceeding in the archbishopric of Mentz. Peter von Aichspalt, at one time principal physician to the Count of Luxemburg, then filled the archiepiscopal chair of that important diocese. He had been invested with that dignity by Clement the Fifth, in gratitude for curing him of a dangerous malady, at Avignon, when the skill of all other physicians had failed; and he was, therefore, altogether at the beck of the pope his benefactor. When the fatal decree of extinction was fulminated against the Templars, he prepared at once to put it into execution in his territories; and, accordingly, he issued strict orders that they should renounce their vows, and resign into his hands their possessions, or abandon altogether the principality. Disobedience to this mandate was threatened with the punishment of fire and sword; and the fate of the unfortunate grand master and the French knights was pointed to as certain to be the fate of those who refused acquiescence. A great number of the knights yielded to a destiny which they deemed inevitable, and either renounced the order, or abandoned the archbishopric: but the legend tells us, that twelve of the most ancient and noble among them, despising at once the power of the pope, and the malice of the potentates his minions, threw themselves into the strong castle of Lahm-

eck, and there took oath to one another to die rather than yield to their persecutor and oppressor..

Peter von Aichspalt was an angry man when he heard tidings of this act of the Templars, and his brow blackened with rage at the thought of his power being defied by such a handful of men. He despatched two thousand of his bravest soldiers against them, commanded by one of his best and most experienced captains; and he issued the strictest injunctions to take the castle, and capture or destroy the knights who defended it, at any risk and at whatever expense.

The brilliant sun of a bright autumn day was sinking in glory behind the Taunus Mountains, when the troops of the Archbishop of Mentz took up their position in front of the Castle of Lahneck. Their commander having first secured all the passes by which escape was possible, sent a herald to the portal with a summons to the knights within the walls.

"Surrender ye!" said the messenger, "in the name of the Emperor and the Archbishop of Mentz. Make clear the castle in one hour, and I offer you life and limb; delay longer, and you die. God preserve the emperor and the archbishop!"

The herald was at once introduced to the chief of the knights by those who kept watch at the outposts; and to him he repeated his summons of surrender.

"Tell your leader and those who sent you—and let it be repeated by them to the proud archbishop and the false emperor—that we fight for our honour and our right, and that we will preserve them or die. Say, also, that we never will quit this castle with our lives; but that if

we are left in peace, we will remain so. Go, in God's name, and do thine errand!"

Thus spoke the noble old knight, his head bleached with the snows of seventy winters, who had been unanimously elected by this intrepid little band as their master and chief.

"We fight for our honour and our right," spake each knight solemnly and in succession, "and we will preserve them or die!"

The herald departed. Shortly after the onslaught commenced. But though the disproportion of force between the assailed and the assailants was fearfully great in point of mere numbers, the strength of the castle and the high-souled courage of its few brave defenders more than counterbalanced it for a considerable period. Night found the fight still raging under the walls, without the archiepiscopal troops being able to effect an entrance at any point, while their numbers were considerably thinned by the well-directed missives of the besieged, and their spirits greatly depressed by such unexpected as well as such formidable opposition.

"This will never do," said the leader of the besieging host, as in the darkness he withdrew his forces from before the castle. "It must not be said that twice a thousand men are set at naught by twelve. Call me the captains of companies."

A council of war was then held, and it was agreed that an assault and escalade should be made at midnight. All was in readiness accordingly at the appointed hour.

The night, with a mutability common to the season, had set in lowering, and long ere the

castle-clock had struck twelve, it rained heavily and blew a perfect hurricane. This was so far favourable for the assailants; but, to make it still more so, the midnight was pitch-dark.

"March!" whispered the leader to the captains.

"March!" whispered the captains to their men.

In silence they gained the castle-walls; in silence also they attempted to scale the only point where a ladder could be planted. It was deemed that the knights, exhausted by the fatigues of the day, would never think of attack in the dead of the night; and it was, therefore, calculated, that the castle might be taken by a *coup-de-main*, without bloodshed or loss of life. But they had reckoned without their host. The enemy they had to deal with was too vigilant to be surprised asleep; and the first man that reached the battlements was flung over as by an invisible hand into the yawning chasm of crag, far, far below. A second, a third, a fourth—in short, a crowd followed in succession, and met the same fate.

"For God and our right!" exclaimed the heroic Templars, as each new victim was added to the dreadful account.

The assailants were terrified, and would fain have fled.

"Once more," shouted their leader, "follow me."

They rushed impetuously onward: several of the knights fell before them. The outer works of the castle were carried; Four of its brave defenders, all that were left alive, retreated to the inner part of the fortress. It was then the gray of the morning; the fight had lasted all through the darkness of the night. Three of the

four soon fell on the drawbridge; their corpses cumbered the path. The fourth, their aged chief, stood in the narrow footway—his gray hair streaming in the chilly breeze—his gory glaive dealing death wherever it lighted. A hundred lances were levelled against his breast—a hundred swords thirsted to drink his life-blood; but still he was all unharmed of them, and stood aloft in his loneliness, the impersonation of bravery and destruction.

"Surrender! surrender!" shouted the assailants.

"Honour and right!" cried the aged hero.

"Farewell! beloved brothers," said he, addressing the dead and dying knights at his feet, "we'll meet once more. Better die thus than at the stake, as our noble grand master and the best of our dear brethren did, by the treachery of a king and the hatred of a priest. Farewell! We'll soon meet."

The battle raged with unabated fury; the foremost of those who pressed on the bridge fell before his sword like corn under the sickle of the reaper; the rest hung back in fear and affright, like a pack of yelping hounds before a stately stag at bay.

"Sir Knight," spake the leader of the archiepiscopal troops, advancing to the front of the passive throng, "in God's name, surrender. You have done your duty; you have performed prodigies of valour. Such a man must not meet the death inevitable, if you persevere. Give me up your arms, and depart hence in peace."

It might be compassion, or it might be policy,

which dictated this speech; but whatever the motive, it had the same effect.

"Never," cried the old knight, — "never shall I surrender more than my brothers. With them have I lived, with them shall I die. Honour and right are our watchwords; and for them will I fight to the last."

"Honour and right!" he exclaimed, as he struck down, at two blows, two of the most daring of his assailants; and the same words were a sure presage of death to two more who succeeded.

"A truce! a truce!" shouted a thousand voices in the rear.

There was an immediate pause; even the hoary champion of the Temple rested a moment from the work of slaughter, to know what it meant.

A herald on a foaming horse came dashing up the precipitous path to the gate of the castle.

"A truce! a truce!" he shouted. "I come from the emperor with peace and pardon."

"Peace and pardon from the emperor," echoed the host.

The Templar stood unmoved, his dripping blade raised aloft in the act to smite the first who advanced towards him.

"Cease!" cried the leader of the opposing force.

The herald alighted, and delivered to him his credentials.

"Sir Knight," said he, when he had glanced at their contents, "here is peace and pardon. The emperor in his august clemency gives back to thy order the goods they are at present possessed of, to have and to hold till death. Ho-

nour and right are now thine. Sheathe thy sword. The emperor give thee grace."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the overjoyed troops.

"Honour is ours," replied the old knight solemnly; "but pardon I wot not of. Grace is with God alone; not with man. That experienced to their cost our noble grand master and our beloved brethren, allured to France from their far-off homes in fair Cyprus. I fight for honour and right, and for them shall I die! Keep clear!"

He waved his gory glaive, and again two of the foremost fell before him; two more followed, and shared the same fate. The troops now became exasperated; they stormed and raged like wild beasts: but the undaunted old man still stood calm and unyielding, dealing out death on every side.

"Yield ye, or die!" shouted the leader of the assailants, springing forward on him.

"Well met," said the Templar. "For life or for death."

In a second they were locked in each other's deadly grasp. For some moments the dreadful struggle between them was equal. The grand attack was suspended; and all men held in their breath to watch its issue. No word was spoken by either party. The leader of the archiepiscopal troops was young, and strong, and brave; but he had to deal with one who had grown old in strife, and who was master of all his manifold stratagems. They tottered—they advanced—they receded: the object of the former was evidently to get the old man under; but the object of the latter could not be so clearly divined. At length

the aged knight leaned an instant, as in weariness, or to draw breath, against the broken balustrade of the drawbridge; his stalwart arms still, however, compressing his adversary in their unshrinking gripe.

"Yield thee! yield thee!" cried the leader, "yield thee, or die!"

"Honour and right!" were the only words the Templar uttered, as throwing himself over the bridge with a sudden jerk, he carried his opponent with him.

They were dashed to pieces on the rugged rocks below.

Thus perished the last of the Templars of Lahnneck.

BRAUBACH.—MARKSBURG.

On the other side of the Rhine lies the ancient town of Braubach, and on a high rock over it towers, like a giant genius, the castle of Marksburg, or Markusburg.

"Braubach," says Vogt, * "was most probably founded in the early periods of the monarchy of the Franconian emperors of Germany, A. D. 1024-1125; and it then belonged to the Hainrichgau. It very soon, however, became a place of some importance; for it gave shelter and protection to Henry IV., when hotly pressed by his rebellious son (A.D. 1090-1100). The Counts of Arnstein then held the chief power in the town; but it subsequently passed into the hands

* Rheinische Geschichten u. Sagen, B. iit, p. 184.

of the Pfalzgrafs of the Rhine. One of the Counts of Eppstein, who afterwards possessed it, sold it to the Count of Katzenellenbogen; and through that family, it came to the house of Nassau. The Rhenish historian says, that it is more than probable, Braubach was at one time considerably larger than it is now; an opinion in which he is borne out by the extensive ruins which cover the soil, at some slight distance beneath the surface of the adjacent land. The town was almost reduced to ashes by a fearful fire which took place in the year 1613, the origin of which is to this day a mystery.

In the castle of Marksburg or Marksburg, the only ancient castle on the Rhine still perfect, the lords of Braubach dwelt like eagles in their eyrie, looking down over flood and fell, and commanding from their inaccessible heights every human being in the vicinity of their abode. The date of the erection of this formidable structure is entirely unknown; but, from its position, and the obvious advantages presented by its site, it may be fairly presumed that it is of a very remote antiquity. It is the only castle on the Rhine, which has continued habitable without the necessity of re-edification; and to this day it is garrisoned by the princes of the house of Nassau.

It is supposed by some that the tragical occurrence about to be related, as a matter of true history, occurred in this stronghold; though, it must be admitted, that others connect the terrible transaction with the castle of Alzey, in the town of the same name, situated on the Selz-

bach near Kreuznach, on the other side of the river.

Ludwig, or Louis the Severe, so called because of the strictness with which he administered justice in his dominions, inherited the territories of the Wittelsbach family, of which he was the sole survivor in Bavaria, and in the palatinate. He succeeded his father, the famous Otto the Illustrious, in the principality of the Rhine, A.D. 1255; and his brother Henry, in the Duchy of Bavaria, A.D. 1260. His rigid administration of the laws was the theme of admiration over all Europe: though in many instances, it only served to alienate the hearts of his own subjects from him. The least infraction of his decrees was punished as severely as the greatest; inasmuch for all crimes, great and small, he had but one sentence—death. But still his very cruelty was of advantage to the country in the main; for, although he caused to be executed in a single day no less than fifty robber-knights (*Raubritter*), who infested his dominions, there are few who know any thing of the history of Germany at that period, particularly of that part of it washed by the waters of the Rhine, will pronounce him guilty of any injustice in that act. Such was his love of justice, that he engaged freely in the confederation of the Rhine, projected by a citizen of Mentz, and followed up by the free cities on that noble river, for the purpose of extirpating those lawless robbers who dwelt in those hitherto impregnable fortresses on its shores, although one of its objects was, virtually, to reduce the nobility from the rank which they held in the scale of society, and elevate the

burghers, and those below them, to an equality with their condition; and by his example, as well as by his influence,—the fear of his power, the dread of his resentment, and the desire to imitate his actions,—he induced many other independent princes in his neighbourhood to join it likewise.

To relate the various instances of his excessive severity, would be but a revolting task; and to multiply them in a work like this, would not be very profitable to the reader. But of all the acts which acquired for him the surname he bore, the execution of his wife for alleged infidelity was certainly the most appalling.

THE PALATINE PRINCESS'S EXECUTION.

Maria, palatine princess, in right of her marriage with the pfalzgraf, Ludwig the Severe, was the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, and heiress to his territory. She was fair and gentle, mild, beautiful, and beloved. Ludwig doated on her; he loved her with a love only known to natures severe as his; and he honoured her besides for the strict performance of all her matrimonial duties. She honoured and revered him, and she feared him too; but truth must be told—she loved him not at all. That her tender heart languished for another—for some fond bosom into which she could pour the full tide of her affectionate spirit—the melancholy sequel of her history most abundantly evidences.

The great extent of Ludwig's territory, and the distance at which its extremes were situated from each other, together with the frequent

necessity which existed for repelling invasion, or repressing internal discontent in one part of it or another, caused him to be long and oftentimes absent from his wife. This was, perhaps, the chief cause why she loved him so little. The severity, too, with which he forbade her all communion with his courtiers and dependants in the court more than might inevitably exist between mistress and servant under the most rigid system of domestic management, had, it is presumed, no trifling effect upon her feelings. Indeed it contributed greatly to estrange them from him; and as human nature, especially female human nature, is inclined to the opposite of compulsion in most cases, it may be not unfairly supposed that the Princess Maria, though exemplary to the last degree in her conduct, involuntarily acted on this natural impulse, and, like the generality of her sex, did the thing she should not. However that may be, and whatever the causes which led to it, that she did so is certain: the catastrophe which ensued to her in consequence is, happily, not often paralleled in modern European history.

It was during one of those periods of protracted absence on the part of Ludwig, that the lovely Maria, who, according to tradition, abode by command of her husband in Alzey, became acquainted with the Raugraf Henry, who, as hereditary truchsess of the palatinate and high steward of the district, attended on the court as a matter of duty. Henry was young and handsome; he was bold and daring too: youth is ever so; and beauty has little tendency to suppress a rash bearing either in man or woman. To see Maria was to admire her; to live under

the same roof—to breathe the same atmosphere with her—was more than the most stoical philosopher of his age might do with impunity. The result was that he did love her;—fondly, deeply, madly loved her; and she—alas! for poor human nature!—shall it be told? The hitherto virtuous wife—the paragon of perfection and purity—permitted unholy passion to possess her breast,—she returned his love. But that love—at least, so say her eulogists—was only platonic. Be it so: it is not for me to make out a case against her. Platonic, however, or sensual, it little pleased Ludwig; to whose ears it was carried by one of the thousand tale-bearers who infest the purlieus of a court, and poison the passages of all great houses. Ludwig was too proud to manifest his feelings, or too just to condemn his wife without sufficient evidence, which at that time he could not command. But he did what most prudent husbands would do in such a case—he established a *cordon* of observation around her; and he attached her lover to his own particular suite. Availing himself, shortly after, of an occasion for his presence in Bavaria, he directed the princess to make the strong castle of Marksburg her residence; and he departed on his distant expedition, taking the Raugraf Henry along with him. Maria he left under the care of his sister, Elizabeth, queen of the Sicilies, with private instructions to watch her closely: her lover he specially directed to accompany himself, placing a spy upon his every action, and causing each word which dropped from his lips to be recorded against him. Thus stood matters at the commencement of that inauspicious journey.

'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' according to the adage; and even so it was with the hapless princess. Despite the duration in which she lived — despite the system of espionage to which she was subjected—despite the keen, close observation of her keeper, the Queen of the Sicilies—a woman herself—a woman, too, who had lived so long in the sunny south, and who, therefore, necessarily knew so intimately all the forms, if not the substance, of intrigue — she managed to keep up a correspondence with the Raugraf. The way in which she managed it was at once most ingenious and most daring. By some means, at present unexplained, the periodical packet of letters despatched to her husband always contained one or more missives of a tender nature for her lover. This daring deceit was carried on for a considerable while; but it was at last discovered in a way equally novel and unexpected. In her haste to avoid observation, she one day superscribed the letter addressed to her husband with her lover's name, and that addressed to the Raugraf with the name of his lord, her husband. The fatal missive reached Ludwig's hands in due time: he read it; the fate of the unfortunate princess was sealed.

The equanimity of the injured husband wholly forsook him, when this proof of his beloved wife's infidelity burst upon his soul. He slew the bearer of the billet on the spot; and he would have performed the office of executioner with his own hands on the Raugraf Henry, if that youth had not, fortunately for himself, been absent at the time on a hunting expedition. Within an hour Ludwig was on his road to the Rhine; and from

that moment until he reached Marksburg, he never relaxed in his speed, or tarried an unnecessary instant on his rapid journey.

He entered the ante-chamber of his wife's apartments; and his first act was to hurl her confidant, Helike, from the open window upon the dreadful precipice below. He next slew her attendants, and all those who were about her person. This was the work of only a few moments. Their bodies he commanded to be cast from the towers of the castle into the rocky chasms at its rear, which was done accordingly. He then sought out his wife, who, quite ignorant of the awful tragedy which had been enacted so close at hand, sat buried in thoughts of her unholy love, in her most private chamber. He stood before her; the room was filled with grim and gory men-at-arms. She rose to meet him;—she advanced towards where he stood;—she made to embrace him. But he waved her back with his hand; and, at the same moment, two executioners, stripped to the waist, one bearing a bright, heavy axe, the other a coil of rope, interposed between them.

"My husband!—God of Heaven!—What's this?" she stammered—her fair cheek flushing now with the most lovely red, and anon rivaling that of a corpse in deathly paleness.—"What is this? What may it mean? say, my lord, say!"

"Know ye this, false woman?" replied the pfalzgraf, holding forth to view her letter to the Raugraf. "Know ye this?"

"God have mercy upon me," exclaimed the princess; "I'm lost!"

She said no other word: the pfalzgraf continued:—

“Know ye this, falsest of women? Know ye this?” His voice sounded in her ears like the last trump as he went on. “Is this the faith and truth you swore to me at the altar of that God you now so vainly invoke? While I was absent for the weal of my people, you were defiling my bed: while I was extirpating robbers in my dominions, you were encouraging a thief worse than the worst of them: and while I was protecting the public, you were encouraging a villain to plunder me of all I most valued—perhaps, also, to deprive me of my life. Your *Ægistus* has already regicidal blood in his veins: * you would be his *Clytemnestra*; and, haply, you would help him to mount my throne over my corpse. But the justice of Heaven hath overtaken you; and now you are caught in your own net. This letter is your condemnation. In right of my sovereign power, and of the honour of my house, I therefore adjudge you to suffer death. Prepare, then, for your instant doom. And you, headsman! do your duty.”

The princess bowed her head: at one stroke it rolled along the ensanguined floor. Great was the grief and deep the dismay of all present at the sight.

* The Raugraf was lineally descended from Otto von Wittelsbach, who assassinated the Emperor Philip of Swabia, for refusing him his daughter in marriage. She had been promised to him previous to Philip's accession to the imperial throne. The assassination took place at Attenburg, near Bamberg. A.D. 1208.

"Bury the body," spake the pfalzgraf. "Give her remains all the honours due to royalty."

He then left the chamber, and was never seen to smile more.

The remainder of his reign was one series of troubles consequent upon this rash act. Henry, the Raugraf, who had escaped the fate of his unfortunate mistress, went about from court to court exciting a feeling of horror and a spirit of hatred against him whom he had injured; all Germany was in commotion on account of such unheard-of severity; and the neighbouring princes of Europe hesitated not to express their abhorrence of the cruel haste with which the Pfalzgraf had proceeded in this matter. His own subjects, too, revolted at the idea of being governed by such a master; and serious discontents took rise in various parts of his territory. These were originated or fomented by the relatives of the deceased Maria, or by the friends and connexions of the Raugraf Henry, her lover; and they naturally gave Ludwig the greatest uneasiness and anxiety. To make head against them the more effectually, however, he determined on marrying again; and, will it be believed?—but who can doubt it that has read the history of Henry the Eighth of England?—he actually found a woman willing to unite herself with him. Accordingly, he espoused Matilda, daughter of Rudolph von Hapsburg, emperor of Germany; and from thenceforward, the power of that famous house prevented his foes from troubling him ever more.

It is said that he repented his precipitancy in regard to his first wife; and, to appease his con-

science, it is stated that he founded the nunnery of Fürstenfeld, or, according to others, Fürstenthal, in her honour.

He died soon after, leaving his dominions to his two sons, Ludwig and Frederic, who never knew peace with one another while they lived.

Marksburg is now used as a state-prison for the duchy of Nassau; but it is very seldom tenanted, and never has been crowded with political offenders.

BOPPART.

Boppart is unquestionably one of the oldest towns on the Rhine. It was originally a post station of the Romans—one of the fifty castles built by Drusus Germanicus, being situated there: and shortly after it became the headquarters of the *militum balistarorium*, or “ordnance” of that people, on this river. The chief in command of the Roman artillery dwelt in the town, and held there a kind of minor military court; to which all the neighbouring native princes in alliance with the conquerors occasionally resorted. It was then known as *Baudobrica*, *Bodobriga*, or *Bontobriga*. On the decline of the Roman empire, the military station at Boppart disappeared; and the name of the town was not heard of for centuries. The next mention made of it is in the æra of the Frank kings of Austrasia. That it was the abode of some one or other of these sovereigns is certain: for tradition has handed down the fact of its being a royal residence; and authentic local history speaks of

the remains of a royal palace of the well-known architecture of their period having had very recent existence within its walls.* This edifice was entirely demolished by the French army, A. D. 1764.

In the reign of Conrad the Third, emperor of Germany, Boppart became an imperial city (A. D. 1137-52); and about the same period (A. D. 1146) St. Bernard of Clairvaux preached the second crusade to its inhabitants, .on one of whom he is stated to have performed a miraculous cure. Boppart must at this time have been a place of considerable size, for the biographer of the saint, in reference to this cure, terms the town "*vicum magnum.*" For three centuries subsequently, however, no allusion to it occurs in local or general history.

About the middle of the fifteenth century (A. D. 1417-69), Boppart became the centre of the Rhenish Toll district, and the chief town of the confederacy formed by the princes on that part of the Rhine to protect traffic and commerce on the river. At this time a wild custom existed in these quarters. Whenever a barque sunk in the Rhine, or was wrecked on its shores, the dwellers in the vicinity claimed all they could save from the unfortunate vessel as their own. It was the same, also, if a wagon laden with corn fell to pieces on the high road; they held that they, and not the owners, had a right to the lading. One of the first objects of the Confederation was to put an end to this assumed claim; and to place the property of merchants

* Freyherus' "Orig. Palat." cap. ii.

and farmers in that respect on a right footing. This claim was termed Grundruhr; and it required all the power of these potentates to destroy it. Boppart being the centre of the union, and the chief commercial city of the confederacy, was greatly interested in the abolition of this injustice, and exerted itself strenuously to that effect. English wool and Geneva wares formed the principal staple of traffic on the Rhine at this period: and it was absolutely necessary to insure protection to the traders in these valuable wares, otherwise they would not adopt that route again for the transit of their merchandise.

An imperial diet was held in Boppart by the Emperor Rudolph von Habsburg A.D. 1288, soon after his defeat of the pretender Tile-Kolup, at Colmar, in Alsace; who assumed the name, and professed to be, the Emperor Frederic the Second, dead full a quarter of a century antecedent to that period. It is said that the following amusing episode in the life of that great prince, occurred in this town; though there are, unquestionably, many causes which concur to make Mentz the scene of its enactment.

Rudolph, like most men of his stamp, was altogether unacquainted with sloth, and cared very little for those indulgences which were ever within the command of his high station. In summer and winter he awoke with the dawn of the morning; and, generally, if the weather was fair, went forth from his tent or his palace, as the case might be, alone, mostly in disguise. It was while engaged in one of these solitary rambles, during his brief abode at Boppart, that he strolled into a baker's shop; and, the morning

being bitter cold, begged leave to stand by the oven for the purpose of warming himself.

"Indeed, then, you sha'n't," replied the owner of the shop, a widow woman whose husband had been some time dead. "Indeed, then, you sha'n't, my man. You are a soldier, and should stay away from us poor people. But no, you are not satisfied with eating us out of house and home, you must also come and thrust us from our own firesides. Off with you—scamp as you are! Or I'll——"

"Nay, my good dame, nay," quoth the emperor: "'tis deadly cold! Surely you would not turn an old soldier from your fireside such a morning as this is."

"Yes, but I would, though," replied the tart dame; "yes, but I will though! So be off with you."

"I have not a kreutzer," continued he, greatly amused by her pertinacity; "I have spent my all in the service of the emperor. Rudolph von Habsburg owes much to me—very much."

"Well, then, let him pay you," retorted the termagant; "you don't want me to pay you, I hope."

"He has turned me off without a gulden," continued the emperor.

"Serve you right," she said; "you deserve no better,—idle, lazy, loon that you are! Off—out of my house this moment!"

"Surely," interposed Rudolph, imploringly, "you will let me warm myself—an old soldier—a creditor of the emperor's—a——"

"Not if you were the emperor himself!" she answered angrily.

"How now, widow," said Rudolph, desirous to tantalize her, "that's treason."

"Treason here, or treason there," she replied pettishly; "treason here, or treason there, 'tis the truth."

"But why?" inquired he; anxious now to know the cause of her animosity to him: one of his chief objects in going about in disguise being to ascertain, personally, the grievances of his people, with a view to their redress. "Why, my good dame? why?"

"Why?" she answered, "why? I'll tell you. Because he has made us, his poor people, bear the burden of his armies. That, however, I would not care for so much, if we were but paid for what his soldiers consume. But, no; they come into our houses and our shops, and take what they list without offering us any thing for it, except abuse. So as you are a soldier of his no longer—and as I have the power to punish you—I'll do it. Off with you, skulking blackguard as you are,—off! off!—out of my house, and take that with ye!"

So saying, she flung a vessel of cold water on him; and he was fain to make as speedy a retreat as possible.

"This must be thought of," said he to himself; "this must be looked to, or my good name will suffer among my subjects."

With these words he entered the palace by a private door, and proceeded to his chamber.

On that day he gave a grand banquet to the chief officers of state, and the principal generals of his troops; and he secretly despatched a messenger to bring the baker's widow into his

presence. She was introduced accordingly; and the emperor required her to state the grievances of which she had complained, before that august company. She did so without hesitation or disguise; and many a high head at the table of their sovereign was bowed down in shame to hear of the misdoings which they had permitted and encouraged. At the conclusion of her story the emperor rose and left the room. He was scarcely ten minutes absent when he again reappeared in the garb which he had worn in the morning. The widow was surprised to see him whom she had driven forth so ignominiously from her shop in such goodly society: but she thought that he had been, perhaps, brought thither like herself, and for the same purpose.

"Lazy loon!" she muttered between her teeth as he approached her; "how! you here too? What may the emperor want with such as ye, save to punish you still more?"

Rudolph, however, heeded not her objurgation except to laugh heartily at it. But this only increased her surprise the more.

"Is the man mad?" she asked; "is he crazed—is he mad? that he laughs in this worshipful presence as though he was in a pot-house!—Hold your peace, fool!" she suddenly exclaimed; "the emperor will be here in a moment."

"He is here," said Rudolph, bowing to the ground—"at your service."

She was struck dumb with astonishment.

"You! you! you!" she repeated rapidly, while her faculties were forming a conclusion; "you!—forgive me, my lord! forgive!"——

She knelt to him as she said the words ; but he raised her , and bid her be of no fear.

"And now , my lords," he added to the courtiers , who had crowded round to witness this singular scene ; "we must amend these matters. Truth lies in a well. We have it now ; though I went deep enough to find it ; and got a wet jerkin into the bargain. These things must be no more."

The widow grew pale as the emperor alluded to the ducking he had got at her hands ; but his good-humoured look soon reassured her.

"My lord steward," he then said , addressing that officer , "you'll take care that our informant is duly rewarded. We shall not have even her complaints without paying for them. Let her have the best boar's head on our table ; and see that she lack not plenty of our oldest Rhenish wine to wash it down. Frau Bäckerinn—farewell."

And so ended the scene , if this tradition be the truth.

Boppart became subject to the Archbishop of Treves , Baldwin , of Luxemburg , already alluded to , A.D.1312. The occasion of this subjection was the weakness of the Emperor Henry the Seventh , brother to that prelate , who , postponing the interest of the state to his private feeling , transferred this city from the dominion of the empire at large to that of the see of Treves. Inspired by the spirit of freedom , the citizens rose in assertion of their own rights. "They were no party to the transfer of their allegiance," they said ; "and they desired not to change rulers." But Baldwin , one of the most energetic

men of the age, soon overpowered them; and during his lifetime, that is, for a period of full forty-two years afterwards, they gave him no further trouble. Kuno von Falkenstein, who succeeded that prelate, the next but one, finished their subjugation to the electorate and archbishopric over which he ruled, and completely crushed all attempts at securing independence while he lived.

In the electorate of John of Baden, archbishop of Treves (A.D.1456—1503), another outbreak of the inhabitants of this city, against the archiepiscopal government, took place. It originated in some dispute between the toll-taker appointed by that sovereign, or the soldiery by whom he was supported, and the citizens; and was greatly aggravated by the expulsion of all the electoral officials from within its walls. Whereupon the irritated archbishop called together a great body of troops and laid siege to the city. The account given by a contemporary writer of this siege is quaint and curious,* and considerably illustrates the mode of warfare practised at that period.

"On the eve of St. John," says this old chronicler, "in the year of grace 1497, John, of Baden, at the head of the Suabian League, and his own troops, appeared before Boppard, and took possession of the great cloister,** in which

* "Beschreibung der Belagerung," von Peter Meyer. Meyer was private secretary to the elector of Treves, John of Baden.

** The nunnery of Marienburg, on the hill which overlooks Boppard. This famous convent, now a cotton manufactory, was celebrated as the abode of noble ladies of the

he stationed seven hundred foot soldiers. That was a great blow to the citizens: but still they persisted in holding out against him.

The vassals, great and small, of the see of Treves were all required to appear before the city by a certain day, munitioned and provisioned for war; and they so appeared accordingly—the nobles, the knights, and the peasantry. The two first composed the besieging force; the last were employed in digging entrenchments and raising counter-fortifications. The monasteries and convents of the archdiocese furnished wagons for the transport of the baggage, and also for the removal of the earth necessary in the construction of the works. Three noble knights were appointed to undertake the whole of this labour, and see that it was properly executed.

“Four gulden a month* was the pay of each soldier in the army; but the knights and the nobles served cost free, at their own expense, as they were bound to do by the terms of their fee. Most of them, also, maintained their own troopers; and some of them foot soldiers to boot.

“Each of the princes of the league placed a chief officer over his own forces, who had the title of marshal. The cannon were loaded with stone bullets: but the troops of the palatinate used iron bullets; and their artillery in general, was the best ordered, and the best served of the entire ordnance.

palatinate alone. The usual number within its walls was from forty to fifty.

* Somewhere about a pound sterling of the present currency—allowing the value of money to be only three times increased since then.

"The elector of Mentz, who was bound to furnish a force of six hundred men, contributed not a single soldier; and the elector of Cologne despatched only two knights, who came no nearer than Andernach, but there remained under pretence of the arrival of the remainder of the contingent; which was never sent, and consequently never came.

"But Phillip, pfalzgraf of the Rhine, came at the head of two hundred horse and four hundred foot-folk: and the very same evening he commenced to play on the town with a piece of his own cannon, which he had planted before the St. Martin's cloister.

"The landgraf of Hesse likewise sent six hundred men; he himself lying by with eighty knights, a little above Braubach, to be in readiness for any emergency. Sir Bertram of Nesselrode was the commander of the contingents for the Counts of Julich and Birkenfeldt.

"The great piece of battering artillery, named the 'Ungracious,' was directed against Schwalbach's house in the town; and a lesser piece of cannon, a culverin, and six arquebuses, were appointed to support it. A hundred and sixty huge stone bullets were the ammunition appointed for it; but there was more ammunition of a lesser size, of which it is not needful to make mention. To the service of this gun there were attached a chief cannonier, six carpenters, a stone-mason, and eight assistants.

"The other principal piece of heavy ordnance lay near the castle gate, opposite a turret in the town wall. This had the name of 'Swiftly;' and swiftly did it do its work. The bullets from its

mouth battered down the turret till it fell upon the wall, and then both sunk in together. The fragments of stone from the broken balls, and from the broken walls, flew about in the town like hail.

"Near this lay another piece of artillery, the property of Christoph, markgraf of Baden. It was named 'Windeck;' and it shot down a large tower in a very short time.

"The elector of Treves, John of Baden, together with the margraf of Baden, his brother, the counts of Nassau, Sain, Solms, Westerburg, and Oberstein, the Rheingraf, the Baron of Winnenburg, and other nobles and knights, remained in the great nunnery on the hill to the rear of Boppard; and in the valley behind it, along the rugged road which leads to the Hunsrück mountains, stood their tents, their baggage, and their horses.

"On the other side of the Rhine were planted some artillery, the contingent of Württemberg, which annoyed the town very much; and all the places above and below Boppard were in possession of the besiegers, so that no assistance could reach the citizens from any quarter, were it forthcoming. There were about twelve thousand troops in all engaged in this siege.

"In the meanwhile, provisions failed so in the town that the soldiery could obtain no food but bread and wine; and this led to an intention of surrender on the part of the citizens. Accordingly, through the mediation of John, duke of Bavaria, the Count of Sponheim, and Sir Bertram von Nesselrode, an accommodation was effected between the elector and these his subjects; by means of which his sovereignty was again fully

recognised, and they were placed on the same footing with regard to the electorate as they had been before this outbreak."

Thus ended the siege of Boppard.

The archbishop, however, found it more difficult to deal with his auxiliaries than with his rebellious subjects; for a body of six hundred of these soldiers of fortune, discontented at the obscuration of all their bright prospects of plunder attacked the city, swearing that "the devil should have their souls if they went without booty;" and were repulsed only with considerable loss.

Boppard, in the year 1501, was wrested for a while from the electorate of Treves, by the boldness and daring of a noble knight of the city, John of Elz. On the day of the Epiphany during the celebration of high mass, he appeared before the place on the river-side, and took possession, without hinderance, of all the posts held by the electoral officers and troops. The plea set up for this proceeding was an infringement on the privileges of the citizens. The difference, however, was soon after adjusted, and the city returned to its allegiance to Treves.

In the servile war, which accompanied the reformation, and kept pace with its progress on the shores of the Rhine, Boppard was not behindhand. The populace, sympathizing with their brethren, the peasants of the Rhein Gau—of whose excesses more in another page—broke loose from all restraint, set the laws at defiance, deposed the regularly elected magistracy, and selected others from their own ranks in their stead. This insurrection was, however, soon

put an end to; and the ringleaders underwent various degrees of punishment.

Little more remains to be said of Boppard. It shared the fate of almost all the Rhenish towns in the thirty years' war, being alternately possessed by every party; and in the succeeding commotions which shook central Europe it had its full share of affliction and suffering. But it boots not to enter on these topics here; and so we shall pass to others more in unison with the purport of these volumes.

Like all cities of the kind, in the middle ages, Boppard had a nominal protector in the head of a noble family resident in the vicinity.

For a succession of ages the heads of the ancient house of Bayer, who usually dwelt in the valley behind Marienburg, which nearly overhangs the town, or in one of the castles of Liebenstein or Sternberg (the Brothers), on the opposite side of the river, both of which are said to have belonged to this family anterior to the twelfth century, were the protectors of this city. Little now remains of this race of knights and nobles, once among the most powerful and important on the Rhine; and tradition has alone preserved the remembrance of one—the chief of his name in the twelfth century—whose life was wicked, and whose death, though glorious, was most miserable. The true and the false are so blended together in the story of his life, as handed down to posterity, that it is impossible to separate them. It is a story of sin, and shame, and sorrow.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS LADY-LOVE.

Sir Conrad Bayer, of Boppart, the first of his family, in the latter part of the twelfth century, was what is generally termed in the present day "a good fellow." That is, he would, if occasion offered, quarrel without much care as to the justice of the cause; carouse of the deepest when he had company at his table; court fair maids when he had nothing else on hands, and then abandon them as easily as he had won them; and, in short, do every thing that a heedless man may do, whose passions knew no control, and whose prosperity has never been impinged on. In other respects, he had many excellent qualities:—he was open, generous, brave: and he was tolerably well versed in all the accomplishments of the period. But the curse of his life was his levity of heart; and that which poisoned his existence in the very prime of his manhood was his infidelity in love.

At this period Frederic the First (Barbarossa) led the flower of the German chivalry to the third crusade, in conjunction with Richard Cœur de Lion of England, and Philip Augustus of France. But although the Rhenish knights and nobles flocked in thousands to his standard, Sir Conrad Bayer of Boppart was not among the champions of the cross at the outset of the expedition. The cause of his stay was ostensibly the protection of Boppart from a formidable band of robbers that carried on their depredations in the vicinity; but some, who were in the secret, attributed it quite as much to the charms of a

fair lady who lived in a neighbouring castle, its only warden, in the absence of her brother with the crusaders. Her Christian name was Maria: the patronymic of her family has not been transmitted to posterity. Conrad visited the castle where she lived much oftener than neighbourly feeling alone would warrant; and Maria saw him each time with greater pleasure than mere friendship ever yet exhibited. The result may be guessed at, but not mentioned. His demeanour became colder towards her day after day; while day after day her love for him seemed but to increase. No longer was he punctual in his appointments with her; in process of time, weeks—nay, months—passed over without a visit from him; and she was finally overwhelmed with misery when a report reached her that he was just about to embark for the East to join the forces of the cross in Palestine. In vain did she plead her love, with all the fervid eloquence of passion, when they next met for a few moments—it was now for a few moments only: in vain did she despatch letter after letter to him during his absence from her. To the first she received no reply, except an averted countenance and a loveless look could be construed into one, to the second his uniform answer was, that he had no mind to marry then, for that a free and independent life suited him the best. "But," his last letter cruelly ended, "if I marry at all, which is by no means likely, mayhap you shall be at the bridal, though you may assure yourself you shall not be the bride." Maria's heart was crushed, as if by the fall of a mountain, when she read this dreadful

reply; she wrote to him no more; but she resolved to put in execution, without further delay, a plan which she had some time thought of. In the meanwhile the restless, and, perhaps, unhappy Conrad, made ready to set forth for Asia; and from morning until night his castle resounded with the clang of hammers forging corslets and other necessary pieces of armour, the tramp of steeds, the tread of armed retainers passing to and fro, and, in short, with every note of preparation which precedes or attends a great warlike expedition. In due time his arrangements were all completed; and at the head of a goodly band of his friends and vassals he set forth on his long and toilsome journey.

It was a lovely morning, in the early part of spring, when they galloped forth the castle portals, and by the light of the gray dawn mustered in order on the shores of the river. Proudly and gaily rode Conrad, their chief, in advance. The neighing of the steeds—the shouts of the boatmen on the river waiting to receive them in their pennoned barques—the blessings of the crowd—gave the whole scene a tone and character of the highest excitement. They neared the shore—Conrad still in advance,—when a knight, armed cap-à-pie, with visor closed, lance in rest, and glaive unsheathed, was seen urging his fiery steed in „hot haste” towards them.

“Hold!” cried the youth; for such his weak voice bewrayed him—“hold, Sir Conrad Bayer, of Boppart. Leave not this land until thou answer to me for thy misdeeds; or until I fall by thy hand. I tell thee to thy teeth, in the face of thy friends and thy followers, that thou art a

false and a faithless traitor—that thou art unworthy the name of knight!”

The retinue of Conrad rushed towards the audacious stranger; twice a hundred lances were at once placed in rest to pierce him through; twice a hundred swords gleamed high in air to drink his blood; the bowmen bent their bows on him; his death was certain. But Conrad quickly interposed; and ordered them to retire to a thicket in the rear, there to wait the issue of the rencontre. This done, he thus addressed his assailant:—

“Bold boy, who art thou?”

“Once thy friend, but now thy deadly foe,” was the reply. “One or both of us shall fall this day.”

“I know thee not, youth;” continued Conrad; “why should I slay thee?”

“Know me then, now, to thy eternal disgrace,” exclaimed the stranger. “In me behold the brother of the betrayed Maria; and let thy sight be blasted for ever! I have come from afar to obtain satisfaction for the injuries you have inflicted on her: I have journeyed from the plains of Palestine hither to have thy life. To the battle, villain!—to the battle! or I shall call thee coward as well as traitor!”

“But,” again interposed Conrad, touched, perhaps, through the youth of his opponent, with a feeling something akin to pity, “how may I know that thou art what thou describest thyself to be? I am a noble knight, and may not disgrace my sword with one below my degree. Where are thy proofs?”

“They are here!” exclaimed the impetuous

boy. "Behold the blazon of our house,—a house as ancient and as noble as thine."

He raised his shield, as he spoke, and shewed to Conrad the arms of his betrayed fair one's family—a golden lion in a field azure.

"Wouldst thou more?" he inquired tauntingly.

"Nay," rejoined Conrad, "thy blood be on thy own head. If thou'dst slain fifty Saracens, thou diest thyself this day. Make speedy shrift, for short space have you to live."

"God be with the right!" shouted the youth.

Each wheeled round his steed, and drew back a few paces to take ground; then laying their lances in rest, they rushed on each other with the fury of a whirlwind. Both were struck at the same moment; and both were unhorsed together: but, besides the fall, neither sustained any injury—thanks to the excellent temper of their mail. Now came the tug of war. Conrad's blood was up—to be unhorsed by a boy—he one of the best cavaliers of the day—it was a thing not to be borne. He drew forth his broad, bright falchion: his antagonist did the same: the fight then began in good earnest. It was evident, however, that the latter was less expert in the sword exercise than the former: though he managed, notwithstanding, to inflict a deep gash on his adversary's arms. This maddened Conrad more than ever: he showered his blows so "quick, thick, and heavy," that the weak youth he had to contend with could no longer withstand their force and effect. He fell mortally wounded. In accordance with the customs of chivalry, the victor hastened to unlace the helm of the vanquished, and offer him every assistance

at hand in this his extremity. What was the horror of Conrad, while divesting his prostrate opponent's head of that part of his heavy armour, to behold the long luxuriant tresses of a female roll out heavily from beneath it. With an unsteady hand, as ominous of evil, he raised the casque of the dying stranger.

God of heaven!—it was Maria!

“Conrad,” she spake, as the death-rattle sounded in her throat, and the struggle of immediate dissolution convulsed every muscle of her delicate frame,—“Conrad, I forgive thee.”

It were idle to attempt a description of the grief of the reckless, wretched knight.

“Conrad,” she continued, “take it not thus to heart—I die. The fault was mine more than thine. I could not live without thy love—so I resolved to perish by thy hand. My wish is accomplished. Think of me kindly, when you think of me at all; and should a recollection of the lost Maria ever cross your mind, remember only her love and devotion for thee—forget, forget her folly. God bless you, my beloved Conrad Farewell!”

The fair maiden, with these words, sunk back on her broken shield and expired. That Saviour who called Magdalen sister, was surely merciful to poor Maria.

Sir Conrad Bayer, of Boppard, was from that hour forth an altered man. Postponing for a period his intended departure for Palestine, he had the body of the hapless maiden, the victim of his perfidy, transported to the summit of the Kreutzberg, which lies beside the town of Bop-

part, and there interred with honourable burial. He then bestowed two-thirds of his immense estates in perpetuity upon some pious priests who dwelt on the mountain, conditionally that they should erect a magnificent nunnery over the remains of Maria, and bestow upon the building her name. Hence the convent of Marienberg, once the proudest and most opulent on the Rhine. This done, he resumed his suspended plan, and set forth in all haste for Syria.

Arrived at Acre, he joined the crusading army before the city, as one of the Knights Templars, to which noble order his birth and wealth secured him immediate admittance; and, under Richard Cœur de Lion, he was soon engaged in the ever memorable siege and storm of that renowned place. But though he fought only to find death on the field, he could find nothing but glory; the breath of the destroying angel passed him by unharmed; his hour had not come. At length, when the city had been won—when a partial truce was proclaimed—when the excitement of battle and danger was over, he was found pierced to the heart on the ramparts by a stray shaft, from a hand not known, as he walked to and fro in the cool of the night, lamenting his lost love, and execrating himself for his conduct to her. His last word was "Maria." Thus perished Sir Conrad Bayer, of Boppard, who would have been happier if he had been better, and wiser if he had not so deeply sinned against love.

"Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver;
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?"

The actual amount of truth or falsehood in this tradition there is at present no exact means of ascertaining: but ancient family documents place it beyond a doubt that a member of the noble family of Bayer of Boppard perished at Ptolemais posterior to the siege of that city: and the convent of Marienberg, which still exists, would seem to point to some passage in the history of that race, not altogether at variance with the main features of this legend.

On the other side of the Rhine, almost directly opposite Boppard, lies Camp, supposed by some to have been the site of an ancient *castrum*, or camp, of the Romans; Bornhofen, a famous nunnery, secularised in 1814; and the celebrated castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels, commonly called "The Brothers," as much, perhaps, from their singular contiguity to each other, as from the traditional circumstance of their being erected by two individuals standing in the close relationship indicated by the name.

Two of the many legends afloat among the dwellers on this shore of the river, respecting the origin of these romantic strongholds, are here offered. It is possible, that, like all tales of a similar class, they have some foundation in truth, and that a substratum of fact lies beneath the evidently fabulous superstructure of the narrative: but how much of fact or how much of fable they contain is a matter which may never be ascertained, as time and change have swept away all authentic traces of their original history.

LIEBENSTEIN. — STERNBERG.**THE BROTHERS.**

In the ancient days of German valour, and truth, and love, a noble knight, named Dietrich, was lord of both castles. Two sons, who were handsome, high-spirited youths, lived with him, also an orphan maiden, to whom he was guardian. The maiden was surpassingly beautiful; and she was as good as she was lovely. Kind of heart, dovelike in manner, and gentle to all, she was beloved by every one: but she was more especially beloved by the brothers with whom she had grown up to woman's estate, in innocence and in peace. Both loved her, as I have said; but one concealed his love from her, and "pined in thought:" while the other advanced his suit with all the impetuosity of his age and character. He was the younger of the two youths; and his father looked auspiciously on the choice he had made of the maiden; for she was heiress to large possessions in the vicinity of his estates.

"Minna, my lass," said the old knight to her one day, as they all sate together in the chamber of daiz after the dinnerhour—"my boys love you will you be the bride of one or other of them?"

The maiden blushed; and the youths blushed also.

"Come, come," continued the old knight, "as you are not averse to marriage, make your election.

She looked on the two handsome young men, who involuntarily flung themselves on their knees at her feet; and she was soon aware of the passion which burned in their bosoms. She looked again, and her glance fell on the younger brother: but still she was silent.

"Well, well," said Conrad, the elder, "I see how it is: you love Heinrich better than you love me. Be it so. He is more worthy of your affections."

He took their hands and joined them together; then sighing deeply, he left the apartment.

The old knight gave the happy pair his blessing; fixed a near day for their nuptials; and immediately followed his son for the purpose of condoling with him in his sorrow.

Conrad, however, was inconsolable; and day after day passed over without bringing him peace. He did not envy his brother; but he felt that his own happiness was entirely destroyed. Nay, he discovered, to his deep consternation, that every hour only increased his love for Minna; and that the more he saw of her, the more his great loss was made evident to him. It was idle—nay, it was wicked—he argued, to remain any longer under the influence of her charms; so he even resolved to drop down the river to Rhens, where the prince palatine of the Rhine then held his court, and pray to be enrolled among his followers. He did so, shortly after; and was received with great honour, and at once admitted to the service of his sovereign.

About this time it was that St. Bernard of Clairvaux was employed in preaching the second crusade; and all the German knights and nobles were gathered together at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where the holy abbot was then entertained with the greatest honours by the Emperor Conrad. Although the saint spoke in a tongue to which they were strangers, still the spirit of his eloquence caught their souls like wild-fire; and every castle

and fortalice in the land daily poured out its best and bravest defenders, bearing the crusader's badge, the red cross, on their surcoat, and wending their way in every direction, by land and by water, to far distant Palestine. Among the nobles who were thus assembled at Frankfort, were the old knight, Sir Dietrich, and his younger son, Heinrich. Both caught the contagion of zeal for the cause of the Lord, which the holy man's very presence inspired even in all who only saw him; and each felt equally desirous to go forth and rescue the scene of the Saviour's sufferings from the power of the cruel and scoffing infidels. But it could not be. Sir Dietrich was old and infirm; besides which, his broad lands required a vigilant guardian, and his numerous vassals a beloved chief. Heinrich had no considerations of this kind to detain him in Europe; though he had another not less, but usually more powerful, in the person of his betrothed bride, Minna. All considerations, however, gave way to the wild impulse which urged him onward to join the crusaders; and, truth must be told, he found no opposition from his father, who should have known better and acted far otherwise. It was decided that the youth should proceed, with the army of the emperor, to the Holy Land: and, on his return to the Rhine, it was settled that he should lead his Minna to the altar. He immediately set out—bewept bitterly by the deserted maiden;—and, with a small body of his father's boldest retainers, joined the imperial standard at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Soon after his departure, old Sir Dietrich died; and Conrad, his elder son, was summoned from

Rhens to take possession of his titles and property. Again was the heart of the young knight troubled with love for his brother's betrothed, Minna; but again he mastered his passion by a powerful effort of his understanding. From thenceforward he learned to look on her as a beloved sister; and he watched over her with all the affection—and something more — of a fond brother. Two years thus sped over; they sped, however, without bringing any intelligence of Heinrich. At the expiration of that period a rumour reached the shores of the Rhine, and speedily found its way to Liebenstein, that he was on his return; but it also trumpeted forth that he had been false to his plighted troth to Minna, and was now the husband of a beautiful Greek lady. It was a rumour; alas! too true! Unabashed, and with cruel heart, he did return, his fair Greek with him as his bride; and took up his abode in Sternfels, the opposite castle to that in which dwelt his brother and the betrayed and broken-hearted Minna. The struggle was too severe for the feelings of the maid: she could no longer live in his sight; and she soon after took the veil in the neighbouring convent of Bornhofen.

Sir Conrad's noble heart burned with indignation at the treachery of his brother. When the *avant courier* which announced the coming of the faithless knight entered his castle, to tell him of his near arrival, the only reply he made was to fling his gauntlet on the floor.

"Take that," he said, "to my brother: that is my only answer. Say that we are brothers no longer. I defy him to mortal combat as a *faitour* and a false knight."

The messenger did as he was directed; and Conrad immediately summoned his vassals. All these proceedings were communicated to Minna by a confidential servant of her deceased father.

The crusader, as it has been already stated, arrived in due course at his own castle of Sternfels; and at once prepared for the deadly strife to which his elder brother had bade him. He, too, summoned all his vassals in the field; and a near day was fixed for the deadly and unnatural encounter. Their forces met on the river shore, below their castles, and a mortal combat at once ensued between the brothers. It lasted long—a whole summer's day; but neither had the advantage of the other. At length, just as Conrad was on the point of overcoming his adversary, an angel form stood between the combatants, and, with a wave of her hand, stayed the uplifted glaive which was about to fall on the guilty head of Heinrich. It was Minna! Minna, who had left her holy and peaceful dwelling to stay the fierce and unholy strife, of which she was the innocent and unhappy cause.

"Cease, impious men!" she said; "cease! put up your murderous weapons, and be at peace. The curse of God on the first murderer will be the only honour of whichsoever conquers: the abhorrence of man will accompany the sentence pronounced by God. He who survives shall be outcast and abandoned of all: his name shall perish, unless it be for the purpose of execration. Put up your swords. Let not the hand of either be stained with the blood of his father's son, for the sake of one a mere stranger. What am I that you should slay one another for me?"

This, and much more, did she say; and her appeal so won on the hearts of the brothers, that they shortly gave over, and stretched forth to each other the hand of peace. When her pious work was complete, she went as she came: and thenceforward never quitted her lowly cell, until she was borne from it, a few months after, to an early grave. Peace to her spirit!

All was sorrow in Liebenstein when her death was made known, for she had acquired the affections of every one about her. Conrad was not to be comforted. His love for her, pure as herself, had survived all the vicissitudes of chance and change, like one of those lights found in ancient sepulchres, after the lapse of hundreds of ages. Not so with Heinrich: his castle was the abode of gaiety; and his Greek bride never gave him peace until he had assembled within its walls all the chivalry of the palatinate. But he was not the more happy withal; for his heart was corroded by care at the levity of his wife; and ever and anon the image of his lost Minna would flit reproachfully before his mind's eye. Then would he contrast what he was with what he might have been; the husband of a wanton, when he could have had to wife all but an angel; and then remorse, and deep, bitter grief, would absorb all his feelings and crush his heart together. Meanwhile, matters grew worse and worse every day; the Greek dame gave encouragement to all; and Heinrich's name had become a by-word of contempt among the young Rhenish nobility.

Conrad was aware of the infidelity of his brother's wife long before her spouse suspected her of aught but want of discretion. He com-

municated the fact to him; and Heinrich swore to be avenged. The injured husband would have slain her with his own hands; but the interposition of his brother prevented her murder. As it was, he drove her from his doors with curses and reproaches; and she departed, laughing gaily, to seek a protection among her numerous lovers—his most excellent friends.

In this moment of dool, and wretchedness, and despair, Conrad shewed the true nobleness of his nature. He tried to alleviate his brother's anguish by every mode which he thought would be effectual; and he finally succeeded, by his patient assiduity, in somewhat calming the emotions of his afflicted spirit.

"Come, Heinrich," said he, as they one day sat together alone; "come, let us live single from henceforward; to the end that we may the more highly honour the memory of that virtuous maiden who died for one of us."

Heinrich wept like a child. The brothers thenceforward lived single: and, ere long, they died so. The noble stock, of which they were the last shoots, perished with them; and their castles fell into desolation and ruin.

Since then, these now crumbling towers, which look so sorrowfully in their age and decay on the smiling scene below, on the vine-clad hills, the bounding river, and the distant pastures on the other side of the stream, have been named **THE BROTHERS**.

Another tradition, however, differs materially from this. A versified translation is attempted here, of a very sweet ballad on the subject by a fair poetess, who has made the romantic

shores of the Rhine sometime vocal with her melody. *

Two brothers meet in bloody strife,
With sword, and shield, and spear:
From Liebenstein the elder comes—
From yonder castle drear.

The younger is from Sternfels.
Mark you their quickened breath!
They battle for a blooming bride—
They battle to the death!

Erst were they one; each wicked deed
United found them aye;
And many a weary wanderer
They smote by night and day.

And once a palmer, sad and hoar,
Upon his pious way,
They set upon, and stole his store,
In death as low he lay.

His gray hairs touch'd their hard hearts not,
His prayers but made them worse:
So, dying, upon this cruel twain
He cast a fearful curse!

He cursed them with his last, last breath,
He cursed them through their life;
And he foretold their woful end
In most unnatural strife.

* Adelheid von Stolterforth. "Rhein. Sagen-Kreis." Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. Carl Jugel, 1835.

And now his curse has come to pass—
By their own hands they die!
Their gaping wounds give out the life,
As low o' the earth they lie.

But see! a lovely maiden comes!
She stands this twain before:
Alas! too late she comes to save—
That awful battle's o'er!

"Oh, say," thus gasp'd the elder forth,
He writhed, and scarce could see,
"Hast not loved me alone? Oh, Heaven!
Would thou'dst been all to me!"

"Peace, fool!" the younger sternly, thus:
"Fool, as thou be'st, depart;
Pass hence, unwept of her, for mine
Alone has been her heart!"

A fierce; fell glance, the elder, gave,
And grasp'd his blood-stained sword—
Then backward fell, and yielded life,
And died without a word!

The younger grimly gazed on him:
That gaze—it was his last!
For death his dim eye shrouded soon—
And life's light from it pass'd.

And that sweet maid, so mild of mood;
For neither knew she love:
The fierce, wild passion of that pair,
Her heart did never move.

But to appease offended Heaven—
 To win these sinners grace—
 She made a vow, from this fair world
 To hide for aye her face.

One deep, deep grave is dug for both;
 They're buried were they fell;
 But their wicked lives and wretched death
 Are still remembered well.

Soon from the neighbouring closter's choir
 This prayer is put to Heaven:
 "Pardon them, Lord, what they have done —
 Oh, be their sins forgiven!"



THE CAT. — PATERSBERG.

Tradition is poor in all that relates to the ruins of Patersberg, better known as the Cat (Die Katz), from the title of its founders, the Counts of Katzenellenbogen. But as if to make amends for that poverty, history is rich in many circumstances connected with its ancient occupants. "Truth is strange—stronger than fiction," says one of our greatest writers; and the history of the lord of this castle, in the fifteenth century, the last of his race, goes far to prove the accuracy of that axiom.

On the extinction of the noble stock of Arnheim, who held the imperial stewardship of this portion of the Rhine in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the equally ancient and equally noble family of Katzenellenbogen succeeded to that

dignity, and to all its privileges and appurtenances. By prudence and good government they soon raised themselves to the position of sovereign princes; and we find them accordingly, possessed of great power in the middle of the thirteenth century. It was about this period (A.D. 1245) that Count Diether, the first of that name, built the strong castle of Rheinfels, over the town of St Gear, for the purpose of more effectually exacting tolls from all vessels passing up or down the river. In the fourteenth century this family, which had in the intervening time branched out into two great divisions, was again united into one stock in the person of John, the third count of that name. He it was who raised the castle of New Katzenellenbogen, or Patersberg (A.D. 1393), with the double view of controlling his warlike neighbour, Kuno von Falkenstein, archbishop of Treves, who had recently erected Thurnberg, also called the *Mouse*, lower down on the same side of the river,* and of strengthening the power derived from the strong fort of Rheinfels, on the other side. In reference to the former of these views he is said, on its erection, to have observed:

"My cousin Kuno has now a Cat to watch his Mouse: and soon to swallow it up if needs be."

This prediction, however, was not verified; for the Archbishop was as astute as warlike; by his caution preventing the success of every attempt against his castle; and by his conduct in the field defeating all his enemies. The last of the great and powerful counts of Katzenellen-

* Vide Thurnberg,--the Mouse. Wetzlich, &c.

bogen, was Philip, son of the preceding, John the Third; and it is of his history we are about to treat.

Count Philip of Katzenellenbogen was wise, discreet, brave, and bountiful: his friends loved him; his enemies feared him; and his neighbours respected his great power and ample resources. His immense wealth gave him the means of making almost every noble on the Rhine, from Basel to Bonn, in a greater or lesser degree his debtor; and in the process of time a large portion of their lands, in the form of unredeemed pledges, came into his sole possession. Thus it was that he increased the already extensive property of his family; but, as it subsequently appeared, to little purpose, for he left no heir or successor. In the enjoyment of immense power, incalculable wealth, a high reputation not alone for bravery and prudence as a soldier and a prince, but also for honour and integrity as a man, there were few of his age, notwithstanding, more unhappy in their domestic circumstances than he. As a husband, as a father, and as a master, none could have been more truly unfortunate all through his long and glorious public career; though, taking all things into consideration, few could have merited less to be so.

Early in life he married Anna, the daughter of Count Ludwig, of Würtemberg; and by her he had two children, a son and a daughter. It was, however, a luckless union;—there was no similarity of disposition—no congeniality of temper—no sympathy, in short, between them: the result was domestic bickerings and household

broils, which became the scandal of their friends, the pleasure of their foes, and the ruin of their own peace and happiness. That there may have been much to blame on both sides, it is only just to suppose: but that the principal cause was the overbearing disposition of the countess has never been denied. She inherited all the obduracy of her mother, Henrietta, of Mömpelgard; and like her seemed wholly intent on subduing her spouse to her will, or breaking his heart. A bad wife, a bad mother, and a bad mistress to her menials, she had the love of none, and the hatred of many. Time, which generally mellows the harsher traits of the human character, seemed to have no such effect upon her: on the contrary, each succeeding year but rendered them more salient and more repulsive. Such a state of things was not to be longer endured. The patient husband now became the inexorable judge; and, compelling a formal separation on his part, gave her as dower the strong castle of Lichtenberg, in the Odenwald, on condition of residence there during the remainder of her life, or his pleasure: her children he retained at his court. But even there her unquiet spirit discovered means to disturb his repose; she was perpetually at feud with her neighbours, and disgraceful broils with the domestics of her household were of every day occurrence. Nay, even the warden of the castle came in for a touch of her tyrannical temper; though, as the representative of her husband, he was entirely exempt from her power. The consequence was, that complaints from all quarters poured in on the hapless Phi-

lip; and he found himself ultimately obliged to take formal cognizance of the affair between his wicked wife and his officer. The latter charged the countess with a design to destroy every thing, the property of his lord the count, confided to his care; he also charged her with obstructing him in the discharge of his duties in various ways. She, in reply to these accusations, most characteristically counter-charged him with being the primary cause of them all; inasmuch as he had, she said, incited the chief butler of the castle to induce her to learn the black art, by means of the assistance of the devil to recover again the lost affections of her husband. The matter was referred for decision to a friendly tribunal, composed of the Count of Isenburg, the Baron of Wallbrun, and her own son; and they charitably concluded that it was love for her spouse alone that led to these disturbances on her part. They, therefore, counselled the count to take her back once more to his bosom, and give her another and a final trial. But nothing could shake the resolution which Philip had formed never to live with her again. In vain did the arbitrators urge it on him as a matter of right and duty! in vain did his son plead with all the eloquence of filial affection for his lost mother; he was not to be moved from his purpose. To prove to them, however, that he was not insensible to their efforts in her favour, he consented to make any arrangement they should suggest in amelioration of her condition; and even imposed on himself the voluntary penalty of an occasional visit to her. But this would not satisfy the countess:—

like most persons of her temperament she saw no fault in her own conduct, and she consequently looked on herself rather as a persecuted being, than as one who, in reality, merited much severer treatment than that she received. The result may be anticipated. Again was the mind of the count, her spouse, agitated by renewed complaints of her unendurable conduct—her tyrannical deportment—her capriciousness—nay, even her cruelty to every one within the sphere of her influence: again were charges against her poured in upon him unceasingly. He was nearly driven mad by her proceedings; and he found it was futile for him to attempt to check or control them. Emboldened by success, she finally attempted to set his children against him; and she might, perhaps, have succeeded in this unnatural design if her plan had not been discovered by accident. The last step was the one beyond which there could be no further forbearance on the part of a husband: he restricted her power at once; made her all but a close prisoner in the castle of Lichtenberg, her residence; surrounded her with his own tried and faithful servants; and applied without delay to the court of Rome for a divorce. The pope, Calixtus the Third, either to enhance the value of the gift, or, perhaps, actuated by some conscientious scruple, named the Archbishop of Mentz, as a spiritual commission, to inquire into the accuracy of the allegations against her, and to report to him on the case before he consented to grant it. The examination was accordingly made; and the report was coincident with the count's statements: a divorce was shortly after pronounced

by the holy father ; and Philip and Anna were separated for ever. Ulrich, of Württemberg, her brother, received her with all the pomp and state due to her station as his sister ; and assigned her the stately castle of Weiblingen, on the Neckar, not far from Stuttgardt, with all the rich domains thereunto belonging, for her maintenance and support. But her evil disposition, even there, permitted her no peace : and she died, shortly after, in the meridian of life, a victim to a fit of insane rage and uncontrollable passion.

Philip was now happy. His son had espoused, with his consent, Ottilia, daughter of the Count of Nassau Dillemburg, who, besides a large portion, had also brought him a title to the reversion of valuable possessions in the Netherlands : and his daughter Anna had married Henry, the fourth, landgraf of Hesse, a prince of the empire, and the head of one of the oldest families in Germany. But his happiness was only transitory ; in this, as in every thing else, he was again the sport of fortune. His son was slain at Bruges, in Flanders (A. D. 1454), defending the lordship of Vianen against his uncle-in-law, John of Nassau ; and he had no longer any prospect of continuing his family in the direct male line, as the only issue of the deceased was a daughter. A ray of hope, however, was afforded him by the ambition of Frederic, prince palatine of the middle Rhine. That calculating sovereign, anxious to annex the county of Ellenbogen to his electoral estates, proposed a marriage between Philip's granddaughter Ottilia, so named after her mother, and his ne-

phew and heir, the electoral prince Ludwig, a youth of great promise. But it was soon overcast; in this, as in every thing else, some perverse power seeming to take a pleasure in thwarting his views. On the proposition being made to Ludwig by his uncle, the prince palatine, in a plenar court convened for the occasion, the youth briefly and coldly replied, "that he would never consent to a union in which his heart had no part; and that he, moreover, considered himself sufficiently old to choose for himself in such a weighty matter as marriage." Frederic was as much surprised as annoyed at this resolution; and it is said that Philip fell sick with mortification and disappointment when it was communicated to him. Shortly after he married Ottilia to the Markgraf Christoph of Baden; but even this marriage, though it presented every outward appearance of prosperity, and seemed as desirable a union as could be wished for, became a fertile source of unhappiness to him, arising from the discord and disunion which it introduced among his heirs and probable successors.

In his latter years, however, although his granddaughter gave him a male child to succeed to his title and estates, he took it into his head to marry again; and he espoused, accordingly, Anna, the young and beautiful widow of Otto, duke of Brunswick, in her own right a countess of the noble house of Nassau. She was an excellent woman; one, indeed, in every way worthy of choice. Mild in manner, kind of heart, lovable, and loving, her whole soul seemed devoted to her husband, and all her efforts directed to one end—that of making the remainder of his

life happy. And happy it would have been if fate had not fore-ordained it otherwise. His marriage gave great offence to all those of his relations who had hopes of inheriting his vast possessions at his death; and his latter days were fearfully embittered by their machinations against the life, as well as the fame, of his beautiful bride. The chief agent in those diabolical plots was a priest; and he pursued them with an earnestness and a zeal which highly recommended him to his villainous employers.

Philip, at this period, dwelt in his strong castle of Rheinfels, on the opposite side of the river; and there also he kept his court. Among the number of those dependent on his bounty, was a priest, Johann von Bornich, the wretch already alluded to. This miscreant, whose sacred garb served as an almost impenetrable veil to screen his iniquities, had long given himself up in secret to the composition of poisons—an art then recently introduced into the north of Europe from Italy, and some time subsequently practised to such an awful extent in France, by the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, of infamous celebrity;—and, as it was afterwards ascertained, to their administration to many hapless individuals, among other modes, by means of the host given at communion in the Catholic church. The wicked gravitate towards each other by a kind of instinct: therefore it is not at all surprising that the needy, unscrupulous expectants of Count Philip's possessions should have soon discovered a fitting instrument for their bad purposes in the castle chaplain—for such was his office. They saw him;—developed their views;—and promised

him a portion of their gains, if he would assist them to poison the young countess, who, it was said, was then pregnant. Besides this promise, they gave him a large sum of money in hand. He at once fell in with their project; and undertook to execute the infamous task without delay. The place selected for this meditated double murder was—the house of God, the castle chapel: the time,—the hour when service was celebrating in honour of the Omniscent. It was a custom of the period, or the family, or perhaps of the countess herself, that, when she went to hear mass in the chapel of the castle, a cup of wine was consecrated for her sole use by the chaplain, and set apart on the altar until she should partake of it. In this cup, or, more properly speaking, chalice, the fiendish Bornich mixed up his most active poison on the destined morning, before her arrival at the altar. The mass was said and over; the communion only remained to be administered. The demon in holy orders took the poisoned cup from the altar of the living God, and presented it to the unconscious countess as she knelt in pious humility at its foot. She raised it to her lips;—the villain's dark countenance was lighted up with a look of exultation:—but it was again momentarily overcast as she hesitated to swallow its contents. An unusual fermentation seemed astir in the liquor, and a suspicious strange-looking substance floated on its surface. She pointed it out to the poisoner; but he, with an unmoved aspect, persuaded her that it was only dust from the ceiling of the chapel. She believed him, and drank off the deadly draught to the last drop. In a few minutes

after she had reached her chamber the poison began to operate. She did not, however, die; but her life was long despaired of. The villain, who had administered the poison, fled to avoid the punishment due to his crime, as well as to receive the reward of his perfidy.

The sorrow and exasperation of Philip, the unfortunate husband, were inexpressible; such an effect had this awful occurrence on his health, that his own life was considered for some time in danger. But, notwithstanding all—notwithstanding his age, his illness of body and mind, and the almost certainty of death if he persevered—day and night he watched beside the bed of his beloved wife, and never for a single moment quitted it, until the physicians had pronounced her out of immediate danger. He then betook him to his own sick-couch; and only recovered with great care, and after a painful and protracted fit of illness. In the meanwhile the father of the countess, the noble William of Nassau, left nothing undone to discover the fugitive assassin, and to bring all concerned in this dreadful deed to condign punishment; and his efforts were ultimately successful, though repeatedly defeated by the interested inference of the villain's employers. By the time that Philip was declared convalescent, the assassin was arrested at Cologne; and shortly after brought to solemn trial in that city before the archbishop in person. Philip and Anna were present, as well as an immense concourse of knights and nobles from all parts of Germany. The wretch was convicted on the clearest evidence. He offered no defence; and expressed no penitential

feeling: on the contrary, he seemed to glory in his crime; and to regret only that it had not been fully accomplished. To illustrate the influence which vice may sometimes exercise over the human heart, it will suffice to say that this wretched murderer not only freely acknowledged his misdeeds, but absolutely made, in a boasting manner, disclosures which shocked the most experienced in criminal judicature. From his own confession, it would appear that he had given death to numbers;—principally for the purpose of ascertaining the strength, and making himself acquainted with the operation, of his deadly potions: and that his favourite mode of administering the poison was in the sacrament of communion, mixed up with the materials of the host, or consecrated wafer, taken by communicants. He was condemned to be hanged and burned, by the unanimous voice of his judges, amidst the exclamations of the entire population of that crowded city. His execution took place in the great square, now known as the Hay-Market. The awful ceremony was most imposing. He was drawn to the gallows—an unusually high one—on a hurdle, dressed in his clerical robes. When the vehicle arrived at the foot of this fatal structure he was made to stand upon a scaffold, raised considerably above the mass of men who thronged the extensive area of the place of execution. There, pinioned and blindfolded, his clerical garb was forcibly torn from his back by two canons of the cathedral; and he was then delivered over by them to the hands of the common hangman and his assistant executioners. His guilty soul soon passed into

the presence of his offended God, amidst the cheers and execrations of tens of thousands of human beings. He died as he had lived, a hardened wretch—an unrepentant villain—a blasphemer of every thing high and holy.

The countess again recovered her health and strength, owing to her youth and unimpaired constitution. But the object of the murderer's wicked employers was, however, attained: she had miscarried during her illness; and the poison was of sufficient power to destroy the principle of all future fecundity in her system. Though she lived long, she bore children no more: and thus the fond hopes of her affectionate husband were for ever annihilated. This circumstance, however, did not effect his love for her: nay, he seemed to love her more and more every day they lived together. All hopes of direct issue being at an end, he selected the husband of his granddaughter, the brave and accomplished Henry, landgraf of Hesse, as his heir: and, thus freed from the importunities of needy heirs, and the machinations of wicked expectants, he finished his long and troubled life in peace and honour.

On his demise, the large possessions of the Counts of Katzenellenbogen, together with all the titles, and dignities, and honours, appertaining to that ancient and noble family, fell to the house of Hesse.

We recross the river for the purpose of reaching Rheinfels and St. Goar, which lie on the other shore.

RHEINFELS.—ST. GOAR.

Rheinfels, which impends directly over the town of St. Goar, though now but the fragment of a ruin, was once the Gibraltar of the Rhine. The fate of this fortress has been somewhat singular. Originally a monastery, in connexion with the worship of St. Goar, it was subsequently converted into a Raub-Nest; then it became a legitimate stronghold of power; and, finally, fell into wreck and ruin. So strong were its natural and artificial defences at the time it was a den of titled thieves, that the combined forces of six-and-twenty Rhenish towns and cities besieged it in vain for sixty-six weeks, in the years 1335 and 1336. This siege was the first act of the famous Confederation of the Rhine, in the middle ages, which eventuated in the free trade of that river, the extirpation of the hordes of robbers who infested its shores, and the destruction of almost every one of their castles. It originated in an enormous impost attempted to be levied on wine by the Count of Katzenellenbogen, then possessor of the fortress of Rheinfels; and it included among the Confederates the Archbishops of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, the Wild- and Rheingrafs of the Hunsrück, the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, and the cities of Oberwesel, Boppard, Wetzlar, and Andernach.

Rheinfels was, subsequently, the scene of the attempted tragedy narrated in the preceding pages." *

In the war on the Rhine, which took place

* Paternberg, &c.

during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France, this castle suffered so severely that it was never after considered in the same light, as a place of strength, as it had been before. On that occasion it made a brave defence; and Colonel Görz, its commander, offered a powerful resistance to the troops who invested it under Marshal Tallard.

In 1794, Rheinfels surrendered, almost without a shot fired, to the French army of the first Revolution. By them it was blown up; and the fortifications dismantled, and reduced to the state in which they now stand.

Below Rheinfels lies the town of St. Goar, famous since the period when Christianity was first propagated on the Rhine.

The name of this town is variously derived by antiquarians. Some deduce it from the sand-bank (Sand Gewirr) which stands adjacent to it on the Rhine: others, on the contrary, derive it from the pious hermit, St. Goar, who is stated to have made this spot his abode in the time of the Merovignian monarchs of Austrasia. It is the latter hypothesis, as the most popular, and the least adverse to the tenour of this work, that shall be adopted in these pages. It runs thus—"legend, tradition, and history."

In the middle of the sixth century (A.D. 575), when Siegbert, the son of Clotaire, ruled over that portion of the west of Europe, known by the name of Austrasia, the Rhine inclusive, a pious hermit, since revered as St. Goar, came to settle among the semi-barbarous people who then dwelt on the shores of that river. He came among them as a kind of apostle, for the purpose

of instructing them in the Christian faith; also with the view of improving their physical condition, which was then very destitute; and he took up his abode in a little cell, still shewn to the curious, close by the town. There from morn till night was he employed in prayer and preaching to the rugged dwellers around him: in efforts to make their homes more comfortable, and in works of mercy to the sick and the afflicted. In the night he watched the course of the current, and was ever ready to afford assistance to any stranded bark which the strong eddy under that point, known as the Sand Gewirr, rendered but too often necessary in those days of ignorance and unskilfulness in navigation. Thus passed his humble, but useful and happy life.

The fame of his sanctity soon spread itself abroad; for he was already revered as a saint by those whom he had converted to the true faith, and as something superhuman by those whom he had saved from the perils of shipwreck and the dangers of the river. It soon reached the ears of Sieghert, who then kept court at Andernach; and he invited the pious hermit to his palace. Goar proceeded thither accordingly; and the monarch was so much edified with his holiness that he at once offered him the archbishopric of Treves. His stainless life created him many enemies among the corrupt ecclesiastics of the Austrasian court; but by none was he more bitterly hated than by the Archbishop of Treves. Sieghert, however, would listen to nothing against him; and at length, to put an end to this persecution of the pious man, he

dispossessed the malignant prelate, and placed the see in the hands of the poor hermit. But Goar was too little attached to the pomp and vanities of the flesh, and too much to his flock of poor fishermen; he declined the dignity; and then departed from Andernach. Before he left the court of Siegbert, to prove to the king that his mission was from God alone, and that in refusing the high ecclesiastical functions which had been offered him, he only obeyed the impulse of the Holy Spirit; he is said to have thrown his thread-bare cloak across a sunbeam in the great hall of the palace—and, more wondrous still, it is related that it hung there as on a peg.

He lived long among his worshipping flock, and died in the fulness of years, a model of piety (A.D. 575). Siegbert ordered a chapel to be erected over the spot where he was buried; and appointed two priests to officiate there from among the holy man's disciples.

In the process of time this chapel was surrounded by a series of cells inhabited by anchorites, who adopted Goar as their patron saint; and, ultimately, these recluses were all gathered together in a proud monastery, built on the site of those humble dwellings. The grave of the hermit became a celebrated place of pilgrimage within a century from his death; and it so continued to be during the middle ages. But the brightest gem in the coronal of glory won by St. Goar, was his appointment in after-times to the patronship of hospitality. By the rule of the monastery, free quarters were afforded in it to all strangers for a certain number of days; and every town which sprung up in the vicinity vied

with this religious foundation in the practice of that delightful virtue; such is ever the influence of good example.

It is, however, related in the ancient chronicles of the Frankish kings, that this virtue was not always exercised to the full extent of the rule by the monks: and we have an account in verse of a severe corporal punishment inflicted on the prior of the monastery by Pepin the Little, first of the Carlovignian kings of the Franks, for omitting to entertain his queen, Bertrada, on the occasion of a pilgrimage made by her to the grave of St. Goar, A.D. 760.

Though in his lifetime none could be more humble of mind than the pious hermit, the object of all this postumous reverence, it appears, however, from tradition that he was rather more jealous of his honour after his canonization. Various tales are related of the disasters which occurred to those who, in passing the place where his remains rested, either neglected or forgot to visit his shrine, and deposit their offerings there: but to characterise the degree of credit to which they are entitled, it will suffice to say that they have been all drawn from the archives of the monastery. One is told of Charlemagne, which, though of no particular interest in a legendary point of view, may not be altogether unacceptable in so far as it is connected with that celebrated sovereign.

He was once on his way from Ingelheim to Coblentz, saith the legend, with the intention of journeying further to Aix-la-Chapelle, his favourite residence. It was high summer,—and a

summer of extraordinary beauty it was. Indeed such a day as that on which he took boat with his court to drop down the Rhine never came out of the heavens. To look on the bright sun and the blue sky;—to see the hills and the valleys basking in the brilliant light of heaven;—to behold the broad river bounding between its green banks, like an unbroken colt in a rich meadow, full of splendour, and strength, and loveliness, one would almost imagine that there was never such a thing as darkness; and that night, and gloom, and tempest, and storm, were but names to frighten children,—mere bugbears of the imagination. It was a gay sight, and a gallant, too, to see all the knights and nobles of that court—then the centre of all chivalry—and the glorious looks of the ladies—the flower of every European land—as they embarked on the bosom of old Father Rhine: but, oh! how much more gay and glorious to see that argosy of valour and beauty float down his placid waters, and to hear the willing shores echo with the music of a hundred lutes, and the sweet voices of twice a hundred happy hearts, raised in praise of his greatness and his beneficence. Swiftly shot they past the several towns which studded both banks of the river; and, among others, past St. Goar. No one thought of the holy man; no one deemed of the sacred spot; far other thoughts than those of religion and penitence occupied their minds; their souls were filled with the pleasures of the world.

“Hurrah!” shouted a lassel, in the bow of the imperial barque; “how merrily dance we o’er the blue waters.”

"Another hour and we are at Boppard," cried a second.

"And to-night in fair Coblentz," interposed a third, "shall we not drink deep of the Moselle wine, and gaily kiss the Moselle maidens?"

A loud laugh followed this sally of licentious wit; but the mirth it excited was only of short duration. All of a sudden the sky darkened; the thunder growled; the lightning flashed; and the river rose like a giant from his slumber. In a moment it was pitch-dark; the passengers could not see one another's faces, though it was little past mid-day. All was consternation and dismay in that gay flotilla.

"Put ashore, put ashore," shouted the emperor.

"Put ashore, put ashore," resounded from every barque in the fleet.

But it was easier said than done. Make what effort they might, the mariners could not move a single vessel. In vain they toiled at their oars; in vain they exerted their strength; in vain they expended their energies; in vain did the courtiers, nay, even the monarch himself, lend them assistance; not an inch could they be made to stir; there they seemed, as it were, fixed, rooted, while the raging waters boiled and foamed up around them like the contents of a hideous caldron prepared to engulf them all in its gaping entrails. It was then outspoke a gray-bearded boatman, who had known the moods of the Rhine for full fifty years:—

"It may not be, oh Kaiser!"* thus he spake. "Further we cannot proceed; we have offended God and St. Goar."

* Emperor.

The monarch felt the force of this observation; but he said nothing. Not so, however, his affrighted train.

"A miracle! a miracle!" they cried in deep dismay. "We have offended God and St. Goar."

Many were the vows made that day to the saint.

"Put ashore," said the emperor, "in the name of God and St. Goar. We go on no further this day, fair or foul; but at the shrine of that holy hermit shall we pray his intercession with Heaven for peace and forgiveness."

In another instant the dense darkness was dissipated; the thick clouds were rolled up as though they were a slight screen; the sun shone out, if possible, more beautiful than before; and the face of the foaming river became like a polished mirror, so still, so smooth, did its bright waters flow onward in their course. The flotilla put in for the shore, and landed without difficulty. The remainder of the day was spent in prayer and penitence; the next morning they embarked "better and wiser" for their tribulation; and in due time they reached their destination.

Before, however, Charlemagne departed from the sacred shrine, he bestowed on it a rich largess, which was much increased by the imitative donations of his court. He also endowed the monastery with many broad lands, and conferred high privileges upon it; which, concludes the legend, redounded much to his honour and glory in this life, and secured him eternal happiness in the next.

It appears that the saint was not ungrateful for the monarch's gifts; for we find his grave, some time before Charlemagne's death, the scene

of a most touching interview, ending in a tender reconciliation, between his rival sons, Pepin and Karloman, who then disputed with each other respecting the sovereignty of his immense empire. A German lady,* whose genius does honour to her sex and nation, has turned the tale into sweet verse, and enshrouded it with the very essence of poetry. The following is a free translation of her production:—

ST. GOAR'S GRAVE.—PEPIN AND KARL.

Close by the syren Lurley's rocky throne,
Ages a-gone, the holy Goar dwelt.
With his own hands deep in the mountain-
stone

Daily his grave he dug as there he knelt.
Wide o'er the land the word of truth he spread:
Rude heathens heard and humbly worshipped.

But not to these were all his cares confined:
Full many a foundering barque he brought to
shore,

And travellers lost, to dreary death consigned,
The thickets through, the rough paths past,
he bore;

And wearied wanderers gave to eat and rest;
And cheered the fainting, and the dying blest.

Which made, that when united to his God,
From every part throng'd crowds of pilgrims
there:

* Adelheid von Stolterforth. "Rheinischer Sagen-Kreis:"
more than once alluded to in this work.

The sad of heart his lowly chapel trod,
The sinner, too, for pardon did repair,—
And eke the sick and sore,—and each departed
From thence, if not all healed, yet lighter-
hearted.

As time sped on his fame grew more divine,
So that the king and beggar might be seen
At the same moment kneeling to his shrine,
Praying his aid—a pleasant sight I ween.
Rose a rich pile, as gifts poured in a-main,
Which, sooth to say, the monks paid back
again

In hospitality. Once, ages ago,
When ruled the German realm old Charlemagne,
It happ'd that 'tween his elder sons did flow
A stream of hate—wherefore's not said or
sang—

But they were foes—such foes as brothers be
When they fall out—'twas terrible to see;

Pepin, a valliant prince, long time had dwelt,
And fought, and conquered in fair Italy;
While to his brother Karloman had knelt
The pride, and power, and worth of Germany.
Both now are on their way to Thionville,
Where their great sire divide his empire will.*

One path alone led unto his abode,
That was the Rhine,—the grand, the glorious
Rhine:—

* A. D. 806, Charlemagne held an Imperial Diet at Thionville, or Diedenhofen, as it was then called, and there partitioned his immense empire, by testament, between his

Each with a well-armed train now took this
road,

Pepin was first; and as he near'd the shrine
Of good St. Goar, "Here," he said, "I'll
pray;—

'Twas here my brother last in these arms lay.

'Twas here we parted last, and here I'll kneel.

Why is it we are now such mortal foes;
Yet Ludwig friend to both?"—"Twas thus did
feel

And think the prince, ere from that shrine he
rose;

Then he with softened heart stood up, and eye
Filled to the brim with tearful agony.

Meanwhile approached the train of Karl the spot:

An hour full before had sped their lord;
And as he neared the scene he sudden caught
The reflex of his brother's glancing horde.
He springs ashore—he hies him through the
wood,
He, too, would kneel unto St. Goar good.

He, too, is touched with tenderness—and lo!

Unto the blessed shrine is humbly boune
To pray and be at peace. That none may know
The penitent, his visor draws he down.
The chapel's reach'd—the portal's pass'd—he
sees—

Protect us, Heaven!—his brother on his knees.

three sons, Karloman, Pepin, and Ludwig. They were
made co-regents of their respective portions during his
lifetime.

He scarcely breathes;—he dares not stir. Behind
 A massive pillar hides he him in haste.
 Oh God! Who may imagine in his mind,
 As Pepin's prayer fell on his ear, what pass'd?
 Who deem the happiness his soul that swell'd,
 As though the choir like heavenly rills it well'd?

"I ask not greatness, Lord; I pray not power;
 Be wealth and glory far from me apart,"—
 'Twas thus he prayed,—“but give me in this
 hour—

This hour of peace and penitence—his heart!
 Grant that once more we friends, as brothers, be,
 Then take my life—'tis thine—oh! joyfully.”

Hark! o'er the pavement clangs a warrior's
 tread;

Lo! an arm'd knight the kneeling prince em-
 braces.

Through his closed visor, hot and fast is shed
 A shower of tears; it bathed both their faces.

“Who art thou?”—“Brother, canst thou me
 forgive?

'Tis thine this heart—my all—why should I
 live?”

Pepin looks up into the stranger's eye;

With hasty hand his visor sets aside.

Oh happy he! why did he not then die?

He has his prayer. O'erborne with joy and
 pride,

“'Tis he!—'tis Karl!” he cries,—he may no
 more—

For, like a corpse, he falls upon the floor.



extremely wealthy. It is related, that the wealth of the monastery having attracted the cupidity of a neighbouring baron, Werner von Boland, he resolved, in the true spirit of the period,—the latter end of the eleventh century, “the pure age of chivalry,”—to attack and plunder it. Accordingly, gathering together his retainers, he surrounded the abode of the peaceful brethren, who, all unconscious of evil, were very ill prepared to repel such a powerful invader. But, as old legends relate, he was repulsed in a manner entirely unexpected; and had to endure the disgrace of a defeat from those whom he most despised.

The monastery was surrounded; the monks were in despair; a battering-ram was directed against the great gate of the edifice; and the massive portals began to give way; when it occurred to the abbot to exhibit a crucifix to the fierce assailants, as a last resource, in this his dire extremity. The sacred symbol was accordingly shown at the principal window, by the abbot in person, assisted by all the monks then in the monastery. It was hoped that this appeal to the religious feelings of the beleaguering host would turn them from their purpose; or, at least, that it would procure a temporary cessation of hostilities, during which time assistance might reach the besieged. But this hope was soon discovered to be a vain one, raised on a most unsubstantial foundation; for the ruffians engaged in the assault, immediately that they saw the cross held forth, shot a cloud of arrows at it, one of which transixed the image of the Saviour on the right side. Now for the

miracle. "The wound," says the chronicler,* with an impressiveness which fully satisfies the reader as to his implicit belief in the circumstance,—“the wound was no sooner inflicted on the holy figure, than (wonderful to relate!) the blood flowed forth in a pure, clear stream, to the consternation and utter dismay of the marauders.”

“A miracle! a miracle!” resounded from mouth to mouth; and all further attack on the monastery was at once suspended. That night the main force dispersed in different directions;—some seeking their homes, some setting out on pilgrimages to various places, and some seeking relief from the pangs of conscience in the commission of suicide. Werner von Boland, the leader of this lawless band, immediately afterwards took up the cross; abjured his home, and rank, and ample possessions; and, finally, perished, a crusader, on the burning plains of Palestine.

The feast-day of St. Goar fell on the sixth of July; and in former times it was always observed with great pomp and circumstance. The celebration of this day is of very ancient date; for mention is made of it in a Calendar of the Diocese of Treves, or Triers, in the early part of the tenth century.

The countless crowds of pilgrims that frequented the shrine of St. Goar, from the tenth to the twelfth century, caused, of course; a great influx of riches to the monks who had the care of it; and riches produced with them the usual

* Wandelbert. “De Goaris Mirac.” The author was a monk in the monastery of Prüm.

consequences—magnificent buildings, luxury of living and equipages, crowds of retainers, and all the host of *et ceteras* common to wealth and power at that period. To their credit, however be it said, that with the extension of their means, they also extended their hospitality; and made the monastery of their order become the paradise of pilgrims to the sacred spot; and of all wayfarers on the road and on the river. The immense wealth of this establishment attracted the attention of a band of unscrupulous robbers, who infested the Rhine in the middle of the twelfth century; and, accordingly, we find that it was again sacked and burned by these infamous villains, in the year 1136. But though its accumulations of wealth were destroyed, the source of them was unimpaired. In a very few years the monastery again arose from its ashes; and once more became the abode of a legion of monks, and the resting-place of thousands of pilgrims. The Counts of Arnheim, as the stewards of the district for the Kings of the Franks, became also the protectors of the shrine; and, the better to ensure its future safety, they surrounded the monastery, the church, and the houses in their vicinity, with strong walls, and conferred on the lay inhabitants certain privileges, for the purpose of enabling them to defend themselves from attack. This was the origin of the present town of St. Goar.

A curious old custom, connected with the rites of hospitality formerly practised there, long survived the dissolution of the monastery. It was called *Hänseln*; and was said to be derived from an ancient observance of the monks, im-

posed on them by a grant of Charlemagne; who, they state, left an annual income of twenty marks to the monastery, for the sole entertainment of strangers with Rhinish wine. It was as follows:—When a traveller entered St. Goar for the first time, and claimed hospitality at the hands of any of the residents, he was desired to select a sponsor; this done, he was taken to the toll-house, where a silver collar, alleged to be the gift of the mighty monarch, was placed round his neck; he was then told that it was necessary he should be baptized, and he was asked in what liquid he would prefer to have the ceremony performed,—whether in wine or in water? If he chose wine, a large golden beaker of the generous fluid—generally the best Muscatel—was filled for him; and this he was obliged to empty thrice, to the healths of the emperor, the lord of the soil, and the Society of Good Fellows, who performed the rite—formerly it was to the brotherhood of the monastery. He then put a donation, little or great, according to his means, into the poor-box. This done, a gilt crown was placed on his head; and the bacchanalian laws were recited to him with mock solemnity. He was finally installed a member of the society, and informed that he had the privilege from thenceforward of fishing on the summit of the Lurley-berg (where there is not a drop of water), and hunting on the adjacent sand-bank in the Rhine (where there is not dry footing) for ever and ever. This installation, being the recitation of these rights and privileges, was always made in ludicrous verse, *spottreim*, as the Germans term it. Here

are the two most pertinent of the long string of stanzas run through on those occasions:—

“On the sand-bank of St. Goar, over which the vexed
Rhine rushes,
Where the boatman is a-feared lest his barque fall in the
flushes,
The right to hunt and shoot is hereby to thee conceded—
To kill all the game you meet — and no more permission’s
needed.

And on Lurley rock likewise, all that fishery so famous,
To catch salmon, crabs, and trout; in short, all kinds
you can name us,
To have, and eke to hold, for twice a mile around our
border:
And now you know the rights of this our most noble order.”

This singular ceremony was concluded by the stranger thus inaugurated inscribing his name, the date of the month and year, and any other circumstances he thought proper, in the register of the society, denominated the *Hänsel* Book, which was filled with a crowd of names in the language and character of almost every nation in Europe. But wo to the unhappy wight who preferred baptism in water to baptism in wine. He was told for his pains that he was but a blind heathen; and to prove that he was so, a full bucket of the liquid of his choice was poured over his person, which generally soured him to the skin. No further notice was taken of him.

Such was the celebrity of this order, that the Landgraf George of Hesse, in the year 1627, issued a rescript, by which he not only affirmed all its ancient privileges, whether derived from the *lex scripta* or *lex non scripta*, but also for-

bade the entertainment of all stranger merchants in the town, and especially interdicted their traffic with the inhabitants, unless they were previously admitted members of it.

Some writers ascribe this singular custom to the circumstance of the town of St. Goar having been one of the Hanse Towns' Confederacy; and also derive its name from this connexion with that famous commercial league for the protection and furtherance of traffic.

Among the curiosities of the monastery, the monks of St. Goar shewed a huge butt, a present, as they termed it, from Charlemagne, which was gifted with the pleasant property of never standing empty. They also told this story in proof of its miraculous virtue.

One night, the reverend butler of the monastery was drawing wine from it for the entertainment of some noble strangers who that day dined with the abbot, in the flurry of the moment, or perhaps oblivious through too free a use of its contents, he left the cellar, forgetting to turn the the cock of the vessel. Next morning, according to his invariable custom, he paid a visit to this precious deposit, and, lo and behold! he perceived, the mistake he had committed, and also the miracle that had been wrought for its rectification. "A large spider," says the legend, "had so thickly woven his web across the aperture, that not a single drop of the wine escaped."

"The earth bath bubbles as the water has,
And this is of them."

THURNBERG.—THE MOUSE.

Thurnberg, more commonly called the Mouse, is also known as Kunoburg, in consequence of its re-edification by Kuno von Falkenstein, archbishop of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, more than once mentioned in these pages, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

Kuno von Falkenstein was one of the most powerful princes on the Rhine, and one of the most politic sovereigns. Sprung from a warlike stock, he did not, although a priest, belie his militant descent. His earliest delight was in passages of arms; and it is recorded that he performed many signal feats in the various combats which the unsettled circumstances of the period gave such frequent rise to. He always wore armour in preference to the robes of an ecclesiastic: and he was usually known by the appellation of Ritter, or Sir Kuno. On one occasion, while attending the court of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, at Mentz, that weak monarch cut a sorry joke upon his warlike accoutrements; but the warrior priest had sufficient good sense to let it pass over unheeded.

The first dignity which he attained was more of a temporal than of a spiritual character. He was elected steward or administrator of Treves, during a contention for the electoral throne between two rival candidates. His administration was vigorous in the extreme; and he soon put an end to the many disorders which civil strife is always certain to engender in a small state. It was not, however, with impunity that he effected these salutary reforms in that diocese;

for he was, on more than one occasion, placed in circumstances of considerable danger by his enemies. He was beset on every side, and twice or thrice narrowly escaped with his life. Once he was waylaid on the high-road by an ambush placed there purposely for his destruction, and only escaped the assassins through the fleetness of his steed; and on another occasion, he was compelled to spring from a window of the castle of Ehrenfels which was unexpectedly surrounded by his foes, or he would have been taken by them in his bed.

But it is not intended to write his history here; and, therefore, it will suffice to state that he lived long, and reigned gloriously for his own fame, as well as advantageously for his subjects' happiness; and that he died about the latter end of the fourteenth century, A.D. 1388.

LURLEY.

Lurley, or the Lurley-berg, is a celebrated mass of rock of basaltic formation, situated a little above Thurnberg, on the same side of the river. Of few spots in the entire course of the Rhine are so many wild and wonderful legends related; but as it would be utterly impossible to detail them all here, the following selection is offered as a fair specimen:—

LORELAY.

In the early days of Germany—it may have been about the beginning of the eleventh century

—there dwelt at Bacharach on-the-Rhine a damsel who was so surpassingly beautiful, that she turned the heads, or broke the hearts, of all those who approached within the sphere of her attractions. Yet she was as good as well as a beautiful maiden; and by no means prided herself on the distress which her beauty caused among her countless wooers. It would have been hard indeed if, amidst the crowd of suitors of all stations which hourly beset her, she had not found one to her mind; or that she alone should be insensible to the violent passion she inspired in others. It was not so: for she loved, and was beloved. A neighbouring knight was the object of her choice; and every thing seemed to tell of a similar affection on his part for her. They met a-nights in a neighbouring wood, when the silver moon shone brightly on the face of the deep, still, waters of the river, or at the first ray of early sunshine, when it was summertime, in the lovely valley of the Rhine. Then and there were interchanged their vows of love and truth; and there they loved each other all unrestrained, except by the presence of an Omniscent Power. Their tender secret long remained concealed, until the knight, seized with a sudden fit of martial enthusiasm, abandoned his ladye-love, his home, and his country, and at the head of his followers went to a distant land to seek danger—perhaps to find death. Then it was that the passion of poor Lorelay became known to all; for her heart was broken, and she could not hide her affliction from any. But her charms still continued in full force: grief did not diminish their influence; nay, sorrow appear-

ed only to add to their power. Those who have seen a lovely woman in distress—her soul weighed down by sadness—her eyes filled with tears—can easily conceive how it should so happen; those who have not, never, we trust, will have the opportunity of contemplating such a tender and touching sight. The number of her lovers increased daily,—nay, hourly; and the effect of her charms on them assumed every moment a more fatal character. Some went raving mad among the forests, finding no solace but in carving the beloved name upon the bark of the trees;—others became hypochondriac; and spent their days in moping melancholy, objects of pity to the world, and of solicitude to their friends;—and not a few, in the fever of their passionate frenzy, flung themselves into the bosom of the Rhine, to rest from their anxieties

“Under the waters cold,”

In such circumstances, was it at all to be wondered at that fathers feared and mothers hated the very name of the lovely maiden? But, alas! she was as hapless as those who thus pined and died for her. Now arose a cry from all quarters of the Rhenish country against her: the havoc which her beauty made amongst the hopes of the most illustrious houses of the land was every where felt: her extraordinary influence over the minds of the young men was attributed to magic; and she was finally accused of being a foul sorceress. An accusation of this kind was, perhaps, one of the most dreadful which could be made against a human being, at that period of ignorance and barbarous prejudice; as it was

scarcely possible to disprove it, and altogether improbable that the disproof would be credited, however it might be effectual. In this cruel position was poor Lurelay placed, by that which has been the curse of nations as well as of individuals, "the fatal gift of beauty."* We shall now see what followed.

At this time, the Archbishop of Cologne held court criminal at Rhense; and to his tribunal was Lurelay cited by her accusers. The charges against her were, that she practised the black art to ensnare the hearts of young men; that she used incantations with flame and magic wand; and that she was aided in every thing she did by the prince of the powers of darkness. This was a fearful charge in those days; but the love-lorn maiden heeded it not at all. She appeared before the judgment-seat of the prelate on the first summons; seeming in nowise moved at the nature of the accusation or its probable consequences. Her youth, her superhuman beauty, her grace, and her gentle bearing, prepossessed every one in her favour; even the aged archbishop himself felt the force of these combined charms, and could scarcely comport him as the occasion required. The very menials of the court, men hardened to human suffering by the habit of long acquaintance with it, were moved even by her most melancholy loveliness to pay her every attention unbought;—never before was criminal so honour-

* "Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
 Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
 Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia poste."
 FILICAJA, *Sonetti*, "*All' Italia*."

ed in a court of justice;—never before was such deference paid to an accused person.

"Lovely maiden," it was thus the pious prelate spoke to her when the trial had concluded, "I have heard all against thee and believe nothing of it. Pity, not persecution, shall you find from me. Yet fain would I hear from thine own lips whether it be true, as it is alleged by thy persecutors, that thou hast given thyself over to the powers of darkness, and that thou workest sorcery by means of flame and magic wand? Speak, and shame them to silence."

The heart of the aged archbishop was touched by her extraordinary beauty; and he waited her answer with the impatience of a love-sick boy. But the object of his solicitude only wept bitterly; and there was not a dry eye in the crowded court, as the big tears rolled down her delicate cheeks, like dew drops on a rose-leaf. Every heart sympathized with her sorrow.

"My lord, she began, "you are right; I am no sorceress; but I am a very wretched creature. To die is my only wish on earth. Oh, hapless me that I should be the death of so many! But, my lord, I am innocent of all evil arts: the only flames I know of, are those of my eyes—would that they were shrouded in darkness for ever: the only magic wand I make use of is my arm—would that I had never been born: the only charms I used, are those which nature has given me—oh, God, that I were dead! Do as you will with me,—consign me to the flames if you deem fit. I shall suffer freely—I shall meet death rejoicingly—I am a-weary of life—a-weary—a-weary!"

She wept again: and the crowd sobbed audibly in unison with her: the prelate was silent, sunk in deep thought for a considerable period after she had ceased speaking.

"Most beautiful of God's creatures," at length he said, "how can I give thee to the flames without casting myself into the burning also? How can I break short the thread of your young life, without breaking my own heart too? It may not be. Thou art innocent of crime; as God will judge me, thou art stainless and pure as the fresh-blown lily of the valley. No power of darkness aids thee to win the hearts of men: Heaven's own reflection shines out of thy deep, blue eyes, and beams in thy lovely countenance. Even I, old and feeble, and devoted to the church as I am, feel the influence of thy charms. Go, beautifullest of God's creatures. Go!—thou art free.

A murmur of approbation filled the court. All present seemed to rejoice at her acquittal; nay, even her very persecutors themselves caught the fond contagion, and smiled approvingly, though it was at their own defeat. Another pause ensued: still Lorelay stirred not.

"It is not seemly, my lord archbishop," she spake after some time, in a voice sweet as the sounds of an *Æolian* harp to the ear of a half-awakened sleeper; "it behoves not your exalted station, to jest thus with a hapless maiden. I have been the cause, the innocent cause, of many deaths: I have come hither to expiate my involuntary crimes with my life. I desire nothing but to die."

"It may not be, it may not be," replied the prelate; "you are guiltless of sin."

"Pray to God for my poor soul," continued the despairing Lorelay, "pray to God that he may pardon me. I am a-weary of existence; I fain would die. For that I came hither. Life is to me no boon—to breathe is no blessing."

"And why, hapless maiden? for such you seem to be," asked the bishop. "Is not God good to you beyond most of his creatures? In the pride of youth and beauty, to desire death! say, Why is it so?"

"That love for me which others felt, I feel for one who has long deserted me," pursued the maiden; "I love him beyond all on earth—God will pardon me, if, in the madness of my passion, I love him better than all in the heavens also. And he loved me too,—passionately, fondly, for awhile. But a change came over his affections. On a sudden he grew cold in his deportment towards me; every hour I marked the adverse change increase. The love of fame, the desire of glory in battle, conquered his love for me. He went to seek them. I was left alone, deserted abandoned, broken-hearted. —Oh, God! oh, God!"

It would have almost made a misanthrope in love with human nature, to see the unfeigned sympathy which the artless grief of this girl excited in the bosoms of the spectators: bearded men strove not to repress the visible signs of their great grief and sorrow; and maids and matrons wept aloud in their deep distress.

"Never more shall I see him," she concluded; "or, if I do, never more shall I see him as mine. He will haply be the lord of a noble lady; and, in the pride of her birth and her

beauty, he will forget or despise the poor and lowly Lorelay. Therefore, let me die! God have mercy on me!"

There was another pause in the proceedings of the court; the maiden would not depart; and the crowd would fain linger while she stayed, to contemplate her surpassing beauty. At length the archbishop beckoned to three of his most trustworthy followers. They were aged knights, with long gray beards, and had been in his service from boyhood.

"Here, my trusty friends," he spake as they approached, "I confide to your care a precious treasure—a pearl beyond all price. Accompany this lovely maiden to the nearest convent of noble ladies on the other side of the river. Give her up to the abbess, with my express desire that she shall have all requisite attention paid to her: and there let her pass the remainder of her life in peace. Thank God, I have had sufficient strength of spirit to discharge my duty."

The old knights motioned to their fair charge; and she mounted a gentle-paced palfrey used by the archbishop himself in his journeya. The multitude which filled the court, poured itself impetuously into the open space in front of the edifice, to see her depart; to catch a last look of her heavenly countenance; some to kiss the hem of her garment as she sat in the saddle: these deemed themselves fortunate indeed.

"Go, lovely Lorelay," added the prelate, extending his hands over her bowed head, and blessing her fervently; "Go, loveliest of God's creatures, and be happy! Many a heart you have

made sad this day;—and mine is among the number."

They rode off, followed by the benedictions of the crowd. In due time they reached St. Gear, and there took boat to cross the river. The convent to which they were bound lay behind the hills which skirt the stream, in one of the secluded valleys of the Taunus mountains. Their direct path thither was close by the mass of basaltic rock, now known as the Lurley-berg. Until they reached this spot, the maiden had uttered not a word; and her escort, in respect to her, as well as to their lord's commands, had not intruded on her privacy even by a single observation: but as they wound by the base of this rugged cliff, she broke the silence which she had so long kept, and thus outspoke to these ancient men, whose almost frozen blood boiled up again with the fervour of youth, to hear her mellifluous tones and words, and see her sorrow-stricken countenance, beautiful beyond all they had ever before beheld, even in its deep sadness.

"Noble knights, I have but one wish to gratify. It is in your power to grant it. Say, will you?"

It was like the contention of hot youth, that which displayed itself in the emulation of these ancient and honourable men, each to assure her the first, the most fervently, that they were at her devotion.

"I would fain ascend this rock," she pursued, "to take from its summit a last look at the castle of my beloved. That done, I shall be at peace; and the cloister or the grave may then hide me for ever."

The old knights allighted from their barbed

steeds; and, iron-clad as they were, sought to surpass each other in assisting her up the rugged face of the acclivity. But she needed no assistance from them; she seemed to be endowed with a new life; and a strength far beyond that of her sex and years appeared to animate her. The mountain top was soon gained—for she clomb with the speed and certainty of a chamois; and long ere her eager attendants had reached the midway point, where they lay panting and weary, and unable for some moments to proceed further from heat and fatigue, she stood erect on the extreme verge of the precipice overhanging the bright and beauteous river which rolled gloriously below.

A gay barque bearing down with the current caught her eye. She gazed on it like one inspired. It approached nearer;—its pennons flaunted in the idle wind;—its white sails flapped heavily against the masts. A noble knight stood in the bow; he was motionless as a statute, and seemed absorbed in deep thought. Lorelay uttered a piercing shriek; the knight in the barque looked up at the sound. The maiden's attendants stopped short in their ascent; they were struck with horror; they feared even to breathe; for there, on the extremest point of the precipice, her hands stretched out towards the advancing vessel, her long, dark hair floating backward in the light breeze, and her white garments filled with wind like the wings of a seraph, she stood a picture terrible for those who loved her to look upon.

“’Tis he! ’tis he!” she cried; “’tis he! I see him once more.”

The barque now neared the bend in the river made by the mountain. Then, as now, it was a place of danger and dread. But, though the mariners of that gay argosy crowded the deck, it was not to care for the safety of their vessel, but to gaze on the beautiful phenomenon above them. Altogether, it was a most fearful sight to see.

"Yes, yes," she proceeded, "'tis he! 'tis he! he comes back to me again! He would not stay in a far land, while his poor Lore Lay was pining at home. Bless him! Heaven bless him! And I see no noble bride beside him. He is true to his hapless maiden! I cannot keep from him;—I feel as though I were borne towards his bosom by the wings of the wind. I go—I go—bless him, Heaven!"

With these words she flung herself forward from the rock towards the river; and just as the waters closed over her with a dead splash, the barque below struck on the foot of the precipice, and in a moment more was swallowed up in the surging deep. No vestige was ever more seen of men or of maiden. The lady and her lover—for it was in truth her truant knight—slept beneath the tide; and twice a hundred warriors slept with them. Since then the rock has taken her name; and tradition has been busy in various ways with her sad story.

The next legend is of a somewhat different character; but it is equally tragical in the result. The simple dwellers on this shore of the

Rhine receive it as gospel; and, in their eyes, to doubt its truth would be well-nigh equal to the commission of sacrilege. It is the one, of all the others, in connexion with this romantic spot, to which they are the most attached.

In ancient times, a maiden was often seen by moonlight seated on the highest point of the overhanging Lurley-berg, where she sang so sweetly snatches of unknown melodies, that she fairly enchanted the hearts of all her hearers. The consequence was, that many lives were lost in the river. The mariners of the Rhine boats, heedless of the dangers which beset them at this point of the navigation, once they heard the seducing song of the water-nymph, altogether abandoned their charge to the course of the current, and frequently perished in the whirlpool close to St. Goar, or were wrecked against the rocks which hemmed in the river on both sides at this spot. But though many had seen the syren at a distance, and in the uncertain light of the moon, no one was known to have approached her except a young fisherman of Oberwesel. He was quite a favourite with the nymph: and, in process of time, they met almost every evening, when the last rays of the setting sun tinged the peaks of the distant mountains. On these occasions she would sit and sing to him for hours together, while his head rested on her lap, and he reposed himself after the labours of the day; and when he arose to leave her she would accompany him to the river shore, and shew him the spots whence, on the mor-

row, he might take the most fish. In those places pointed out by the water-maiden, he was always sure to have a successful haul on the following day. These things, however, became soon noised abroad; and before long the history was spread far and wide, on the banks of the Rhine, from Cologne to Basel. One night, however, the young fisherman went forth on his appointment at the usual time, and never returned again. In vain was the river dragged in all directions; in vain was the neighbouring country every where explored; no trace of him could be discovered. He was seen no more.

About this time the prince palatine of the Rhine held his court in Stahleck. His only son, Graf Ludwig, a beautiful youth, heard of the strange story of the young fisherman and the water-nymph, which was then quite current in the country; and, with the romantic feeling of the age, he resolved within himself to visit the Lurley alone. To this end he obtained leave from his father to drop down the river, under pretence of hunting in the wood which then covered the country between Oberwesel and St. Goar; and he embarked in a small boat, accompanied only by one boatman, as if for that purpose. But, instead of directing his course towards the wood, he abandoned his little barque to the current, and let it drift down the river towards the Lurley Rock. It was a delightful evening in autumn; the daylight had just departed when he came in view of the basaltic mass; and the first stars, the sentinels of the sky, had beautifully begun to twinkle in the face of the dark-blue heavens. As he drew near the long-

wished-for spot, his every faculty was strained to the utmost pitch to discover the object of his search, and his whole frame was fevered with emotion and anxiety. Nearer and nearer drew the barque to the dangerous rock; and more and more did his agitation increase.

"See! see!" cried the boatman; "there she is, my life on't!"

But he spoke too late, for Ludwig had already seen her. With outstretched arms and burning glances, he stood on the bow of the boat, and only murmured to himself—

"Beautiful! beautiful!—oh, how beautiful!"

He was evidently lost: the syren had flung the spell of her beauty, the most powerful of all spells, over him.

Nearer and nearer drew the barque to the base of the rugged precipice; and more and more seemed the hapless youth to be fascinated with his fate.

The Lurley nymph sat on the summit of the rock; she seemed unconscious of his approach. It would appear as though she thought herself in the deepest privacy; for she gave her long yellow hair freely to the fresh breeze of the night, and half disrobed her exquisite form, as though she would make her simple toilette on the mountain top, her only covering the canopy of heaven.

Nearer and nearer still came the barque to the base of the precipice.

She now began to sing. It was like a wild mountain melody the song she warbled; but it still had nothing of the earth in its wonderful modulations. Ever and anon, in the pauses of her

song, she would grasp her floating tresses and fling them playfully over her shoulders, which gleamed like alabaster in the starlight; and then she would change the melody from grave to gay, or from merriment to the most melting tenderness imaginable.

"To land! to land!" shouted the impatient youth; "to land! to land!"

But the boatman heeded him not: he, too, was fascinated. Alas, alas, for both!

The maiden now seemed as though she was for the first time aware of their presence. She looked down from her lofty throne, and she smiled on the young prince.

"It is no dream, she waves her hand," cried he; "she smiles on me! to land! to land!"

In a moment more the frail barque had struck against the sharp rock, and was shattered to pieces. Ludwig strove but a brief space with the overwhelming waters: as he saw the nymph disappear, he sunk to rise no more—

"Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide;"

and the foaming waves soon murmured a dirge over him. The life of the boatman was saved as if by a miracle.

The intelligence of his dreadful bereavement soon reached the ears of the prince palatine; and his anguish was equal to his loss. He issued the strictest orders for a search after the syren who had betrayed his son to destruction; and he commanded that those who seized her should slay her on the spot without a single moment's respite. He also offered a large reward to her slayer.

But though the prospect thus held out was tempting to the last degree, still there were found very few of his courtiers who would venture to undertake the task; — such was the dread which the young count's untimely end had inspired in all. One alone of the multitude of his retainers, a captain in his guard, a rough old soldier, named Diether, undertook it. The only requital he desired was, that if he succeeded in laying hands on her he should have free permission of the prince to hurl her headlong into the Rhine; to the end that she might not be able to free herself from bonds and prison by her magical arts and incantations. The prince granted his request at once; and furnished him with a strong body of followers. They departed on their errand about the evening hour.

The sun had just sunk below the horizon as they arrived at their destination. Forming his followers into a semi-circle about the rugged base of the rock, Diether himself, in company with three of his stoutest and best men-at-arms, clambered as well as they could up the precipice towards the summit. Even as they reached to within a few yards of the top, the moon suddenly broke forth from a mass of dense black cloud which had long hovered over the heavens, and shot a sweet, silvery light on the crags, and cliffs, and the shining waters which washed their foundation.

"See, see!" cried the leader to his followers, "there she is! — hush! I'll catch her!"

And there she sat sure enough, on the extreme edge of the precipice, binding up her long yellow hair with a band of amber beads, inter-

sprayed with diamonds of the purest water, pearls beyond all price, topazes, and sea-green emeralds. As she sat she sang as sweetly as ever, and rocked herself occasionally on her soft seat of green sward, as if to keep time to the transcendently wild and beautiful melody which she chanted. But, though apparently absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she was not heedless of what was passing in her vicinity, or unaware of the approach of her foes. She sprang on her feet as they half surrounded the small plateau on which she sate, so as to cut off all communication with the landward side of the rock, and leave her only in possession of the edge of the precipice on which she then totteringly stood.

"Men," she cried, "what do you seek? Whom do you want? What would ye?"

"You, sorceress!" shouted Diether; "you who murdered our prince's son;—you, witch that you are!"

"But what to do?" resumed she. "I did not murder your prince's son."

"To drown you in the Rhine," cried Diether, rushing forward to seize her.

She waved her hand, and he felt that he could not stir. His affrighted followers were even as he was, spell-bound and bewitched for the moment.

"Well, well," said she, smiling on her paralysed foes; "well, well, if it must be, it will be. But the Rhine must come for me, before I go to the Rhine."

With this she unloosed the braid which bound her yellow hair, and flung it upon the face of the waters. Her long tresses floated wildly in the wind, as she whirled rapidly around on the

verge of the precipice, and croyned a Runic rhyme to the following effect:—

“Father, father, send in haste
Thy white steeds, so strong and fast
That like wind the waves be pass’d.”

She had scarcely concluded when a fierce storm suddenly rose, and swept across the surface of the waters like a wild whirlwind. The Rhine, as if by enchantment, at once overflowed its banks, and boiled up, foaming, to the topmost peak of the Lurley Rock.

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed aloud the maiden.

“We are lost,” cried the three spell-bound soldiers, as the current swept over their steel greaves and filled their boots with the cold water. Still they could not stir to save themselves, more than they could to seize the river-nymph.

“Thank you, father; thank you,” cried she, smiling sweetly.

Diether and his men-at-arms muttered a *pater* and *ave*; for they expected to see some monster of the deep come forth to devour them. They witnessed, however, no such appalling sight. All they could perceive were three foam-crested waves, which had very much the appearance of three well-shaped white horses, rush in a cloud of foam and spray, to her feet.

“Thank you, father; thank you,” exclaimed she again, as she flung herself in the hollow behind the waves, which looked as though it were a chariot to which the steeds were yoked.

The water was now breast-high around the hapless Diether and his companions in misfortune; and they gave themselves up for lost. Meanwhile

the nymph lay back in her aqueous chariot, as though she reclined on a velvet couch. When she reached the middle of the stream, however, she rose, and waving her hand with a backward motion towards the bewitched men, who were then gurgling down the flood, as it washed up to their eyes and over their mouths, said aloud —

“You are free, go.”

With these words she suddenly sunk in the depths of the river; which as suddenly receded into its accustomed channel, without leaving a trace of the inundation of the preceding moment behind it.

Diether and his comrades were then aware that the maiden of the Lurley was an Undine, or River Nymph; and they vowed within themselves never to meddle with her more. It is needless to say that they betook themselves to speedy flight; their companions in arms, whom he had stationed at the base of the rock, had made their escape with difficulty from the overwhelming force of the waters.

Next morning the body of the young prince was washed ashore at the portal of the Pfalz, whither it had come contrary to the course of the current; a fact which afforded food for wonder to all, except Diether and his escort in that fruitless expedition.

Thus they sung his loss within the high halls of his bereaved and childless sire; these words were his dirge:

REQUIEM.

Wail aloud! wail aloud!

In the deep voice of sorrow;

Like a tall tree he 's bowed,
To revive not the morrow.
The strong hand of Death
Laid him low in his glory,
As the fierce tempest's breath,
The broad oak ere 'tis hoary.

He has gone from our gaze
Like the sun at the gloaming;
When his last lingering rays
Point to darkness that 's coming.
He has passed from our sight,
Like a ripple on the river;
Which just laughs in the light,
And then settles for ever.

Like a meteor's fleet gleam,
Which, scarce shining, hath perished;
Like a dim, fading dream,
By the soul in vain cherished:
Like an eagle's high flight,
Soaring upwards for ever;
He has sped from our sight,
To return again—never.

Since that time the Lurley nymph has never been seen: but many and many a fisherman on the river, and many a belated wanderer on the shore, still hears her voice like—that of an echo—faint, sweet, and dying in the distance.

The last of the legends of the Lurley nymph, to be presented in these pages, has been attempted in rhyme. There is little in it but the

mystery with which it abounds, and which nothing may dispel.

"It is drear—it is cold—in the sky is no light;
Fair ladye, where ride ye, so late in the
night?

The wood it is wide—you're alone, I can
see—

Then come to my castle, my leman to be."

"I may not—man ever but woos to betray—
My heart has been broken, 'tis many a long
day—

Yet, hark ye! I warn ye this wild wood to
flee;

Ye may ken well your game, but ye yet ken
not me."

"How bravely are ladye and barb both bedight!
How lovely she looks in the gloom of the
night!

I ken ye—Heaven save me!—this snare make
me free—

Yes! yes!—you're the syren of steep Loreley!"

"Thou hast said it: enthroned on my rock
o'er the Rhine,

Like a queen I look down on the depths that
are mine:

But, 'tis drear—it is cold—in the sky is no
light—

Hark ye!—wander no more in this wild wood
by night."

This ballad closes the selection of legends

connected with the Lurleyberg ; and here , therefore , we leave the subject.



THE SEVEN SISTERS.

A little above the Lurley-Berg , seven small rocks rise very nearly in the middle of the Rhine and are distinctly visible when its waters are low. These rocks are named Die Sieben Jungfrauen—the Seven Maidens ; and tradition states that they were once fair women , sisters all , daughters of the noble house of Schönberg ; for their hard-heartedness , “ ages long ago , ” transformed into these rugged stones by the Lurley nymph ; on a day that they dropped down the stream from their castle at Oberwesel , to their castle of Rheinberg , erewhile adjacent to the spot they now stand in.

This is their story.

Through that narrow cleft , in which the river runs from above , are visible the dark towers of Schönberg , high over Wesel. It was once the proudest castle on the Rhine ; as it is now the most ruinous. In ancient times , centuries since , it was the residence of seven beautiful sisters , who were known , generally , by the title of the seven fair countesses. They lived alone ; for they had been orphans from girlhood ; and near relations they had not any. They were very beautiful ; and common report , which spread abroad the intelligence of their loveliness , did not fail , as usual , to exaggerate it a little also. But little exaggeration , however , might exist on the subject ; for , as I have said before , they

were very beautiful. From far and near came noble knights and stalwart barons, in crowds, to woo and to win them; and for leagues around every knight and noble failed not daily to pay them the tribute of his homage and admiration. To see them, was found, by the saddest experience, to love them; and those even of their suitors who could have no reasonable hopes of success, still lingered near them, as the moth, though often scorched, flutters round the flame which finally consumes him. What with the coming of lovers, and what with the fêtes which they devised for the entertainment of the fair objects of their affection, the old castle was more like the stately court of a sovereign prince than the abode of a feudal baron. All this pleased the sisters very much; they were proud of the homage rendered to their beauty by the bravest and the best in the land; they loved to see their home the centre of pleasure and gaiety; and, in short, they were happy to their hearts' content, neither wishing nor knowing any delight beyond that of which they were in the daily enjoyment. But, with all their beauty and fascination, the truth must be told—they were heartless—or, perhaps, it should be qualified—their hearts as yet knew not what it was to reciprocate the love they inspired. One-half of their nights was spent in talking over the occurrences of the day with each other; and more than half of that period was occupied by them in raillery of the temporary lovers they had made happy for the moment by their capricious selection:

"The Cynthia of a minute."

Years lapsed in this sort of life, and still their feelings, if they had any, remained untouched. Many of their suitors, weary and heart-sick of their coquetry, abandoned them; some to return to their homes; others to end their unappeasable pangs in the waters of the river: others, again to woo and win—not fairer, for that could not well be—but, doubtless, far better, because much more loving, brides. But one division of despairing lovers had no sooner departed, than another, undeterred by their fate, made its appearance:

“For youth is stormy, and life is vain:”

each of whom made sure of the prize which had disappointed his predecessor; and only sympathized in his fortune when he had shared his fate.

The fair sisters, however, were not much longer destined to sway uncontrolled the hearts of their admirers. As common report had spread abroad, and exaggerated their beauty, so had she trumpeted forth the tale of their loves, the pride of their hearts, and the coldness of their feelings, likewise with exaggeration. There was at this period a crowd of nobles and knights in their castle, all contending for their hands, and emulous of their slightest favours; but they were also aware of the fate of those who had gone before them—the coquetry of the damsels was not concealed from them—and they had sufficient of sound reason left, though all over head and ears in love, to perceive that they were likely to be treated as the rest of their lovers—used, abused, and then laughed at, for their great pains and exceeding folly. In this condition of

mind they naturally cast about for some means of self-defence; and sought, in every direction, a mode to ensure success. The result was, a meeting of all then in the castle, and a friendly interchange of sentiment on the subject. A resolution was ultimately entered into, and signed by every individual present—that, should the seven fair maidens fall, within one month, of selecting from among them an equal number to be their bridegrooms, then, one and all, would they abandon the castle in a body, and not alone never again return to it themselves, but endeavour to dissuade all those whom they knew or could obtain access to, from venturing near it; or, failing in that, to force them back, or slay them. To this effect they further bound themselves by an oath, to beleaguer the castle, so as to bar from thenceforward all access to its fair inhabitants. This resolution they communicated in due form to the fair sisters.

What was to be done? The damsels were nonplushed. Never before had they known what it was to have their wills disputed, still less to be threatened with coercion, or compelled to act in anywise contrary to their most capricious inclinations. As usual, they met together at night, and took counsel with one another on the mode by which they could best extricate themselves from this dilemma. Like true women, the more they were threatened, the more they defied danger; the more they were made acquainted with their unreasonable conduct, the more they were determined to persist in it. The resolution which their lovers had come to, however just and proper it may appear to others, seemed in

their eyes an offence which no expiation could atone for; and they, too, came to a solemn decision, in which they also bound themselves, by a dreadful oath, to have a full revenge on them for it. Next morning they despatched their confidential maid to each of the knights and nobles, their suitors then under their roof, with a message signifying that they acquiesced in the demand which had been made by them: and that they were prepared to take seven among their number for their future spouses. However, to avoid anything like an invidious selection, where all were so deserving of the preference, they further signified that they had determined to choose by lot who should be the happy bridegrooms on the occasion. This pleased the lovers very much; and they were quite happy at the success of their project. Time and place were then fixed for drawing the lots; and every preparation was made accordingly.

The day and hour appointed had arrived: and in pursuance of the appointment, the wooers, twenty in number, were gathered together in the great banquetting-hall of the castle. When they had all taken their places at the massive round table which stood in the centre of this spacious apartment, the maid, the former emissary of the fair sisters, entered; bearing in her hands a large silver tray, on which lay twenty lots, each endorsed with the blazon of a separate suitor. On seven of these lots of folded parchment were inscribed the names of the seven sisters. What the cunning wenches had anticipated came to pass. Each knight and noble naturally caught at his own colours: but the thing was

so contrived, that the seven sisters fell to the lot of the seven ugliest and most misshapen among the crowd. The emotions which succeeded were as manifold as the modes in which they exhibited themselves: some cursed their ill chance: others railed at the fickle goddess, Fortune: some smiled bitterly: some laughed outright: many gnashed their teeth in despair, and vowed vengeance on their favoured rivals, or destruction on themselves: while a few—a very few only, perhaps not two of the score—acquiesced in their fate, and bore it philosophically. When this storm of swearing, imprecation, and laughter; had subsided, and the confusion of tongues had given place to an ominous silence, the Abigail informed the fortunate winners of the beautiful prizes, that their future brides impatiently awaited their appearance in the garden chamber, and bade them hasten to their embraces. There was, however, little occasion to urge them thither: on the wings of love, full of hope and happiness, they fled to their feet. They entered the chamber: a dim delicious light, such as be seemed the objects and the occasion, served as a veil for the blushing faces of the fair expectants, without concealing a single charm of their faultless forms or features. Enraptured, intoxicated, burning with passion, overflowing with love—every feeling of happy human nature excited to the highest pitch, the ardent lovers rushed towards the objects of their transports — threw themselves on their knees before them, and clasped——only seven figures, large as life, garbed as the countesses usually were, and seeming, even at so short a distance,

to be their exact counterparts. Confounded with mortification, maddened with disappointment, overwhelmed with disgrace, and covered with shame, the lovers looked for some moments at the figures, and then at each other, utterly at a loss for words to express the passions which convulsed their bosoms. While thus occupied, a loud, long-continued echo of jeering merriment struck on their ears. They cast their eyes on the Rhine, which flowed below the windows of the chamber, and there beheld the seven malicious maidens, with their trusty Abigail, embarking in a small boat, over-arched with green boughs, in form of a leafy bower, straining their sides with laughter, and making all manner of sport of the luckless men. Subsequently, they saw them mount on richly caparisoned mules, which seemed to have been awaiting them on the other side, and take the rugged road which led to their impregnable castle of Rheinberg.

Not long after, when the crowd of disappointed suitors had departed, these gay damsels returned to Schönberg, and again renewed the heartless life they had previously led there. But it was not destined to be of long duration. Their fate was only equalled by their folly; and those rocks which now interrupt the course of the current—all that remains of those proud beauties—are not harder than the hearts which once beat under them.

The legend of their metamorphoses is as follows.

Sir Walter, a noble youth, gifted with all the good qualities of the age, and a minne-

sänger* to boot, was the lover of Adelgunda, one of these merry, mocking damsels. The poetical temperament sustained him for a considerable time against the jeers of these malicious ladies; and he withstood, longer than any previous lover had done, the multifarious torments which it was their delight, one and all, to inflict on him. But at length his patience was exhausted also; and he resolved to attain the object of his love, or perish. Accordingly, he one day made a solemn declaration of his passion, accompanied by a determined proposal for the hand of Adelgunda. But the wicked wanton had foreseen this dilemma, and provided for it. By means of a preconcerted plan, her six sisters were invisible spectators of the scene; and, on its conclusion, they appeared, and overwhelmed the poor youth with every kind of ridicule. He could now endure it no longer. In a fit of wild rage he rode forth the castle, sped down the hill like lightning, rushed through Wesel even as a whirlwind might, and plunged, horse and rider, into the Rhine. He never rose more.

But in the "depths of the waters cold" how did he fare? He fared thus, if the legend can be credited:—

On awaking, he found himself in a palace of emerald, extended on a bed of subaqueous mosses. All around him was quiet as the grave. As he lay thus, he became aware of a shadowy form

* A Teutonic troubadour, so called from minne (love) and sänger (poet or singer). The chief of these German minstrels was a priest, Henry Frauenlob; and one, not the least famous among them, was a poor shoemaker, Hans Sachs, of Nürnberg.

Tempted by the transcendent loveliness of the day—the serenity of the skies—the smoothness of the stream—the smiling aspect of earth and heaven—the seven sisters of Schömberg set forth from their lofty castle, to cross the river to their little less lofty fortress, Rheinberg. They gained the middle of the stream: they spoke vauntingly of their power over the hearts of men: they laughed at the various disasters which had befallen their lovers.

“When will all our sport have an end, though?” asked the faithless Adelgunda of her companions; “for, I suppose, end it must have, some time or other.”

“Now!” replied Lurley sternly, as she stood before the boat, on the surface of the water, which rose in huge waves around her, and seethed and boiled above her head, as though a mighty fire was burning beneath its bosom.

“Now!” again exclaimed the angry spirit; and the sky grew black, and the thunder growled in the heavens above them.

“Now!” she solemnly repeated a third time; and all around became as dark as night: the river raging and foaming: the wind and the thunder roaring; and the forked lightning flashing through the dense gloom. It was like a foretaste of the infernal regions.

“Mercy!” shrieked the horrified maidens,—
“mercy!—mercy!”

“That mercy you have shewn to others,” spake the Lurley, “that mercy shall be shewn to you. Die!”

She waved her hand, and the frail barque,

with its fair freight, was swallowed down by the boiling flood.

Next morning, the boatmen on the river saw seven rocks, where never was rock before; and, since then, they have been known as "The Seven Sisters."

OBERWESEL.—SCHÖNBERG.

Oberwesel, anciently known as Vesania, Ficelia, and Vesalia, is said by antiquarians to have been a Roman station on the Rhine during the universal dominion of that all-conquering people.* They further state, that Christianity was then known in this town; and they add, moreover, that Mammea, the mother of Alexander Severus, who privately protected the Christians, was slain there by the rebellious soldiers who slew her son, A.D. 235.

The earliest authentic notice, however, which we have of the existence of Wesel, occurs in the history of the Frankish monarchs of Germany. By them it was surrounded with walls, and fortified with towers; and the place was endowed with several valuable privileges. By an original document, dated 966, and still preserved, it appears that the town and its dependencies were granted by the Emperor Otto the first to the

* It is supposed to be identical with a place named Salissos, mentioned in the "Antonine Itinerary," as lying between Baudobrica (Boppard) and Bingham (Bingen). The names Vesaria, Besogna, and Wesalia, have also been given to it in various ancient historical and geographical works.

see of Magdeburg, to be held in fee by the bishop of that diocese.

It was first declared a free city by Frederic the Second, on his accession to the empire (A.D. 1215); and it was subsequently pledged to the Elector of Treves, by Henry the Seventh, for a sum of money to enable him to defray the expedition to Italy. Previous to its becoming an imperial city, it belonged to the ancient and powerful house of Schönberg, whose castle still exists; a magnificent ruin without the town on a high hill commanding it.

"In the church of the hospital, which forms the town wall on the shore of the Rhine," observes Merian,* there is still to be seen a wooden pillar, to which the child Werner von Wammenraidt was tied and scourged, previous to his crucifixion by the Jews. It bears the inscription 'Anno 1287, hat Wernerus de Wammenraidt den Tod gelitten 13 Kal. Maij.' In the vault beneath this building it was that this tragedy is stated to have been enacted; and the legend of that transaction,—whether it be true or false, there are now no means of ascertaining,—is as follows:—

THE CRUCIFIED CHILD.

In the year 1287 the father of this youth, Conrad von Wammenraidt, lived in Bacharach. He was a pious, God-fearing man, and in much repute with the magistracy of the town. The strictness of his life was, however, very displeasing to an old woman, his neighbour; and her

* Top. Arch. Mog. Trev. Col., repeatedly quoted in these pages.

hate was increased by the strict abstinence from all intercourse with her, which he enjoined on his family. Determined to be revenged on him, she lay in wait—tole his son, Werner von Wammenraidt, as he played on the river-bank at the close of a summer's evening — and sold him to some Jews, who were then dwellers in Oberwesel. The wretched hag knew the fate that awaited the hapless child; and she gloated over the sorrow it would cause his parents.

At this period, the Jews were a persecuted race all over the world; and, as a necessary consequence, they hated their persecutors, and all who were of their race or lineage. Poor Werner was, therefore, a very acceptable victim; for they deemed that they could satiate their hatred on him without dread and without danger. But Providence, which sees all things, and permits much of evil for its own wise purposes, sooner or later avenges the death of the innocent, and visits murder with its severest punishment.

In the vaults of a large house, close to the river, at the extremity of Oberwesel, the Jews held their annual orgies. It was midnight. The boy Werner was brought forward, and placed in the centre of a circle of bearded faces. All around him were to be seen only malignant eyes, and hearts thirsting for his innocent blood. A being, aged beyond the years of man, sat on a raised seat at the extremity of the vault. The child was hurried before him by the eager throng.

"What shall be his fate?" asked he, while his long gray beard trembled like an aspen in the breeze, and his voice echoed faintly like a sound from the recesses of a sepulchre.

"Crucify him ! crucify him !" cried the infuriate crowd.

"Be it so," spake the old man.

A black curtain at the opposite end of the spacious vault was momentarily withdrawn, and there stood the cross, surrounded by implements of torture. Again was the hapless boy hurried off from the vault. In a few moments more the curtain was withdrawn a second time; and there was the child exhibited, nailed to the cross, amidst the shouts and exultation of the barbarians who filled the place. His little mouth was gagged to stifle his screams, so that he suffered without the possibility of making himself heard. Vein after vein was opened by the murderers who thronged around him; and every torment was put into practice which a fiendish ingenuity, hating the very name of Christian, could devise or imagine. The child died under the infliction: and his death ended their hellish orgies.

Next night the body was sewed up in a sack filled with stones, and conveyed secretly to the middle of the Rhine, where it was sunk. It was not, however, permitted that the foul deed should pass unpunished. Early the following morning a fisherman saw the small, white hand of a child raise itself above the surface of the water, and continue in that position unmoved by the force of the current. As he gazed and wondered, he was joined by others of his craft, who saw it also. The news was soon communicated to the authorities of the town; and the river was almost immediately covered with boats filled with spectators. It was decided that it must be the hand of a drowned child, and preparations were made

to raise the body; but as they approached it for the purpose of doing so, the hand pointed up the stream, and began to move rapidly in that direction. The boats quickly followed; but they could never succeed in reaching it. As they proceeded up the river, they were joined by a great number of others, and the shores on both sides were crowded with spectators. They approached Oberwesel; they reached that part of the town which lies opposite the middle of the river. The strange story had preceded them. The whole population lined the bank. The hand made for the shore; it touched the bank; the old woman who stole the child sat among the spectators; the body of the murdered boy was flung by a sudden swell of the river at her feet. She fell senseless to the ground. Need it be said that the hand was that of the crucified child's corpse? Need it be stated that the finger of Providence was visible in the whole of this wonderful transaction?

The wretched old crone admitted her crime, and died. All the Jews in the neighbourhood were apprehended. One alone confessed under the torture; the rest were quite firm in their denial of the foul crime. The last test was applied to them. The murdered child was laid out in the church; and they were ordered in, one by one, to touch him. Wonderful to relate, the body bled afresh at every wound as soon as one of the murderers laid his hand upon it: those who were no parties to the dreadful deed, touched it without any manifestations of Divine wrath. As might be expected, the vengeance of outraged justice visited the murderers: all the others were only banished.

In commemoration of this event, the child was canonised; and this church was erected in his honour.

The ruins of the famous castle of Schönberg, which crowns the summit of the hill that overlooks Wesel, were once the abode of a family celebrated as much for their great deeds as for the remote antiquity of their descent. Originally Belmont, it is said, they changed the name to its German equivalent, Schönberg; and, under that well-known appellative, they have been identified with most of the modern wars in Europe. The family of Schönberg purports to derive lineally from a family of the same name whose existence is attested in several acts of the reign of Charlemagne; but its highest title to fame will, perhaps, be found in the feats of its more recent ornaments—particularly in those of the famous Duke of Schönberg, killed at the battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, June 1st, 1690.

The seven sisters, whose fate has been already related in these pages, dwelt here, if the legend be true; and also the Counts of Arnheim, a family which, by intermarriage or succession, had acquired both the castle and the territorial powers of the Schönberg family in the middle ages.

This noble structure has been a ruin for centuries.

THE PFALZ.

The æra of the first construction of the Pfalz, as well as the causes which led to the erection

of such a structure in such a place, are lost in the obscurity of ages. Its proper name is the Pfalzgrafenstein, or Palatine's Rock; the pfalz (literally palace) is a modern abbreviation. Firm as the rock on which it is founded, it has resisted centuries of storm and hosts of foes; and still stands a monument of the past, perfect in its lowliness, while every one of its proud contemporary castles on both banks of this mighty river has fallen into ruin under the iron mace of war, or the crumbling touch of time. The best topographical authorities* seem to consider it as a watch-tower, or warlike tell-house, erected for the purpose of levying contributions on vessels passing up and down the Rhine; which conjecture is rendered more than probable by the paucity of legends connected with it, and the silence of traditionary lore on the subject of its existence. The only story told of it is the following—one, it will be perceived, having in it more of the local historical than of the purely romantic:—

AGNES AND HENRY.

On the death of Hermann von Stahleck, palatine of the Middle Rhine, which we shall have to advert to very shortly,** Frederic the First (Barbarossa), emperor of Germany, bestowed the palatinate or principality of the pfalz upon his half-brother, Conrad von Staufen. This prince had no male heirs, and only one daughter, the beautiful Agnes von Staufen, the pride of the

* Widder, &c.

** Vide "Stahleck."

Rhenish land. It is not to be supposed that, on her reaching womanhood, she was long without wooers; on the contrary, nearly all the youthful princes, and every one of the scions of the noble houses of the Germanic empire, sought to win her heart and hand. Her own singular loveliness was, it is to be presumed, the principal cause of this desire on their part; but it is not impossible that the immense wealth and extensive possessions of her princely size afforded them no inconsiderable inducement. Be this, however as it may, suitors she had in abundance—from the prince, in his pride, to the inheritor of sixteen quarters in his poverty—all equally high in their own estimation, and equally low in hers; for her heart was won by one every way worthy of her hand—Henry, duke of Brunswick, the eldest surviving son of that immortal hero, Henry the Lion. She loved him alone, and preferred him to every other; for his sake turning a deaf ear to the ardent addresses of Ludwig, the powerful duke of Bavaria, and slighting even those of the still more mighty Philip the Second, king of France. But the Emperor Henry the Sixth, son and successor of Frederic Barbarossa, heedless of the pain it might give the heart of his fair cousin, and anxious only that the palatinate should be preserved to his own family, forbade her union with any foreign prince, and sedulously set about effecting a marriage between her and one of his near relatives of the noble house of Hohenstaufen. Fortunately, her preference for Henry of Brunswick was as yet unknown to him; otherwise the most fatal results might have ensued to one at least of the lovers. It could not, however, re-

main long concealed from her father; and he, of course, wishing to conciliate his sovereign, entered into his views, and excluded the young prince from her presence. But even this severity did not succeed. Love soon surmounted every obstacle. With the sanction and connivance of Irmengarde, her lady-mother, the lovers met nightly in the gardens of Stahleck; and, to crown all, during the temporary absence of the pfalzgraf at the court of the emperor, their hands were united, as their hearts had long been, by the chaplain of the castle.

The pfalzgraf returned in time to Stahleck. His journey to court had principally for object the furtherance of the emperor's project, respecting the marriage of his daughter; and his mind was full of determination to compel her acquiescence in it. He was met at the gate by his wife, the good Irmengarde.

"How fares it with ye, since my absence?" said he, after the first fond greetings were over.

"My lord," she replied, with a look of much mystery, "you had scarce left, when a noble falcon flew hither. He hath a brown crest, a white throat, a keen eye, a powerful beak, and strong talons; and his pen-feathers are so long, and his wings so wide, that it is sooth to see he comes from a high eyry."

"What mean ye, my wife?" interrupted the pfalzgraf. "I understand this riddle not."

"This noble bird," continued Irmengarde, unheeding the interruption, "I have caught for thee. Come with me and see him."

She led the way to an adjacent chamber, and, throwing open the portal, pointed to the young

Duke of Brunswick and the fair Agnes. Conrad's brow blackened; and although the lovers fell on their knees at his feet, and his wife supplicated for them with all her might, the cloud seemed only to thicken the more. At length it burst on their heads; and it was a fearful sight to behold. Little boots it to tell of the rage of an angry man; but the result was, that Duke Henry was dismissed from the castle under a strong escort, and Agnes confined to her own apartment. Next day the pfalzgraf gave orders for the erection of the Pfalzgrafenstein, on an isolated rock, which then rose bare and naked above the waters of the Rhine.

On its completion, Agnes was transferred thither; and her mother accompanied her, in preference to remaining at Stahleck. Whither Henry of Brunswick went, or what became of him, no one knew, or, if they did, dared not to say; for his name was forbidden to be mentioned within the precincts of the palatinate, under severe penalties. In this state things continued for some months.

In the meanwhile, the lovely Agnes was aware that she would soon become a mother. Until this time, the fact of her marriage had been concealed from her father; but it now became necessary to make it known to him. Irmengarde, accordingly, informed him of the circumstance, and of the situation of their child. His rage may be more easily imagined than described; defeated at all points, foiled when he thought himself most certain of attaining the object he had first at heart, he could scarcely bring his mind to listen to reason, or entertain

for an instant the idea of reconciliation. But a stern necessity compelled him to acquiescence; and he was obliged to bow to a dispensation which all his foresight could not perceive, nor all his severity avert. Without an hour's delay he departed for Spire, where the emperor, his nephew, then held his court, and opened to him the true state of the case. It was an awful interview at the onset; for the monarch had set his soul on the project, and its defeasance almost maddened him. Conrad now became the intercessor; he had no other course left him: but the emperor seemed loath to listen to any thing in favour of the lovers; and threatened all concerned, directly or indirectly, in the marriage, with his bitterest vengeance. Reason, however, ultimately resumed its sway over him; and motives of state policy mingling with it, ere long restored his mind to its equilibrium. It might, so thought he, be the means of appeasing, perhaps of finally ending, the deadly feud which then existed between the houses of Welf and Hohenstaufen; and thus afford peace to the empire, while it would strengthen and give stability to his own dynasty. But still tenacious of retaining the palatinate in the hands of his family, he was determined to clog his consent to the union with as many conditions to that effect as possible.

"Well," he exclaimed, on the morning of the third day after this stormy audience, "well, my uncle, done is done. Let it be so. The Duke of Brunswick and Agnes shall not be separated by me, as they are united by God. But I warn you once for all, that I shall never

recognise their progeny as the heir to your possessions, unless the marriage contract is perfectly formal in every particular. You look to that."

Conrad left the court with a heavy heart, and returned a sorrowful man to Stahleck; because, though convinced of his daughter's purity and his wife's prudence, he did not think it within the limits of possibility that such a contingency could have been provided for. The marriage, he was aware, stood good in the eyes of God and of man; but he did not deem for a moment, that all the multitudinous forms, which the unions of the high German nobility then required, had been observed; and he was too well assured that the omission of even the most trifling among them, would be fatal to the children of his daughter, in as far as regarded their succession to his title, dignities, and possessions, as Prince Palatine of the Middle Rhine. In this mood he was met by his wife; and he opened his heart to her on the subject.

"It is all hopeless now," said he; "the principality will pass to another on my death, and my name will be extinct for ever."

"Not so fast!" replied Irmengarde. "Methinks there is a remedy for that great evil still in existence. Think'st thou me a witless woman?"

He looked at her with some surprise, and answered.

"Nay, such wert thou never; but——"

"——But only in this case, thou wouldst say," she spake. "However, fear not; all is not yet lost."

She left the chamber hastily. In a short time she returned, holding forth to the enraptured

gave of her husband the marriage contract between Agnes von Staufen and Henry, duke of Brunswick, regularly drawn up, and complete in all its multifarious requirements. The chaplain who celebrated the marriage, and the witnesses who were present at it, followed.

It may be easily imagined with what delight Conrad received this welcome gift; and how elated he felt that the children of his daughter should not be disinherited of their right. He hastened to Spire; and, full of joy, he stood once more before the emperor. Need it be told how the emperor bit his lips in impotent vexation; or how Conrad triumphed in secret that his perfidious policy had been defeated? The instrument was perfectly valid; the keenest clerk or the most learned jurist could take no exception to it on any ground; nought then remained but to acquiesce in that which was inevitable. The emperor gave a reluctant consent, which Conrad received with a hearty joy; and, in a few days after, the nuptials of Henry and Agnes were publicly celebrated in court, with all the pomp and circumstance of the period.

They lived happy, and died so.

To avoid any future mistakes in the families of his descendants, Conrad, it is said, commanded a little chamber to be constructed in the pfalz, and ordained that all princesses palatine of his race should be there delivered of their first-born. So far the legend.

It appears from true history, that the emperor's fears respecting the stability of his dynasty were not altogether unfounded. On his death, and the election of his brother, Philip of Suabia,

to the empire, Henry, duke of Brunswick, then palatine of the Middle Rhine, sided with another aspirant to the throne, his own brother Otto of Brunswick, afterwards Otto the Fourth, emperor of Germany. The consequence was, that he was placed under the ban of the empire, on the capture of Otto, and the accession of Frederic the Second to the imperial dignity; and his principality, the palatinate, was bestowed by the victorious monarch on a faithful follower of his own, Ludwig, duke of Bavaria. The son of Ludwig, Otto of Bavaria, subsequently married the daughter of Henry, the deposed palatine, who bore the same name as her beautiful mother Agnes; and this union gave origin to the noble and powerful family of Wittelsbach, which so long possessed the principality.

It was at this point of the Rhine that the Prussian and Russian armies, under the command of Blucher, crossed the Rhine, on the morning of January 1, 1814.

GUTENFELS.—CAUB.

Gutenfels, in ancient times called Chaube, or Cub (the Castle), is believed to be built on a Roman foundation, and to have given its name to the town (Caub) which lies below it. The name of Gutenfels, or the Rock of Guda (Beatrix, Latin; Guda, old German), is said to be derived from a fair lady, who dwelt there in early days, and whose destiny was, in some slight

degree, connected with the history of our own country. Thus runs the tradition respecting it:—

GUDA AND RICHARD OF CORNWALL.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, Count Philip von Falkenstein was the lord of Caub and of the castle which commanded it; and his beautiful sister, Guda, and he lived there together the blessing of their vassals, and honoured of their neighbours. Both were unmarried. Knights and nobles, nay, princes of the empire, wooed the fair Guda, and eagerly sought her hand: for she was beautiful beyond all the Rhenish maidens, and she was purity itself in her mind and manners: but they wooed in vain; none could win her heart; she turned a deaf ear to their sighs; she saw not their tears; and even to the earnest entreaties of her fond brother himself, that she would select a fitting spouse from her innumerable suitors, she gave for answer a cold but decided negative.

The Archbishop of Cologne, a proud and a pompous prince, gave a grand tourney in that ancient and opulent city. Among other Rhenish knights, the Lord of Caub was present at the fête; and his fair sister Guda accompanied him. A mighty hand has painted in undying colours a similar scene at Ashby-de-la-Zouch,* and thus saved all future sketchers the trouble of attempting to depict such subjects. There were collected together within the walls of Cologne on that occasion the very flower of Teutonic chivalry; and

* Scott—"Ivanhoe."

prodigies of valour and high feats of knightly skill were performed by many: but the deeds of all were eclipsed by those of a stranger knight, whose lineage was then known only to the archbishop. This stranger was a Briton; and every warrior who entered the lists against him quailed before the power and agility of his arm, and the strength and speed of his noble charger. He was a man of middle age, or, rather, in the full flower of life; tall, shapely, and handsome of face; and he had an innate nobility in his look which shewed he was born to command, or that custom of ruling had impressed on him that aspect as to make it so appear. A suit of costly armour incased his wellformed limbs; his shield bore the British lion or, on a field of azure; and his steed was of the noblest of the noble blood of English horses. He was the admiration of all: of the men for his bravery, and of the women for his noble bearing; but none did he notice in return save Guda. On her were his eyes fixed before he charged his opponent in the tilt; to her were they directed in the swift course; and when the queen of the festal awarded him the meed of his valour, he saw her alone amid the brilliant throng which surrounded her elevated throne. They met once more at the hall: and he was by her side during the entire evening. Need it be said that such attention from such a man touched her heart? She felt, for the first time in her life, that she had found one every way worthy of her love in the distinguished stranger; and her secret joy knew no bounds, when her brother bade him to Caub, and he unhesitatingly accepted the hearty invitation.

Within seven days from the conclusion of the festival in Cologne, the horn which hung outside the castle-gate of Caub was sounded by a quaintly garbed squire; and soon after the noble stranger of the tournament alighted in the court-yard. Philip von Falkenstein stood there to greet him; and the lovely Guda, in a transport of pleasure awaited him in her bower. Every attention which friendship could imagine; every care which love could devise, was lavished on him by both brother and sister; and each seemed anxious only to emulate the other in making the stay of their guest as delightful to him as it was possible. Two days had already fled—fled like a blissful dream—and the third, the last he could spend in this happy state, had been entered on. Philip von Falkenstein had descended to the town to hold court there for an hour among his vassals; and Guda sat alone, in her bower overlooking the Rhine, with the stranger knight. It was a lovely morning in autumn. The rich, full grapes hung in clusters from the vines; the trees had put on the beautiful livery of that exquisite season; the river rolled below with a murmuring sound, quite in unison with the scene; and every thing around seemed happy.

“Fairest of maidens,” began the Unknown, after a long pause, clasping reverentially in his own the unresisting hand of his gentle companion—

Guda blushed, and averted her bashful countenance: but he continued:

“——I love—I have loved you from the moment of our first meeting. May I hope?”

Guda scarce knew what to say, still less to do. But what boots it to tell a tale of wooing?

It is an old story known to every one Guda blushed, and murmured assent, and the Unknown was enraptured. He prayed her to take it not amiss that even then he could not communicate to her his name; but he promised that, before three months had expired, he should come and claim her openly as his bride.

"In life and in death," said the fair Guda, when the next morning they parted, "I am yours. Nay, should a king, or a kaiser, woo me for his bride, I am thine—thine alone, and for ever."

Three months had come and gone, and yet the maiden heard nought of her lover; she wondered much at his continuous silence; but still she attributed it to inevitable necessity. When, however, for the fourth and fifth time

"—— the moon's pale horn
Had wax'd and waned o'er land and sea"

and no tidings of him had reached her, she could scarce conceal her sorrow! and it would infallibly have been noticed by her brother, and its cause, perhaps, discovered, had he not been then actively engaged in the deep political intrigues of the period.

Conrad the Fourth had just finished his unfortunate reign over the German empire (A.D. 1246); and with him had expired the princely stock of the Hohenstaufen family. The purple was eagerly contended for by many competitors; but the principal among them were Adolph, duke of Holland; Richard, earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry the Third of England; and

Alphonso the Tenth, king of Castile, commonly called Alphonso the Wise. Richard was chosen by a majority of the electors of the empire—a distinction which Hume says he owed to his “immense opulence,” but which romantic story tells us was entirely due to his own noble and knightly virtues; and he was accordingly crowned with all due solemnity* King of the Romans and Emperor of Germany. Philip von Falkenstein had sided with the Earl of Cornwall’s party, and given heart and hand to his cause, while Guda remained in the lonely castle of Caur brooding over her hapless destiny, and dreaming of her seeming faithless lover. Now, however, that peace was restored for a while, he once more made the halls of his fathers his abode.

The sixth month had commenced, when one morning at early dawn, as the sleepless maiden sat in her chamber window watching the course of the current, and thinking of him, without whom the world was to her as nothing, a stately cavalcade became visible at a distance, sweeping swiftly along the river-shore, and appearing to approach the castle. The polished armour of the knights who composed it glanced like sparks of brilliant fire in the rising sunbeams, and the tramp and neigh of their noble steeds, multiplied by echo, came like the sound of distant thunder on her ear. She felt agitated, although she knew not why. It was not that she expected to meet her lover among the gallant train, for she had long since given him up as lost—slain,

* Hume says he was only crowned king of the Romans; “a circumstance,” he adds, “which seemed to render his succession infallible to the imperial throne.”

she was led to think, in the strife which preceded the elevation of his countryman, the Earl of Cornwall; and yet, for a moment, a thought of the kind would involuntarily mingle with the tumultuous rush of sensations which filled her mind, and almost overwhelmed her by their vehemence and vividness. In a few moments more the gay train was at the castle-gate—the warder's horn sounded aloud, and a herald demanded admission for "Richard of Cornwall, king of the Romans, and kaiser of Germany."

There was tumult enough among the menials and retainers in Caub that morning; and even Philip von Falkenstein, their lord, was so overpowered with the honour of a visit from his sovereign, that he scarce could control his own emotions. However, he received the prince in as princely a fashion as he could, and besought him to honour his paternal halls with his presence. The usual ceremonies done and over, the monarch's train disposed of, and something like order restored among the domestics of the castle, Richard and his host sat together to the morning meal. The great feudatories of the empire stood around their chief, to render him the nominal domestic service which their tenure of office implied. The monarch partook but sparingly of the entertainment; his mind seemed not quite at ease; he was reserved in his manner, and sometimes absent in his conversation; but altogether his remarks gave much gratification to his entertainer, for they were principally in praise of his fidelity to his cause, interspersed with thanks and expressions of gratitude for the good service he had personally rendered him.

"But I am not come hither solely for the purpose of praise and thanksgiving," proceeded the emperor. "You have a fair sister, Sir Philip von Falkenstein?"

Philip bowed his head; but he was, notwithstanding, all amazement.

"Why graces she not your board?" continued Richard. "The fairest maiden in Germany should not be absent from the court of her sovereign."

"My lord and master," said Philip von Falkenstein, "it is not of her own free will that she sits in her bower alone; neither is it by my desire that she tarries to humble herself in your presence; but she is ill—deadly ill—that fair flower, once the fairest on the waters of the Rhine, has sorely withered, and I fear me much is about to pass away from us for ever."

"For ever!" exclaimed the monarch,—"deadly ill!—Guda withered!—I came to ask of thee her hand. It mus not be!—she shall not die! Bring her hither."

With these words he raised the visor of his helmet, which until then had entirely concealed his face; and Philip von Falkenstein fell at the feet of his former guest, the stranger of the tourney at Cologne, the unknown victor of the lists in that splendid festal.

Richard raised and embraced him.

"From this moment be thou my brother," said he; "and now go and bring to me my beloved Guda."

Philip hastened to obey his sovereign's behest; but ere he reached the door he was recalled.

"Yet, stay," cried Richard; "say not to her who I am, Tell her that a crowned king offers

her his kingdom; tell her that the empire is hers, if she so wills it; that Richard of Cornwall woos her to become his bride; and then bring to me her answer."

Philip disappeared: a happy man was he to be the bearer of that message. Richard once more let down his visor, so as to hide his countenance. In a short while his host returned: but his step was slow to approach the emperor, and his brow was clouded.

"Well," asked Richard, "what says she? Grants she my suit?"

"My lord," replied Philip, hesitating to speak——

"Out with the word!" cried Richard. "She refuses the hand of her sovereign—she will not be my empress?" and he laughed loudly as he said the words.

"She tells me," continued Philip, somewhat reassured by the mood of the monarch, "that her heart is not hers to give: and that her hand goes only with her heart, even were it to the grave! She bade me thank you for the high honour you intended for her; but to tell you, that her troth is plighted to another, who sleeps the sleep of death, and whom she hopes speedily to follow to 'where the weary are at rest.' More she would not say; neither would she mention his name."

"Well, well," quoth the emperor, still laughing heartily, "bring her hither; say, her sovereign would hear his fate from her own lips. But be secret still."

Philip again departed, and again returned. This time he led the lovely Guda into the im-

perial presence. Notwithstanding that sorrow had blanched the rose on her cheek, she was still so surpassingly beautiful, that all around the monarch were struck with amazement to see her.

"Ladye" began the monarch, "you have rejected my suit? you refuse my offer?"

Guda would fain have spoken, but the words died in her throat, and she could find no utterance for them.

"Nay, never heed," continued he; "say nought about it."

Until this time he had disguised his voice; a deception which was much aided by his closed visor. Now, however, he resumed his natural tones; as, drawing forth from his baldric a small white glove, he asked the trembling maiden, in accents which thrilled through her soul—

"Know ye this guerdon, dear Guda?"

"Yes, yes!" she shrieked, "'tis mine!—I gave it to him!"

It was with difficulty she sustained herself in the sight of the emperor.

"That glove you gave to a poor knight of Richard's army, and with it you gave your troth;—where is he?"

"Where is he?" she cried, echoing the monarch's question: "Where is he? Alas! alas!"

A flood of tears came to her relief; she hung down her head, and wept copiously.

"Be comforted, fair Guda," said Richard, soothingly.

In the meanwhile he had raised his visor, while the sorrowing maiden wept; and he now revealed to her view the hero of the tourney at

Cologne, the chosen of Guda's heart, as of the German people.

"Weep no more, ladye—weep no more," he continued; "your lover is here!—look up!—behold him!"

He advanced towards her—he took her hand.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!—my own, my lost one!" She fell on his neck, and fainted away with delight.

That was the joyfullest day that ever shone upon Caub.

In a week they were wedded; and Guda was Empress of Germany.

From thenceforth, in memory of this event, the name of the castle was changed from Caub, Cub, or Chub, to Gutenfels the Rock of Guda.

Caub, which lies at the foot of the castle of Gutenfels, is believed to have been a Roman station in the earlier periods of the empire. The subsequent history of this town is the same as that of the castle of Gutenfels, the fate of which it uniformly shared. It was besieged by the Landgraf William of Hesse, with a division of the imperial army under his command, in the Bavarian war (A.D. 1504); but although he lay entrenched before the place for more than five weeks, he was eventually obliged to raise the siege and decamp with his forces. A rude rhyme engraven on a large stone, still standing in the town, commemorates this event.* In the thirty

* It runs thus:

"Im jahr von Christi Geburt man zahlt
Fünfhundert und fier alt;

years' war, Caub and Gutenfels were taken by the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus (A.D. 1633); and that hero abode there six days, for the purpose of superintending the passage of his army at that point of the Rhine. The passage of the river, at the same place, by the Russians and Prussians, under Blucher (A.D. 1814), has been already adverted to in the preceding article.

Like every other town on the Rhine in the middle ages, Caub was noted for the factiousness of its burghers, and the intestine commotions caused by them in their little community. But the history of one place is the history of almost all; and, having detailed those of Cologne and Coblenz, Boppard and Bonn, further reference to particulars, in this respect, is deemed unnecessary.

Am Sonntag Mariä Himmelfahrt
 Ward Kaub sechs halb wochen belagert.
 Mit ganzer Macht und Heereskraft
 Durch Hessen die Landgrafschaft.
 Neun hundert stein gehauen
 Als ihr die Gröss ihr wohl beschauen
 Und neunhundertdreissig acht gegossen
 Seynd funden worden von ihm geschossen,
 Dazu die zerbrochen und verloren seyn
 Auch viel versunken in den Rhein.
 Und wie wohl das schloss nit war erbauen
 Als es seit der zeit von nawen
 Von Pfalzgraf Ludwig ware befest,
 Noch dennoch musten die frembde Gest
 Kaub bei der pfalz lassen bleiben,
 Das wir Gottes Gnaden zuschreiben,
 Und auch der wehrhaften Hand
 Dies behellt all Vaterland."

BACHARACH.—STAHLCK.

Nearly mid-way in the Rhine, just opposite the town of Bacharach, is a small green island, containing about thirty acres of pasturage; and almost central between this island and the right bank of the river is a curious piece of rock, which is visible only when the water is very low. This rock is termed *Ara Bacchi* (Bachus's Altar): and is supposed to be a monument consecrated to the wine-god in this, one of his most favoured districts. There are, however, many doubts as to the truth of this conjecture—for conjecture it is, and nothing more: and, notwithstanding the weight of authority in its favour, those who oppose it produce authority less suspicious on the whole. The chief ground on which its supporters rest their case is an unpublished manuscript, of an ancient date no doubt, but of a most apocryphal character also;* and the work of a local topographer and historian,** who seems to have taken more on trust than a writer on such subjects should receive. The former states, in reference to the question at issue, that, "in the year of the world 2060, Bacchus, king of Moræ (*quære*, Morea?) was expelled by his rebellious subjects; and that, having acquired by fraud a portion of land on the Gallic bank of the Rhine, from the Allemanni, he there founded a small state, which he named *Aram Bacchi*. Subsequently to the birth of Christ, ages afterwards, this name, still retained by that spot, was corrupted into Bacharach, by Pharamund, king of the Franks, who built

* "*Antiquitates imperii primi and Rhenum.*"

** Widder. "*Beschreibung der Pfalz.*"

afresh the village which gave origin to the present town." The latter asserts, that "the town is designated Ara Bacchi, in the oldest official records of the Germanic empire at present in existence." But it is easy to perceive that the one is no authority; and as the other does not state this fact of his own knowledge, he is entitled to no greater credit. Some antiquarians believe the rock in the river was a portion of the island, on which a monument in honour of Bacchus had been erected by the Romans during their occupation of the Rhine: but these seem equally at fault with those who give it a Grecian origin. The most trustworthy writers who have treated the subject, state that the first mention made of the place is under the name of "the village of Bachrecha," in records of the earlier part of the twelfth century (A.D. 1119); and that it became a town of note in the middle ages, in consequence of its vicinity to the castle of Stableck, then the residence of the pfalzgrafs, or princes palatine of the Middle Rhine. Vogt,* a high authority, is inclined to think that the cultivation of the rich and costly muscatel grape, for which this spot has long been celebrated, gave rise to the idea of allegorically naming the rocks on which they grew the Altar of Bacchus. It is more probable, however, that the name Bacharach is of Germano-Celtish origin, like Andernach, Hirzenach; and many others of a similar etymological construction. What adds greater weight to this probability is the fact that five brooks (German—Bach, singular; Baeche, plural), taking rise on

* "Rheinische Geschichten und Sagen."

the hills, have their confluence with the Rhine at this point. There is one circumstance, however, which should not be forgotten, in favour of the opposite opinion; and that is, that it was usual with the Romans to dedicate rocks in rivers and even in the sea, to certain deities; and that no place was so likely to be selected by them, for the purpose of honouring the god of the grape, as this where his choicest productions take birth and abound.

In the middle ages, Bacharach was the wine-market of the Rhine-Gau; and the greatest part of the produce of that famous spot was deposited in the merchants' cellars of the town. Hence, perhaps, the high reputation of the wine sold here; hence also, it may be, the passion of the Emperor Wenceslaus for it; * hence the *penchant* of Eneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Plus the Second, who had four butts of it annually sent to him to Rome; and hence too, in all likelihood, the origin of the well-known rhymes,—

“Zu Hochheim am Main,
Zu Würzburg am Stein,
Zu Bacharach am Rhein,
Da wachsen die drei besten Wein.” **

* Vide Rhens and Oberlahnstein.

** Thus rendered:—

“At Hochheim on the Mayn,
At Würzburg on the Stein,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
Grow the best wine.”

The ruins of the little church, which are to be seen in this town, were originally erected in honour of Werner, the murdered child,—the legend of whose death has been already related in these pages. Mr. Hope truly terms it "a fairy fabric, the remains of the highest and most elegant lancet style existing." They are, indeed, most beautiful to behold. St. Werner, it will be recollected, was a native of Bacharach.

The imposing ruins of the once almost impregnable castle of Stableck, crown the summit of the hill which overtops Bacharach.

The origin of the castle of Stableck is lost in the obscurity of the earlier portion of the middle ages. It was most probably built on the ruins of one of the fifty Roman forts, erected by Drusus, to overawe the Allemanni, and command the Rhine. Tradition, however, ascribes it to the Huns, at the period when they occupied this part of the Roman empire. But the first authentic record of its existence dates only in the latter end of the twelfth century. At that era (1190) it appears to have been a fortress of great strength, and considerable celebrity, among the lordly castles which studded both banks of the Rhine; and to have formed the residence of the noble family of Stableck, once princes palatine of the Rhine, who made it their head-quarters, as it lay central in their extensive possessions on each side of the river.

THE PALATINE'S DISGRACE.

The first of this family who attained the rank of prince palatine (pfalzgraf), was Hermann von Stahleck, nephew of Conrad the Third, the first German emperor of the noble house of Hohenstaufen, A.D. 1148-49. He was a man of singular prudence and conduct, and of courage equal to both; so high, indeed, did he stand in his uncle's opinion, that he appointed him, in his absence on the second crusade, one of the vicars of the empire, and left him unlimited power over his kingdom. But ambition, "the vice of noble souls," overpowered his gratitude to his uncle, and his allegiance to his sovereign. He assumed that, as pfalzgraf of the Rhine, he was the legitimate heir to the property and possessions of the dukes of the Rhine-franc—or Franconia—who had preceded him in the dignity; and as the stock of that princely race became extinct in the person of Henry the Fifth (A.D. 1125), he prepared, in that character, to enter on their occupation, and to vindicate what he asserted to be his right. He had, however, an opposition to contend with, which was much more formidable in those days than any armed force:—the greater portion of what he claimed was in the hands of the church: and the bishops, and abbots, and deans, and chapters, felt no desire to relinquish what they held, or acknowledge any claim which would deprive them of it. Yet Hermann did not want friends either; for many of the nobles and knights who had accompanied the crusaders were bitter foes of the clergy: hating them for their all-grasping avarice; fearing them for their absorbing

power and extravagant pretensions; despising them for the lowliness of their birth and their pacific calling; and scorning them for their luxury, their profligacy, and their irreligion. Among those who entertained these feelings the strongest, were the knights and barons on the banks of the Rhine; and when the pfalzgraf proposed to dispossess the church of this property, it is not greatly to be wondered at that many of the most powerful among them took a decided part in the project. The hope of adding to their own a portion of that wrested from foes they so much dreaded, despised, and disliked, it may be added, formed no slight inducement to their adoption of this course. Accordingly, we find leagued with Hermann, in his equivocal expedition, the Counts of Leiningen, Sponheim, Kirchberg, Deidesheim, Katzenellenbogen, Nidda, and a host of others of inferior name and note, all ready and anxious to abase the pride of the hierarchy, and enrich themselves at the expense of the ecclesiastical acquisitions. Their army amounted to a very considerable force; and assumed a still more formidable aspect from the circumstance of its being commanded by captains, old crusaders, experienced in all the warlike strategy of Europe and Asia at that period.

Their first overt act was an incursion into the territory of the archdiocese of Treves. In the course of that movement they made themselves masters of the strong castle of Treis,* together with several town and fortified places; and advanced as close to Treves itself as Pfalzel.**

* On the Moselle, at a considerable distance from Treves.

** Within a league of Treves.

There, in a council convoked by Hermann, as generalissimo of the invaders, claim was made by him, as successor of the Rhenish dukes, to the most profitable portion of the archiepiscopal possessions, inclusive of the command of the Moselle, from Treves to its junction with the Rhine. Adalbert von Monstreuil, previously bishop of Metz, a wise and a discreet man, much beloved by his subjects, was then archbishop of Triers. To the requisition of the invaders he gave no direct answer; but actively set about collecting a large body of men in secret; to regain, if possible, possession of Treis. When all his preparations were completed, he suddenly advanced to the attack of the castle. At the moment fortune seemed altogether in his favour; for the forces of the confederation were spread over various parts of the country, confident in their strength and unsuspecting of any attempt against their overwhelming numbers. The castle, which had been strongly fortified by Hermann, held out, however, beyond the expectations of the assailants, and gave him sufficient time to collect together and concentrate his scattered power. He then marched, in two divisions, on the ecclesiastical troops; and succeeded in reaching them before they had been able to effect the capture of Treis. The invaders outnumbered the forces of the church by three to one; and the archbishop was well aware of the deadly enmity with which their leaders regarded him; but his ability came to his aid at the moment it was most wanting, and not alone carried him through this difficulty without danger, but also bore him triumphantly over his enemies' necks to the object of his

solicitude. It was, in truth, a master-stroke of policy that which he at once resolved on, and which, with as little delay, he immediately carried into execution. Forming his slender force into a double line, with two fronts facing each other for the moment, he proceeded slowly down the ranks clothed in full pontificals, bearing in one hand a crucifix, in the other the archiepiscopal banner. In this guise he addressed his little band as follows:—

“Friends of the blessed St. Peter, fear nothing; your patron will protect you from all danger. He is now standing beside us, at the head of a heavenly host, ready to assist and destroy the enemies of the holy church. On this sacred emblem (the crucifix) did the false pfalzgraf swear to be the shield of the church; but, alas! he hath forsworn himself to God and man. He shall soon see it like a meteor in the thick of the battle—it shall be the signal of the Lord's vengeance in his eyes. On, my brave soldiers!—you fight for your God, your faith, and your pastor. Who dies, shall be the companion of the saints; who lives, shall be the heir of eternal glory. I absolve you of all your sins. Heaven defend the right.”

This done, he consigned the ecclesiastical banner to the charge of the Count of Namur; and, armed alone with the crucifix, he took his place in advance of the foremost rank. Whether it was that his words were conveyed to the ears of the pfalzgraf's forces, or that there were traitors among them, is not now known; but certain it is that, all of a sudden, a panic flight seized on them all. Just as the

archbishop, in a voice of thunder, gave the command to attack, a cry of defeat and distress arose at once among his opponents.

"See! see!" was shouted from all quarters; "the archangel Michael, and the host of heaven, are rushing on us. Fly! fly! fly!"

And fly they did, to such purpose that, before a blow was struck, the face of the country was covered with fugitives; and the pfalzgraf, and his noble and knightly confederates, stood on the battle-field, almost alone. They, too, seeing no hope of rallying the *faitours*, fled likewise. The earth was strewn with arms and munitions of war, cast away to prevent any impediment to this base retreat. To increase their confusion and dismay, the panic was communicated to the troops in the castle of Treis; and an hour had scarcely elapsed when it was vacated by them also, and the archbishop, at the head of his victorious little band, was in possession of its fortifications. The pfalzgraf took refuge in his own principality; where, within the then impregnable walls of Stahleck, though apparently quiet, he meditated future incursions on the clerical territory, and an ample revenge for his discomfiture and disgrace.

Adalbert, however, did not long survive this victory: he died in a few months after; and he was succeeded in the see of Treves by Hillin, a peaceful priest. Hillin was averse to war by nature and from principle; he was a pious, good man, in short, who desired to live in peace and good will with all his fellow-creatures. To this end, he proposed a treaty of alliance with the pfalzgraf and his associates; and Frederic Bar-

barossa, who had just then assumed the imperial dignity (A. D. 1152), having undertaken the office of mediator, it was ratified in due form by all the parties. But Hillin, though anxious to make every reasonable sacrifice for peace' sake, as became his profession, was not unmindful that the best way to ensure its continuance was to be always prepared for war. He, therefore, replenished his armories and arsenals; he re-edified the old castles, and erected new ones on the most important points of his territory; and, above all, he strengthened and extended the works of Ebrenbreitstein, then, as now, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.* Having done this, he obtained, from the hands of the emperor himself, a confirmation of his dignity as archbishop, prince of Treves; a recognition of his independence; and an acknowledgment of his rights.

That in doing this he did well, was shewn by the course of subsequent events; which clearly proved that his political foresight was co-equal with his wisdom, his piety, and his love of peace.

During the absence of the emperor in Italy, to quell an insurrection in the Milanese (A. D. 1154), the pfalzgraf and his confederates once more took up arms against the spiritual princes of the empire. They did not now, however, attempt to attack the territories of the archbishop of Treves,—thanks to the providence of Hillin: but they turned their irresistible arms on those

* The great cistern, from which the garrison is still supplied with water, was excavated by his order, and under his superintendence.

of the archbishops of Worms and Speyers; and Mentz was shortly threatened with the same fate.

The archbishop of Mentz at this period, was Arnold von Seelenhofen, a proud, vain, quarrelsome prelate, well known throughout Europe, for the pomp and luxury of his court; and hated not only by the citizens of Mentz for his oppression and extortion, but even by the very canons of his own cathedral—the very priests of his own altars. Yet much as they hated him, and much as he had reason to fear them, he hated and feared much more than either, or both, the lawless pfalzgraf, whom neither religion nor politics could bind to peacefulness with the clerical powers, his neighbours. But Arnold was as bold as well as a bad man; and, therefore, on the first intelligence of the invasion of the adjacent ecclesiastical territories he excommunicated Hermann and all his followers. The ban of the church was then an awful punishment; but the ambitious pfalzgraf, heeded it not; neither did his friends or his forces. Immediately that he was informed of this fact, he concentrated his troops and entered on the territory of Mentz. The archbishop, finding spiritual arms unavailing, had recourse to temporal ones; but still the power of his opponent was far too great for the small force he could array in his defence. He was ignominiously driven back from post to post, until at last he had only the city of Mentz left him of all his ample possessions; and of that place he was any thing but confident, from the well-known animosity of its citizens to his sovereignty. The whole archdiocese was wasted

by fire and sword: and a very large portion of the best part of it was appropriated by the pfalzgraf to his supporters and followers.

This devastating and destructive strife continued for two years longer; and it had reached its greatest height of horror and distress, when the emperor returned from Italy, A.D. 1156. The awful prospect which met this prince's view excited him to the last degree of anger. He was enraged with all parties: with the archbishop of Mentz, for daring to put a prince of the empire under the ban of the church without his permission; with the pfalzgraf, for his unjustifiable invasion of the territories of Worms and Speyers; and with the feudatories of the empire—the one for taking part in the quarrel,—the others for remaining still. But Frederic was a good as well as a great monarch; and he, therefore, determined to do justice without fear or favour in this heavy cause. An imperial diet was immediately convoked at Worms, for the purpose of hearing and judging the delinquents on both sides; and all the principals and accessories to the fact were summoned thither, to appear before that high tribunal. Hermann and Arnold were in attendance; and each pleaded as though the right was on his side: but the diet thought otherwise; and it pronounced them both guilty. The emperor, then, in full convocation of all the princes, nobles, and knights of the empire, adjudged them to the most infamous punishment that could be inflicted on their rank—to carry a dog on their shoulders.*

* This singular punishment was derived from the Scandinavian ancestors of the Germans; though it was adopted and

The pfalzgraf, and ten of the highest in station among his confederates on this occasion, were actually obliged to submit to this last degradation in the eyes of the German people; the archbishop, however, was excused on account of his great age; but his chief vassals were compelled to perform it in his stead.

Pale, wan, and wo-begone, broken in spirit, and prostrated beyond all hope of upraising, Hermann, his punishment endured, returned once more to Stahleck. Bowed down with this degradation he seemed like the stately oak rent by the lightning, and bereft of all its leafy honours by the tempest. Equally dejected, his faithful esquires and retainers followed him to his now desolate and dishonoured home. They reached the castle; but its rugged walls were no longer vocal with welcome; and its solitary halls no more resounded with the music of triumph and of joy. All was desert, all was sad; for sadness sat within the breasts of those who had once

continued by their conquerors, the Franks and the Saxons, to a very late period. It was the last degradation to which a prince, or noble, or knight, could be subjected; and it inflicted a virtual loss of rank with perpetual infamy. The crimes for which it was adjudged were the capital ones of public disturbance, breach of the peace of the empire, tyrannous government, or any proceeding, in short, which had for its object and end the destruction or injury of public order, public quiet, or public safety. Hermann ("Allgemeine Weltgeschichte") says, "the free were compelled to carry a cur-dog—the feudatory, or vassal, a stool or chair—and the peasant, a plough-wheel (*quere*, plough-share?) on their shoulders to the bounds of the next county or lordship, and endure patiently every insult offered them the while they bore it."

made the scene mirthful; and disgrace had converted their feelings into a barren waste. Feasting was at an end, and wassail was known no more in Stanleck. A dark cloud hung over its noble chief, and obscured the hearts of all his dependants.

The pfalzgraf passed a few days in his chamber unseen by any one; he then came forth with a calm, clear brow, and ascended the highest turret of the castle. Resolution was in his eye; on his stern countenance sat determination. He gazed long and wistfully on the fair prospect before him; he looked at the broad, bright river, bounding onwards in its course, full of beauty in its birth—full of glory in its maturity—and he likened it to his own fate.

"It will finish in a swamp," thought he; "and I, how shall be my end? Oh, far more inglorious! I shall die with the brand of disgrace on my name:—yes, that is the only thing I shall transmit to posterity which will not be forgotten."

He sighed deeply as he spoke; and then gazed again as though his eyes would drink in every feature in the landscape. It was as if a man should look on the open grave of a friend: that look was his last. He descended to the principal hall, and summoned all his retainers around him. A sad and silent group they formed, as he stood on the dais of that spacious chamber, and thus addressed them, solemnly and slowly.

"My friends," he spoke, "here are my treasures of gold and of silver. I bestow them all on you, as a requital of your faithful services to me and to my house—may they make you happy."

Sobs and tears—ay, tears from the eyes of the grim soldiers and bearded men who surrounded him—were the only thanks offered for these rich gifts.

"I leave you," continued he, his voice almost suffocated with sighs; "I leave you for ever."

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried the weeping warriors; "leave us not; what shall we do without you?"

"I leave you for ever," he went on; apparently unheeding this wild burst of natural sorrow, so lost he seemed in his own thoughts. "I leave you—the friends of my youth—the sharers in my dangers. I leave the home of my fathers—the home where I was born;—for dishonour has set its mark on me; and where I live, there do disgrace and degradation dwell also. I go to the depths of the solitary woods; where never more shall I mix in the affairs of this world; to pass the remainder of this life in penitential preparation for the next."

His followers would fain have spoken in dissuasion of this resolution; but he waved his hand majestically, and said—

"Nay, never say a word on it; my resolve has been somewhat taken. God keep you. Farewell."

They then separated, sorrowing, and with heavy hearts. His followers soon found a new master; but never a one that they loved so well as they did Hermann von Stahleck. He sought a refuge in the Hartz forest; and there, in the guise of a pious hermit, ended his days, it is to be hoped, in peace. His titles died with him, as he left no direct descendants.

Arnold von Seelenhofen, archbishop of Mentz,

his great enemy, finished his troubled career in a much more fearful manner. Every day the hate of his subjects had increased; but it became considerably aggravated by his disgrace before the emperor and the Germanic diet. At this juncture he found, or fancied, a necessity for a journey to Rome; and to that effect he imposed an additional tax on the citizens of Mentz, which was levied under circumstances of peculiar harshness and atrocity. His ancient enemies, among whom were some of the neighbouring nobility, availed themselves of this opportunity; a conspiracy was at once formed; and every thing was speedily organised to carry it into effect. A tumultuous mob, excited by their leaders, hastened to the ecclesiastical palace and set it on fire; they then proceeded to plunder and burn the houses of all the clergy known as abettors and supporters of the archbishop; the rich treasure of the see, which was secured in the cathedral, was also seized by them, and appropriated to their own lawless purposes. This tumult was only appeased by the interposition of the emperor; who marched from Worms at the head of a powerful force; — re-instated Arnold in his dignity; and compelled, at his solicitation, the richer citizens to make good the loss which had been sustained by the church, the clergy, and himself. The humane Barbarossa could not, however, be persuaded to punish the rioters further; though the archbishop repeatedly urged him to greater severity towards them. The heads of the conspiracy alone were banished: all the rest were spared.

But the storm only slept — it was not over. No sooner had the imperial forces vacated the

city, than a fresh conspiracy was set on foot: the ringleaders of the former returned from banishment; and a fierce mob was once more organised, ready for every outrage. Arnold was not altogether ignorant of these proceedings; but, with an infatuation which it is difficult to account for, he remained inactive,—nay, he affected to despise their efforts.

"Turn ye to the Lord," wrote the celebrated prophetess Hildegard, abbess of Rupertsberg to him, in a letter yet extant; "leave the paths of the wicked; for the end of your days is at hand."

The answer of Arnold (also preserved) is characteristic at once of his firmness and his folly. He thus replied to the pious nun's really prophetic warnings:—

"The people of Mentz are dogs; they bark, but don't bite. I fear them not; for I despise them."

To which the prophetess promptly rejoined in another missive, the last he ever received from her—

"Yea, they are chained dogs now: but, beware—they will break their chains yet and tear you to pieces, or you heed not."

Thus ended this strange correspondence.

Arnold, however, took up his abode soon after in a distant part of his archbishopric; and for a long while subsequent to the outbreak which has been just narrated, he never ventured his person within the walls of Mentz. But, overruled by his pride, and, perhaps, prompted by the secret agents of his enemies, he determined once more to make a triumphal entry into that city. Accompanied by a pompous crowd of useless follow-

ers, he approached it in state; and, to give sufficient time for preparation, took up his residence for the night in the monastery of St. Jacobsberg, then without the city walls. It was his last night on this earth. The abbot, whom he believed to be one of the truest of his friends, was, in reality, his bitterest foe, and a moving power at the bottom of every conspiracy that had ever existed against him; and, accordingly, the fullest information of his strength, and of all his proceedings, was at once despatched to the conspirators. The order was quickly given to their followers to assemble at various points of the city when night fell, and to be prepared with arms and munitions of war for the assault of the abbey, and the destruction of the archbishop. Thousands were at their respective posts at the hour appointed; the principal citizens of Mentz were among the number; and also many of the neighbouring knights and nobles. They marched silently to their destination; and drew up around it in such close order that no one could escape. The attack then commenced; they assailed the edifice at all quarters; and every accessible point was stormed by sanguinary crowds thirsting for the blood of their foe. The noise, the tumult, the confusion of the fray—the whizzing of arrows—the hissing of fire-brands—the clash of arms and armour, aroused the archbishop from a troubled sleep. He saw, at once, his danger; and he essayed to escape: but there was no outlet through which even a mouse could pass unnoticed. The great gates of the abbey were quickly forced: every cell was filled with the infuriated populace. He

was soon seized; and his death was dreadful. He was torn to pieces by the mob.

What further happened is not within the province of this work to notice.

FÜRSTENBERG.

Almost directly opposite Lorch, on the left bank of the Rhine, rise the remains of the once famous castle of Fürstenberg. Lordly even in ruin, they still tower commandingly over the humble hamlet of Medenschied, which nestles at the foot of the hill on which they are situated. The castle of Fürstenberg was demolished in the "war of succession," by the French forces on the Rhine, A.D. 1689. Of its earlier history little authentic is known; but there are many legends of it in those ancient days still current among the neighbouring peasantry. This is one of the most popular of them.

THE PHANTOM MOTHER.

Franz von Fürst, lord of the castle of Fürstenberg, in the thirteenth century, after a youth of dissipation and licentiousness, settled down into a serious manhood, which gave his friends fair promise and good hope of an honourable future for him. A wound received in a drunken duel with one of the companions of his revelries, which lamed him for a considerable period, greatly helped to soberize his temperament, and contributed much to this change for the better than had taken place in his mode of life. Acting

under the advice of his relations, he sought a wife; and he found a maiden fitted to make any man happy, in Kunigunda von Flörsheim. They were married: every thing went on happily; and nought seemed likely to dim the prospect of a peaceful and unclouded life, which lay bright and clear before them. Kunigunda was young, virtuous, and highly bred; she loved order and arrangement in her household; and in her the poor and the necessitous never failed to find a friend. Franz von Fürst loved her, or seemed to love her: we shall soon know enough of him to say no more.

As they sat together in the castle garden one lovely summer eve, a maiden was announced, who had arrived on a visit to Kunigunda. Her name was Amina. She was the daughter of a neighbouring noble, whose castle had been destroyed, and whose household and family had been dispersed, because of the depredations he had committed on passengers on the road and on the river. He had himself sought refuge no one knew whither. Amina, having now no longer a home, sought one with the friend of her youth: and she found a welcome, such as only virtue and goodness give to distress and danger. From thenceforward she became a denizen of Fürstenberg; and divided, with its lady, the attentions of its lord.

Amina was young, and very beautiful; and, in so far, there was a similarity between her and Kunigunda: but there the similarity altogether ceased; for Amina was as close and as crafty in her nature as her friend was open and free. The result of this visit was speedily made apparent.

Franz von Fürst's amendment was, after all, but a seeming reformation. The habits of years are not so easily changed. His old feelings for vice had but slept; they were by no means extinguished: the snake was only scotched—it was not killed. He thought of his wild reckless youth; and he longed to live over again the days that had departed. Little recked he of the bliss he enjoyed in a virtuous wife, and a quiet, well-ordered, happy home; the greatest blessings man can have on this earth: he would again lead the unconstrained life of a *bon vivant*, and a gay bachelor. It is not difficult to foresee the consequences of this desire.

Amina, in short, managed matters so adroitly, that she soon won his fickle affections. From that moment the doom of Kunigunda was decided. The false friend filled his mind with insinuations against the bride of his bosom: she bade him mark her bearing—she construed her tenderness into hypocrisy—her gentleness into coldness—her love into indifference. The weak husband believed her; and the innocent wife was lost.

Nine months after the birth of a beautiful boy, Kunigunda, who had never held up her head from the instant the fatal conviction of her husband's altered affections flashed on her mind, was one morning found dead in her bed. It was given out by her husband and his paramour that she had been suffocated in the night with a fit of coughing; and that she had died before assistance could reach her. She was hurried to the family vault in the castle chapel, with unseemly haste; and, with a haste still more unseemly, within one week after her funeral, Amina stood

beside the altar whence the ritual for the dead had been repeated so very few days before, responding as the bride of the Baron of Fürstenberg.

The boy, the offspring of the hapless Kunitgunda, was now totally neglected. No longer a tender mother's care watched over the dangers and difficulties which beset the days of his infancy: no longer the father looked proud as he gazed on his child, and hoped to see himself revived in him. Far other things occupied the mind of Franz — perhaps he called them pleasures—I know not. Poor little Hugo, however, shared the hate which Amina bore to his departed mother; and his infantile sufferings were uncared for by his heartless sire, who was now wholly swallowed up in the artifices and intrigues of his new bride. The helpless infant was soon consigned to the charge of an old female domestic; and both were exiled to the most distant tower of the castle. The nurse was old, as I have just said; she was also ill-natured: the child was unaccustomed to neglect; and he manifested his feeling at it by his restlessness. Many and many a bitter curse did the crone bestow on the baby as he cried a-nights, and kept her awake: many and many a time did she wish him with his dead mother, when he roused her from her sleep by his impatience and fretfulness. Thus things went on for a time.

One night, however, the cruel old creature awoke of a sudden from her sleep. She awoke as though she were compelled to do so by some invisible power, which painfully urged her to consciousness. It was a bright night, and the moonbeams streamed full into the spacious cham-

her, making every thing distinctly visible in their pure clear light. She sat upright in her bed: she felt as though she were forced to do so. A creaking sound struck her ear! Could it be the cradle of the baby? so she thought. But the idea seemed impossible to her. Again the rocking creak came on her ear; and, anon, the low suppressed notes of a female voice were audible, singing the old nursery song,

"Hush ye, my baby; on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

She drew the curtains, and sprang from the bed; and lo! by the cradle she saw a female, clothed in long white garments, leaning over the sleeping innocent; and heard her crooning softly that well-known nursery ditty. She looked again. Horror upon horror! it was the deceased Kunigunda—the hapless babe's mother—who sat and rocked the cradle while she sung her orphan son to sleep. The old nurse could not move—she could not faint, though a mortal sickness fell on her—she could not stir, more than if she had been made of marble. After a time, the ghost took the child from the cradle, placed it on her lap, undid its night-clothes, and looked carefully all over its little body, as if to discover whether it had any unseen cause of pain or uneasiness: then again as carefully clothing it, she laid it down gently, as a mother only may do, in its little nest, and covered it up most comfortably. The infant slept meanwhile as soundly as the dead. A few moments more the phantom mother only lingered; for the clear

shrill note of the cock came full on the breeze from the court below. Slowly rising from her seat beside the cradle, she bent over her sleeping boy, and imprinting a kiss on his cherub lips, with a deep, long-drawn sigh, which resounded through the vaulted apartment like an echo from the other world, she suddenly disappeared. The old nurse sank senseless on the bed; and in that condition remained until the morning was far gone.

On her recovery, she sought her lord and his lady, and told them her tale. Franz von Fürstenberg affected to disbelieve it, and abused her heartily for her folly; but even as he did so, his heart failed within him; for he felt that her story was but too true. Amina, however, did not disbelieve the main facts of the narration: she only concluded that Kunigunda had not been effectually poisoned; and that life had been restored to her by some intervention of which she possessed no knowledge. When a woman loses herself, she is indeed lost. Full of this idea, the murderess resolved to take the nurse's place herself the next night; and she armed herself with a long, sharp dagger to complete the deed she deemed had only been unsuccessfully attempted. She did not communicate her entire plan to her husband, but only informed him that she meant, herself, to test the nurse's tale. It would, however, have been all the same if she had; for he was too infatuated with her vile arts, that he had no will of his own, and scarcely a perception of good or evil that was not coincident with her opinions.

The night fell, and Amina took her place in

the nurse's bed. Rage, jealousy, disappointment, and the desire of her rival's death, were the feelings that overflowed in her black heart. The hour of midnight drew nigh;—the clock struck eleven. A deep sleep fell on her. She was awakened by the cries of the babe, exactly as the clock struck twelve. She looked towards the cradle. There sat Kunigunda. She knew her dead friend at once, for the moonbeams fell full on her pale face. But, oh, how changed was that face! The colour of the grave—the hue of the damp, rotting mould was over it all. The eye, however, was still bright; but it was with a brightness altogether unearthly. The sinful Amina had never seen aught like it. While she looked—fascinated even as the bird by the glance of the snake—she saw the phantom perform the same operation that the old nurse had described. She then saw her kiss the babe, and rise to depart. Her evil passions now got the upperhand of her terror and dread:—she sprang from the bed, and just as the form of her murdered friend passed by in the act of leaving the chamber, she rushed towards it, and grasped at her upraised arm. She grasped at air;—the form was impalpable;—nothing met her touch. Powerless she fell on the floor. Meanwhile the phantom moved slowly towards the chamber door; and there standing for a moment, shook her hand in a threatening manner at the prostrate sinner. In another moment she had disappeared. Amina fainted away. Sensation returned to her only at the dawning of the day. She then retired to her chamber; and, from that hour, was never more seen in the castle.

In the course of the afternoon the following billet was found on her dressing-table; it was handed to the baron, her husband, to whom it was addressed. Thus it ran:—

“I have seen the ghost of the murdered Kunigunda. I go to repent me of my sins in a nunnery. Never again shall we meet in this world. Go and do likewise.”

The heart of the baron was touched. Life had no longer any pleasure for him. Remorse, with all its busy fiends, was at work in his bewildered brain. He commended his infant son to the care of the pious pastor of Medenschied; and betaking himself to the wild woods, he there built a hermitage, in which, after a life of penitence, he died, it is to be hoped, the death of peace.

HEIMBURG.

Higher up—a very little higher up the river on the same side—stands the ruined Castle of Heimburg. Like to its predecessor and companion, Fürstenberg, little authentic is known of the earlier periods of its history. It is believed, however, to have been built on the foundation of a much more ancient structure, which existed in the times when the Franks governed this portion of Germany; and it is stated to have been reduced to its present condition by the celebrated “Confederation of the Rhine,” in the middle ages. It is of the first period alluded to that the following tradition treats; and the

authority on which it rests is an apocryphal Latin manuscript preserved in one of the older local historians, and already quoted in these pages.* Pharamund, of questionable existence, is the hero of this legend; which, therefore, must be fixed as about his æra, a period yet unsettled by history. It is presented here in all its original integrity.

THE MURDERED LADY.

"Pharamund," proceeds the manuscript, "king of the Salique Franks,** who led the first invaders of that name and nation into Germany, took up his abode in the land of the Vangiones, on the Middle Rhine; and built there as his capital the city of Pharamunda, subsequently corrupted into Pharmacia, and ultimately into Wormatia or Worms. His brother Mörolus ruled the Rupuarian Franks; who, under his guidance, made the Lower Rhine their residence. Both princes were engaged in constant wars with the Romans under Gratian and Honorius; and the

* Widder.—The MS. is denominated "*Antiquitates imperii primi ad Rhenum.*" Vide Bacharach—Stableck, i. p. 242.

** Gibbon ("Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp," cap. xxxi.) says, "the foundation of the French monarchy by Pharamund—the conquests, the laws, and even the existence of that hero, have been justly arraigned by the impartial severity of modern criticism."

"Chlodio is the first known king of the Salique Franks. To him succeeded Merovæus, who was recognised by all following sovereigns as their original ancestor—hence the name of the Merovignian dynasty,"—HERMANN'S *Allg. Gesch.* p. 154.

success which attended their arms was various, as the occasion or the circumstance offered.

Among the followers of Pharamund was a knight named Sueno, whose dwelling was in the Castle of Heimbürg, amidst the lovely and sublime scenery of the Rhine shores. He was a great favourite with the king; for he was bravest of the brave; of consummate prudence and tried fidelity; and the post of honour in the field was always conceded to his wisdom, or obtained by his valour. Nay, Pharamund, in those few intervals which a partial truce afforded, would often accompany him to his castle, and spend the time in the enjoyment of his hospitality. But it was whispered that other causes besides a fondness for the society of his follower, or a love of the beauty of inanimate nature, by which Heimbürg was so abundantly surrounded, attracted him so frequently thither. Sir Sueno was a widowed husband:—the beloved of his heart had died shortly after their union; and he had never taken another wife. It was said that he survived this great loss with much difficulty; and that he was only persuaded to live for the sake of an only child, the fruit of their marriage, a beautiful girl. Her name was Ida: and as she grew in years, she also grew in loveliness, so that her name became a by-word for beauty among her people. Pharamund heard of her charms; and, under pretence of visiting her sire, found an opportunity of judging for himself. It was insinuated from thenceforward that she was the magnet which made him prefer the splendid solitude of Heimbürg to the barbarian pomp and pageantry of the court at Worms.

Once more, however, war broke out afresh. The restless spirit of the Franks was unsatisfied with an inactive opulence; they longed for an affray with their rich neighbours the Romans; and valued more the booty acquired in battle than the product which the teeming soil so easily yielded to their peaceful labours. Once more Pharamund placed himself at the head of his nation; and took the field, accompanied by his faithful followers. Sir Sueno was not absent on this occasion; and a place of the first importance was assigned to him near the person of the king. The Romans were everywhere routed; but the principal defeat they sustained was in a pitched battle which took place in the valley of the Queich: after which, they could never more make head against the invaders. In this battle, Sir Sueno, by his conduct and bravery, contributed so much to the victory, that Pharamund, in gratitude for the services he had performed, thanked him publicly, at the head of his troops, when the battle was over; presented him with a rich gold-hilted sword, part of the spoils of the Roman tribune slain on that occasion; and named him chief of the division of his forces which he left in possession of the adjacent country, while he himself made an irruption into the enemy's territories on the Upper Rhine. This occurred in Gaul.

The summer sped past;—so did the late days of autumn;—and winter soon fell on the fields and forests: but still Pharamund rejoined not his forces in Gaul; still Sir Sueno remained their chief. One evening, as the shades of night fast approached, the general sat at the entrance of his rude hut, looking out on the landscape cover-

ed with thick snow, thinking deeply of his home, and daughter, and his long dead but still forgotten wife; and his heart became filled with sorrowful forebodings, yet he wist not whence they came, or why. As he thus sate, his head upon his hands — his spirit communing with the past—he became aware of the approach of a horse and its rider at full speed; a few moments more, and he beheld one of his own domestics from his castle on the far-distant Rhine spring from the foaming steed, and fling himself, breathless with haste, and overpowered with fatigue, at his feet. A thousand fearful thoughts rushed through Sir Sueno's mind with the rapidity of light—a thousand vague and indefinable presentiments of evil agitated his soul; but form or body had they none; and he reproved himself for the unmanly weakness of anticipating misfortune without cause or sufficient circumstance. The prostrate rider rose.

“Say, what would you with me?” spake his master.

“I greet thee, most noble knight,” replied the vassal; “may the gods have thee in their sacred keeping, and ever lead thee on to victory. I am the bearer of a message of deep import to your peace. The castle warder commissioned me to tell——”

“Hold!” cried the knight.

He feared to hear the news from home. It might be of the illness—it might be of the death of his only hope on earth, his only joy—his daughter.

“But, stay,” he resumed, after a brief pause, in which he had time to recover his equanimity

of soul, "go on and say the worst, but say it speedily."

"My lord and master," hesitated the serf.

"My daughter is sick? or she is mayhap dead?" soliloquized the sire, with a deep sigh, as heedless of the messenger's presence — "or haply some accident hath befallen Heimbürg, my proud castle?"

"Aias! alas! Sir Knight," replied the serf, "I bring thee but tidings of bad cheer. Courage, my noble master, for the tale I have to tell will require all your manhood to hear."

"What mean you, audacious slave?" Sir Sueno spake, half unsheathing his curt Roman glai-ve. "Yet, no; you are but the bearer of a message! Go on."

"It is not of accident to your proud Castle of Heimbürg, I would fain tell you," proceeded the trembling vassal; "nor is it of the sickness, much less the death, of your daughter, that I have to speak; but it is still of your daughter, the lovely Ida, that my message imports. Pardon me, my lord, while you listen to what I must say."

Sir Sueno could not utter a word for sheer apprehension; but he motioned the menial to proceed without fear of his anger or interruption.

"The warder of Heimbürg," continued the serf, "sends me to say, as his duty beseems, that your daughter is ——"

He hesitated for some moments; and a deep silence, unbroken save by the hard, thick breathing of Sir Sueno, and the panting of the speaker's own heart, succeeded. The agonized father motioned him again to proceed. The serf hung

his head as he slowly and sadly pronounced the word—

“—— Dishonoured! ——”

“Speak it out!” gasped the knight.

“And carries under her heart,” went on the speaker, “a child, of which no one knows the father.”

The afflicted sire fell back into his seat—his head hung on his bosom—he looked the very image of grief;—overwhelmed with sorrow—plunged in the depths of despair—broken-hearted. But this mood lasted not long. He sprang at once on his feet, and shouted aloud for his trusty battle-steed. It was brought.

“By the hammer of Thor,” he muttered to himself with clenched teeth, while he raised his hand to heaven, as if invoking it to be the witness of his oath; “by the hammer of Thor and the head of Odin, I shall have revenge for this outrage. This stain on my blood shall be washed out with the heart’s juice of those who inflicted it.”

He quitted the camp without bidding farewell to any one; and he never drew bridle till he reached Heimbürg. His noble steed fell dead from fatigue at the foot of the mountain. It was midnight.

Ida, she beautiful but hapless Ida, was awakened from a troubled sleep by the tramp of her incensed sire’s steed along the rocky valley at the base of the castle. She rose and looked forth from the casement of her chamber—she saw an armed knight ascend the rugged path to the portal with hasty steps—a minute more and he stood at the gate. She recognised her father; and, ere

the warder had time to undo the massive bolts, she too was there to greet him.

"Father! my dear, dear father!" she cried, as he stepped across the threshold; "Father, my dear father, welcome!"

She made as though she would fling herself into his arms, and there nestle for awhile, overpowered as she was with emotions of joy, and, peradventure, too, of sorrow; but he repelled her sternly, and, in the presence of his assembled domestics, thus spake her:

"Off, strumpet! no longer daughter of mine. Where is your seducer?—say at once, who is the villain, that I may drink his blood, as our heroes do wine from their enemies' skulls in the halls of Valhalla."*

"Father! father!" said the hapless girl, "I am guiltless of sin; indeed, indeed I am. You have been belied. Believe not what they tell you. My heart is as pure as it was when it came from the hands of the gods. Freia be my witness that it is so."**

In vain did the fair but unfortunate Ida plead her innocence—in vain did she pray forgiveness from her incensed sire: her condition was too apparent to doubt of her acquaintance with a lover; and his secret was too well kept for her to discover his name or quality to her father.

"I'll tame thy obstinacy, if it cost thy worthless life," thundered forth her sire.

He twined his hands in her long yellow hair;

* This was a well-known superstition of the Scandinavian Mythology.

** The Northern Venus, who was also the Scandinavian Proserpina.

and then dragged her to one of the lowest dungeons of the castle.

"Father! my father!" she shrieked in affright, "whither wouldst thou? This is not the way to my chamber. Oh, heaven! what would you with me? What place is this?"

They had reached their destination—a noisome den, dug fathoms deep into the bowels of the solid rock:—damps like those of the grave dropped from the roof and adown the rugged sides—and a foul stagnant vapour pervaded it, to such a pitch as to prevent the very torches from burning.

"Here," he spake, and he gnashed his teeth grimly the while, "here shall you dwell—the companion of toads—the neighbour of death—on the threshold of the tomb—in this antechamber of the grave—until you tell me, woman of the wanton heart! by whom has my name been dishonoured in your wretched person. And you shall know, besides, what it is to suffer chastisement at a father's hand."

As he spoke, he called aloud, and two serfs, deformed and malicious-looking, more like devils than men, speedily appeared.

"Scourge her till she faints," was the command he gave; and they executed it, all unmindful of her delicate sex and condition.

Six days in succession did this fearful outrage occur; and night after night the shrieks of the lovely Ida resounded through the dungeons. On the seventh she gave birth to a beautiful babe, even while under the hands of her executioners; and then she died.

"Father, my dear, dear father!" were her

last words; "I die. Care for my baby, for he is the son of——"

Her miserable sire stamped his foot with rage as her breath momentarily failed her at the point of disclosing the name of her lover, he who had disgraced his blood.

"Care for my boy: father," she resumed, as if by a last effort; "I am innocent of guilt—he is lawfully begotten, and most nobly born. Care for him, as you value my forgiveness and your own life. He is the son of—Pharamund."

In vain did the intemperate Sueno seek to recall existence to the mutilated body of his once lovely and still beautiful daughter;—in vain was she borne from the dark den in which she had yielded up her gentle spirit to her own chamber;—in vain were cares lavished on her corpse, restoratives applied to her lips, and repentant entreaties put up to her to return once again to life:—she was dead.

"Whom the Gods love, die young."

Spring came, like morning on the mountain tops, bringing joy in her lap to all nature; but the cruel father of the murdered maiden never knew joy more. From the hour of her death he had lived, as it were, in a painful dream; the only sign of consciousness he ever gave being in the presence of her orphan offspring. The battle-field was deserted by him;—he returned not to resume his command;—another chief had been appointed in his place;—he was lost to every feeling save remorse: that, like the prophet's rod, swallowed up all other feelings and pas

sions. The only words he spake were, "Ida!" and, "My daughter!"

A mighty tramp, as of a numerous body of horse, was, about this period, heard one morning in the valley of the castle; and in a short space of time a princely retinue appeared at the gate.

"Open for King Pharamund!" shouted a herald, who rode in advance of the squadrons.

The gates were flung wide; and the cortège entered. Sir Sueno had been roused from his lethargy by the old familiar sound of arms and armour, and trampling steeds; and he now stood at the portal of his castle to receive his royal guest and master. But he was a changed man from what that master had seen him last. Days had been to him even as ages:—remorse had wasted his stalwart form, and sorrow had blanched his raven hair. The king started back;—he could scarce believe his eyes. After the usual greetings and salutations were made, the monarch outspoke.

"Sir Sueno, I joy to see thee; but one welcome, which I prize even more than thine, is a-wanting. Where is thy daughter?"

The old knight sunk his head, and was silent; that question had touched the chords of his heart, and caused him to relapse once more into his wonted moodiness of manner.

"In battle and in banquet, in peace and in war, noble Sueno, have you stood beside me bravely," continued the king, "and henceforth we shall never more sunder. But where is thy daughter?"

Sir Sueno replied not;—he was all unconscious

of the question;—his thoughts were in the dungeon where his beloved Ida died: he saw in idea the serfs scourge her; he heard her heartrending shrieks for mercy; and he felt that he had shewn her none. Pharamund was astonished at his apathy; but attributing it to emotions of a different nature, he proceeded thus:

"It is long since I loved thy daughter. Twelve moons and more have elapsed since she became my bride. In the presence of Freia alone were our nuptial ceremonies celebrated. I now come to claim her as my queen. Where is my Ida? Where is thy daughter?"

"Dead!—dead!—I killed her!" sobbed the wretched sire. "Dead! dead!"

Sir Sueno told her tale.

Pharamund was thunderstruck: he could not at first believe the miserable old man; but he was too soon convinced of the truth of his terrible story.

"See, there is her grave," said he; "I had it made under my own chamber window, that I might have my guilt always present to my mind. It is untended; you may perceive; for I could not touch it myself; and no one dared to approach it but me."

"It shall be the altar of my vengeance," said the king. "On it you shall die. Kneel!"

The old knight knelt on the lonely grave, among the thistles and rank weeds which thickly covered it: his face looked joyful; it was for the first time since his daughter's death.

"None but me shall be his executioner," cried the king, as thrice a thousand swords sprang from their scabbards to anticipate his intentions;

"Mine, alas! is the loss—be mine alone the pleasure of vengeance."

His broad, bright glaive flashed like lightning through the air; and the next moment the ensanguined head and trunk of Ida's father fell on each side of her lowly grave.

"Lay them together," said Pharamund. "Death satisfies all feelings of hate. The tomb knows no animosities. He was brave as she was beautiful."

It was done even as the king directed.

Hiding his face in his hands—the babe of his beloved Ida in his arms—Pharamund then left the castle, followed by his chiefs.

Such is the legend of Heimbürg.



DREYECKSHAUSEN.

Dreyeckshausen, Dreckhausen, Drechshausen, or Trechtlingshausen,—for by all these appellations is this little village known—lies at the base of the hill on which Sonneck stands, and was originally termed Trajana Castra, from a fortified camp of Trajan which was pitched there; thence, according to Freyherus,** by an easy corruption, the derivation of its present name. It was greatly celebrated for its growth of wine in the middle of the seventeenth century;* but it has not sustained its reputation in this respect since that period.

* Origin. Palat. Omissis, part ii.

** Merian, Topog. Archiep. Mogunt Trevir. et Colon., p. 19.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.

Close to the edge of the river, shaded by towering wainut-trees, stands the ruined church of St. Clement. High above it grimly frown the renovated castle of Rheinstein, and the crumbling ruins of Reichenstein,—of which more anon,—looking down on the river like giant guardians of the rocky pass through which it rolls its troubled waters. The following legend is related of this church and its first foundation:—

A fair maiden, young, beautiful, and accomplished, virtuous, good, and rich, dwelt, ages ago, in the valley of Sauerthal.* In the castle of Rheinstein, then one of the most formidable robberfortresses on the Rhine, lived Sir Hugo, a fierce, lawless oppressor of the poor; a ruthless spoliator of the rich; a heartless foe to honest industry; and an unrelenting enemy to the peace, order, and tranquillity of his neighbourhood. The maiden's charms fired his wicked passions; and he longed also for her wide possessions. He preferred his suit for her hand; but she was not to be won by such as he; for his character had preceded him. It would be as though the lion should mate with the lamb, if she had yielded to his offer, and consented to be his bride. Unused to resistance, foaming with rage, mortified pride, disappointed sensuality, and defeated avarice, he resolved to resort

* The valley of the Sauerthal, so named from some sour mineral springs which it contains, is a continuation of the Whisper-Dell. The latter ends where the former begins—at the Chapel of the Cross, about a quarter of a league from Lerch, on the banks of the Rhine.

to violence, and carry her off against her will. This resolution was no sooner taken than he proceeded to put it in execution. Summoning his retainers, he entered her castle by surprise, and seized on the hapless maiden; and then stifling her cries for assistance, and heedless of her prayers and tears for pity and release, he bore her to his bark, which lay moored off Lerch, and quickly set sail across the river for his own impregnable fortress of Rheinstein. But a sudden storm arose just as they reached the centre of the stream; as though Providence had directly interfered to protect innocence and virtue from vice and unscrupulous power. It was a storm such as no man on board the bark had ever before witnessed. A tempest swept over the broad bosom of the water; the waves ran masthigh; all above suddenly became as dark as night; the thunder roared amid the mountains, and was echoed back a thousand times from their rocky recesses; the sheeted lightning flashed fearfully athwart the dense gloom; and the cataracts of the heavens seemed opened, such a deluge of rain rushed into the open bark, and foamed up on the black crests of the boiling river. Sir Hugo and his ruthless minions gave themselves up for lost; there seemed no possibility of escape from inevitable destruction for any on board. In this emergency the maiden vowed a vow that she would build a church in honour of St. Clement, on the projecting point of shore off which the bark was about to founder; if he vouchsafed to deliver her from the double danger with which she was then menaced—a watery grave for her youth, or, worse still, the fate

which awaited her, if they reached the castle of her ravisher in safety. The wicked knight and his wild followers gazed on her silently. Despair was in their pale visages. They had no hope in the hour of danger; for never had they shewn mercy to their fellowcreatures, when they had it in their power to bestow it. They had no trust in Heaven, no faith in the comforts of religion in the season of sorrow or of dread; for they were even as the wolves which infested the rocky valleys of the river, ignorant and bestial in their hearts, cruel and sanguinary in their habits. Yet were they something touched with the intense devotion of the maiden. What will not faith do?

Her prayer was heard. The saint suddenly appeared, walking, as it were, on the face of the raging waters in perfect safety. He was clothed in his episcopal habit; and held the crozier in his left hand. When he reached the sinking bark he put forth his right-hand to the maiden. She clasped it eagerly, and stepped from the deck of the barque upon the boiling waves of the river in full confidence of protection and security. She was not deceived; saints are not like men; they excite no expectations that they do not satisfy. She traversed the raging billows by his side as though she was passing over newly shorn meadows in spring, or the soft green sward on a still lake's side. When she stood on the shore safe, and thankful to Heaven for her rescue, she turned round to express her gratitude to her beatified deliverer. But he was gone; she wist not when, nor how, nor whither. One glance on the river sufficed for the rest.

The bark, with all the sinful men which it contained, after a momentary struggle with the fury of the elements, was swallowed up in the yawning gulf which gaped below to receive it. A shrill shriek rose above the voice of the tempest, and overpowered even the raging of the waves; it was the death-cry of the drowning crew. She heard no more.

When the storm had subsided, she recrossed the river under the guidance of some honest fishermen; and in a few days after set about fulfilling her vow. That church is the remains of its completion.

ASMANNSHAUSEN.

Asmannshausen, on the right bank of the Rhine, lying nearly opposite St. Clement's church, is only a small village; but it is, notwithstanding, famous all over Europe as the place where the best red Rhenish wine is growing.

FALKENBURG.

The frowning ruins of Falkenburg loom down darkly on the Rhine, which flows in a full, deep strong current, at the foot of the rugged acclivity on which they are situated. The early history of these ruins is similar to that of others their neighbours; and the legendary lore connected with them consists of the succeeding wild tale.

RETRIBUTION.

The lovely Liba sat at her spinning-wheel, and ever and anon looked anxiously from the balcony of her bower on the path which led from the old oak forest behind to the castle of Falkenburg. She loved Guntram, a young and noble knight of the neighbouring district; and she was beloved by him in return with the most ardent affection. It was for his coming she waited and watched so anxiously. He had been absent from her for a considerable while, and he was now about to absent himself longer; for he was compelled, by the terms of his tenure, to receive the enfeoffment of his lands and possessions at the hands of the prince palatine himself, as soon as he should be of age to do so. That event had just occurred; and he had made all necessary preparations for a journey to the court of the upper palatinate. The day and hour he had fixed for a farewell to the lady of his love had arrived; and she momentarily expected his arrival too, with mingled sensations of pleasure and of anguish;—pleasure at his presence, and anguish at their near separation. She was at her window a full hour before the time of appointment. As she sat and gazed on the sweet scene below, unconscious of all save the thoughts that filled her mind, the rapid tramp of a horse struck on her ear: a minute more, and the waving plumes of her Guntram's morion were visible. She rushed to the door, and was clasped in his arms. Their meeting was fond, but their parting was sad. Both seemed overwhelmed with grief, though each endeavoured to conquer it by the aid of

reason. All would not do. Liba felt her heart fail within her; an undefinable dread hung over her; the future looked clouded and ominous; in short, she had a strong presentiment that they were parting for ever. Guntram was also dejected and downcast, notwithstanding all his efforts to appear gay; and, though he tried to console her, it was quite evident that he needed consolation himself as much as ever she did. Love even was unable to dissipate the unaccountable sorrow which weighed down their spirits: for hope appeared to have departed from their hearts! They separated: he promising to return in fourteen days at the furthest, when they would meet to part no more. It need not be said that it was Guntram's firm determination to keep inviolate his plighted promise. His heart was in Falkenburg with Liba, though he was compelled to be absent in person from her presence. But fate willed it otherwise. He was doomed to disappointment. On his arrival at the court, he found the prince palatine engaged in making preparations for the despatch of an immediate embassy to Burgundy; and, to his great mortification, he had not been long known to his sovereign before he was selected as the ambassador. This selection he owed as much to his handsome face and figure as to the qualities of his mind, the nobility of his birth, and the elegance of his manners. He could not resist the commands of his prince, or gainsay an appointment which he appeared to have so set his heart upon. An affectionate letter informed his Liba of his unwilling detention from her; and assured her of his eternal love, and truth, and constancy. He then

departed on his mission. Six months were spent in the journey and at the court of Burgundy, then one of the proudest in Europe. At the end of that period, the object of his mission being attained, he and his retinue set out on their return to the Rhine. One day, as it drew towards evening, they discovered that they had deviated from their road; and though they made every effort to recover it, they were entirely unsuccessful. Night soon fell; it was pitch dark. They were then in a immense forest, with no visible outlet; and it was with much difficulty that they could proceed, so thickly was the undergrowth of shrubs, briars, and brushwood interwoven with the boles and branches of the trees. In a short time, Guntram discovered that he was alone. All his followers had fallen off, some straying one way, and some another, in the darkness and confusion which prevailed. He wandered on anxiously for a little while; at length his ears were gladdened with the gurgle of a brook. Spurring his noble steed, who seemed as conscious of the pleasure he felt as he did himself, they soon reached its edge. It was a small rapid stream, which bent round the base of a hill, nearly encircling it. Guntram gazed about him for a moment, to ascertain the best course he could pursue: and then casting his eyes upwards, he beheld the black walls and dimly seen turrets of an old castle, standing grimly on the summit of the mount, relieved against the black sky by their own intenser blackness. He approached it, and prayed shelter of the warden for the night; and his prayer was at once granted when he had announced his name and the object of his journey. The servitors led

him to a spacious apartment, hung all over with family portraits and other pictures, and there left him, until they made known his arrival to their master. Guntram occupied the time until their return with an inspection of the pictures. They appeared to portray many things which had occurred to the possessors of the castle—to be a sort of pictorial family history. One exhibited the imposing ceremony of founding a church; another, a mortal combat, in which a Christian knight, single-handed, seemed engaged against a crowd of fierce-looking Saracens, fighting for life and death, but evidently having the advantage over them; while a third shewed the same brave warrior having exchanged his sword for a pilgrim's staff, clothed in the garb of a palmer on his weary way through Palestine. Above these, the portraits of the first of the noble family to which the castle appertained, were painted on panels, in the regular order of their succession to the title and estates.

Guntram had well nigh examined the whole of these pictures; but just as he finished his circuit of the apartment, he came upon one which hung in a dark corner, almost completely concealed from the light. A black curtain was drawn over it, as if to exclude it still further from view. His curiosity was excited: he wondered what it could be that was thus hidden: the richness of the frame precluded the idea that it was a worthless production. He paused before it for a moment: an indefinable feeling of dread crept over him. He drew the curtain, and the portrait of a most beautiful maiden, standing beside an open grave, met his view.

She seemed young and fresh as if she lived and moved: and her eyes looked love and pleasure upon the spectator. She appeared occupied in arranging her long fair hair, which fell in waving folds, like billows of light, over her full round, perfectly formed neck and shoulders. Guntram was astonished at this picture: he could not, for the life of him, make out its meaning; but he gazed and gazed on it, till he felt that his heart was fascinated with the fair maiden. At this juncture the lord of the castle entered the apartment, and bade him a hearty welcome to his abode. His name was Sir Bobe, an aged knight, the last branch of an ancient stock, whose flowers and leaves had all fallen off; a care-worm consumed the strength of his life, and destroyed the principle of his vitality. The quick, hot current of his blood, was now quite frozen, or sluggishly flowed on through his wasted frame. He looked so like a corpse, that his sleep seemed death; so wan, so wo-begone, so shadowy did he appear to the youth. But his feelings were not frozen, his heart was not dead, for he greeted Guntram warmly, and gave orders that every suitable refreshment should be at once provided, and all due honours paid to him by his numerous domestics. He sat with the young knight, pleased with his conversation, and interested in its details, until the midnight hour had chimed from the turrets of the castle; then he departed, commending him to all the saints, and wishing him sweet repose. An old servant of the castle conducted Guntram to his chamber. The way thither lay through a long, vaulted gallery; dim, damp,

dreary, and cheerless in the extreme. It seemed to have been seldom traversed by human foot; for the narrow arched windows, deeply coved in the thick walls, were covered and almost concealed by spider's webs, which looked as though they had existed there undisturbed for years; and ever and anon a drowsy bat flew across their path, attracted by the faint flicker of the light, flapping heavily his broad weighty wings, as though but just awakened from a sleep of ages. Guntram felt disquieted; his heart almost died within him; and yet he knew not why or wherefore it should be so.

"Sir Knight," said the old servant who accompanied him, "you may almost imagine that you are in a haunted castle, where only ghosts and goblins dwell, such is now the look of desolation which these halls wear."

Guntram made no answer to this observation: and the old man proceeded:

"But my lord is now childless, and he has no longer aught to connect him with this world."

Still was Guntram silent; for he was busied with his own thoughts.

"It is now thirty years," continued the old man, "since his only daughter, his loveliest and his last child, the beautiful Erlinda, died in the very chamber where you are going to spend the night."

Guntram started: his attention was now charmed. The identity of the portrait with the subject of the old man's story, flashed upon him like lightning.

"Since then," the old man went on, "the castle has nearly gone to ruin. My lord has

almost allowed it to fall about his ears without caring. There are few habitable rooms in it now; indeed the only one fit for the reception of a stranger is that in which you are going to sleep. But that is not of much importance after all: for strangers so seldom pass this way, that you are the first who has entered these walls for the last five years come Christmas."

They had by this time quitted the long gallery and entered the chamber. Guntram, whose mind was greatly excited by the conversation of the old man and the picture with which he had coupled it in his imagination, would willingly have detained him for the purpose of obtaining further particulars of the subject which now so much interested him; but his informant appeared so very anxious to avoid saying any thing more on it, that he gave up all hope of succeeding with him. When the old man had put every thing to rights, and seen that his master's guest was as well circumstanced as he could make him, he wished him a good night. He paused, however, at the door of the chamber, and, with a mysterious look, whispered, rather than spoke, to the young knight:

"Perhaps you may hear a little noise in your chamber in the course of the night; but let not that alarm you. Make the sign of the cross if you do; and then repeat a *pater* and *ave*. There is no real danger."

With these words he closed the door and departed. The echo of his receding footsteps soon ceased in the vaulted gallery; and Guntram felt he was quite alone. It was in vain that

the young knight tried to smile at the fears which hung heavily on his heart: a shuddering sensation overcame him, notwithstanding all his efforts to avert it; and he could think of nothing but the ghost of the fair maiden who stood by the open grave. The storm which raged without, and the winds which howled within, through the long corridors of the castle, contributed not a little to increase his fears. It was a superstitious age; and he cannot be blamed for the involuntary feeling which unmanned him at the moment. In accordance with the old servant's good advice, he knelt down and prayed a prayer to the Lord and the Virgin Mother. He then crossed himself on mouth, brow, and breast; and, trimming his tapers, threw himself in a large arm-chair which stood on the ample hearth of the chamber. He could not sleep, even if he had gone to bed: but he would not go to bed; because it was in it that the maiden with the long, fair hair, the old man's last and loveliest child, had died. His mind soon became a chaos of hopes and fears: he did not know what to do with himself. After he had tossed and tumbled about in his chair for a good while, a sort of lethargic sensation seemed, on a sudden, to enchain his limbs: he was restless now no longer; but lay as calm and as quiet as a sleeping infant on its mother's breast. Yet was he painfully conscious of all that passed: his mental faculties becoming intensely quickened. As he lay thus he heard a slight rustling in the next chamber; then the sound of a light foot-fall was distinctly audible; and immediately after a soft, sweet, female voice sang, with fulness and great purity, an old

song, to a most melting, ancient melody. Guntram started up: he was free once more.

"That is no phantom's voice," said he to himself; "I see how it is. The old fellow has got some pretty girl concealed here, whom he is anxious that I should not discover; and so he has invented a ghost-story to deceive me. I am not to be caught in that trap, though. We shall soon see."

Full of this idea, and anticipating great pleasure, as much from circumventing the old deceiver, as he believed him to be, as from the company of the fair one with the sweet voice, he stole forth the chamber. His intention was, first to peep through the key-hole of her bower, and when he had satisfied himself as to her desirableness, then to endeavour to obtain admission. But he was frustrated in the former, though he found the latter more easy of accomplishment than he had calculated on. The door of her chamber was wide ajar,—half-open; and a lamp, which burned on a tripod, lighted up the entire apartment. Before a large mirror, which stood on a table, nearly central in the chamber, her back to the entrance, sat a lovely young female, arranging her long fair hair, and seeming to contemplate, with complacency and great pleasure, their wavy folds, as she ever and anon flung them gracefully over her glossy shoulders. She looked very beautiful. Guntram was struck dumb with astonishment: surprise almost paralyzed him; he could neither use his tongue nor his limbs; but stood gazing on her, open-eyed and stirless, as a statue. He made once, as though he would speak to her; but the thought that he

had no business there, at such a time and under such circumstances, overcame his resolution. After many struggles with himself, and as many repulses, he gave up the thoughts of introducing himself to her notice; and stole back again with a light step, but a heavy heart, to his own apartment. Arrived there, he flung himself on the bed; but sleep fled his eyes: for the lovely maiden with the long fair hair was ever present to his imagination; and he felt that his heart was entangled as by a magical fascination. Thus spent he the remainder of the night.

Next morning the old servant entered his apartment, and asked him anxiously how he had passed the night; but Guntram evaded an answer, for he did not wish to communicate to any one what he had witnessed. He descended to the great hall, and breakfasted with Sir Bobo. The old knight became more and more pleased with his young friend: and at length prayed him to tarry a few days longer in the castle. Guntram gladly acquiesced, for he wished to see more of the maiden of the past night: though he had scarcely done so when the form of his Liba seemed to rise before his eyes, and look reproachfully on him for his faithlessness. That day was spent in exploring the grounds around the castle, and examining its vicinity. While thus occupied, he found himself following a lonely path, which led through a dense, drear, thorny thicket; and which all of a sudden brought him to a small chapel, that lay deep sunk in a hollow of the wood. Nettles and thistles, and docks and darnels, and all other foul and obscene weeds, covered its walls, filled its roofless area, and crowded

the narrow space on which it stood. A huge oak had taken root in the aisle; and its branches over-canopied the scattered fragments of the altar; while on each side its sinewy arms stretched far out through the shattered casements. The spot was the very image of desolation. Near to the desecrated altar, within the choir, were many monuments to the departed; and close beside it was an open grave, considerably apart from any of those having tombstones. The stone for this grave leaned against the chapel-wall at its head. On it were engraven the words:

TRAVELLER,
PRAY FOR ME,
THAT I MAY REST IN PEACE:
BUT
BEWARE OF MY GLANCES.

Guntram read this strange inscription over and over again; he could not guess its meaning, do what he might. At last he bethought him of the picture covered with the black curtain, and of the fair maiden with the long hair, sitting beside the open grave, portrayed in it; and then the mystery seemed almost fathomed. A slight shudder seized him as the connexion between both rushed on his conviction; and, for a moment the old castle and all it contained became to him objects of suspicion and dread. He also thought of his dear Liba, and of the promise he had plighted to her: and he resolved to set out on his journey that very evening. But, unluckily for him, on his return to the castle he found Sir Bobo was not at home, having gone forth until he next day; and as he could not, in common

courtesy, depart without seeing and thanking him in person for his hospitable entertainment, he was even compelled to make up his mind to spend another night under his roof. In due course he retired to his chamber. He had not been long seated in the armchair which he occupied the preceeding night, when he heard again the same slight rustle as he did before, the same light foot-fall succeeding it, and immediately after the same sweet voice singing the same song which had already so enraptured him. But the voice was still more melodious than it had seemed to him on the former occasion; and he felt himself as it were, irresistibly attracted by it to the adjacent apartment. As heretofore the door stood ajar, half-open: and the maiden set in the same place, in the same attitude, and engaged in the same occupation as when he had last seen her. But she looked to his eyes far more beautiful than before. A thin, gauze night-gown rather exhibited than concealed her faultless form—the unequalled grace of her lovely limbs; and her eyes, which he looked on in the reflection of the mirror, seemed to swim and float in voluptuous melancholy. What could it mean? He was unable to subdue his feelings any longer; his soul was on fire: he burned to embrace the beauty. He entered the apartment: she turned round slowly, and gazed calmly on him for a moment. But what a gaze: and what a moment for him! He was lost. A few words of apology for his intrusion—disjointed, unconnected, and without meaning—were all he could stammer out, so confounded was he with his passion and the awkwardness of his position. But he soon felt

reassured by the smile with which she saluted him, and the deep attention that she paid to his protestations of love. She listened, but spake not a syllable. He went on. From apologies he proceeded to questions; as his natural confidence again returned to him. Yet did she not answer any thing to all he said;—no sound escaped her lips. When he ceased she pointed to the black marble table at which she sat, and beckoned him to approach. He did so; and read on this inscription:

I MUST BE SILENT.

LOVE CAN BIND ME: LOVE CAN LOOSE ME.

Guntram was astounded: he pondered on the import of the words; he tried, but in vain, to fathom the meaning of the mystery. The fair maiden gazed on him with a saddened eye; that gaze, however, penetrated to his inmost heart. He was again, in a moment, the ardent lover. It was but the work of an instant to clasp her hand and press it to his lips; she offered no resistance to this proof of his ardent passion. He kissed her cheek — and she was still also; he kissed her mouth — and he was unopposed by a single repulsive look or motion. Liba was forgotten: he was ruined. The maiden drew from a secret drawer in the table an antique wedding-ring; she then reached it forth to the young knight. In the intoxication of the moment he placed it upon his fore-finger; and then again he clasped her to his bounding bosom. At that instant, a screech-owl flapped its wings heavily against the casement, and hooted fearfully. The maiden, on hearing the sound, disengaged herself

hastily from his embraces—imprinted a fond kiss on his lips, and disappeared, at once, through a side-door which seemed to lead to a small chamber, off the apartment in which they sate together.

The young knight returned to his own apartment and threw himself on the bed; but the tumult of his thoughts prevented the approach of sleep; and he lay tossing and tumbling in a fever of agitation until morning. With the first dawn of day, reason resumed her sway over him; and, under her influence, he resumed his determination of departing from the castle. He would, he resolved, just bid a brief farewell to his hospitable old host; and then set out without more delay on his homeward journey. He did so accordingly; and accordingly departed. It was only when his impatient steed had carried him into the deepest recesses of the forest—far, far out of sight of the crumbling towers of that old castle,—that he felt lightened of the load of sorrowful foreboding, which seemed to weigh heavily on his oppressed heart.

The forest, however, was soon cleared; and the open country gained. There were some peasants at work in the fields. He alighted from his horse, and, requesting refreshment for the jaded animal, he mixed himself with them in their mid-day meal; he then extended himself under the shadow of a tree, until the hour for resuming their labours should arrive. A conversation soon ensued. It was general at first; but it shortly became connected exclusively with the subject which most occupied his mind—the old castle of Waldburg and its inhabitants. He

asked an aged husbandman a few questions respecting them.

"It is an awful place," said the old peasant, shaking his gray locks, and looking very grave; "It is an awful place, Sir Knight; and a fearful history is that of the present family."

Guntram besought him earnestly to say all he knew of it; and, after a little hesitation, the old man proceeded:—

"Sir Bobo, the present lord of the castle of Waldburg, had an only daughter, the beautiful Erlinda, as she was called—it is now some thirty years since. She was wooed by many rich and handsome knights, from far and wide; for the fame of her beauty had spread all over the land: but she was haughty and foolish—she was a spoiled child—a wild, wayward, unwise damsel, and she would have none of them for a husband. She required such extraordinary, such dangerous proofs of their devotion for her, that few would give them; and the few who tried the experiment, paid the forfeit of their lives for their temerity. All of them left her but one: he abode by her still when the rest had departed. The only son of an aged mother, whose sole hope he was on this earth; he was in so far like the proud lady he would fain have made his bride: but in so far only—for in nothing else was he similar to her; he being good, kind, and pious; and loving his fellow-creatures with the affection of a brother. He was of an ancient and a noble race; and was, moreover, unexceptionable in wealth and power, in form and figure, in mind and in manners. Undeterred by the fate of his predecessors, he

offered himself to the accomplishment of any proof of his love which she required, on condition that their nuptials should immediately be celebrated on its completion. She agreed to this condition; for he had won considerably on her esteem. The proof she required was, that on the next Walpurgis Night,* he should station himself, at twelve o'clock, in the centre of the cross-roads on the Königsbahn, and there stay until the morning. And, further, that he should give her, the following day, a full and particular account of all that he had heard and seen on that occasion. All this seemed such child's play to the lover, that he leaped at once at the proposal: nay, more, to shew that he thought it so, he went to the place appointed without arms of any kind, offensive or defensive; not even a switch did he carry with him. The succeeding day search was made for him, as he did not return at the specified time; and he was found torn to pieces, the fragments of his body being scattered about in different and distant directions. Some concluded that the evil spirits, who specially make that night their own, had done the dreadful deed: while others decided that he had been set upon by a troop of hungry wolves; in which opinion they were much confirmed by the circumstance, that only a portion of his remains were discoverable, notwithstanding all their efforts to collect them for Christian burial. His poor, old, childless mother, on the news of her bereavement reaching her, fell mortally ill. In her last moments, with her dying

* May-Eve.

breath, she cursed—with a mother's curse—the proud maiden who had caused it, and predicted her future misery. That curse was of quick effect; that prediction was speedily fulfilled. Exactly nine days after the death of this aged lady, Erlinda also fell ill. She felt that her fate was sealed; and the consciousness that she would never again rise from her couch of sickness wholly filled her mind. Within nine days after she died. When the preparations for her funeral were completed—the grave opened—the tombstone ready to cover it—to the great horror and dismay of those on whom the duty of interment devolved, her corpse could not be found. It had disappeared from the chamber in which it lay—none knew how or whither."

Guntram slightly shuddered; for he recollected the open grave in the ruined chapel; and also the mysterious tombstone which stood against the wall at its head.

"Since then," continued the old man, "she haunts the castle, especially the chambers in which she lived and died. Those who have seen her say that she looks the same as she did when alive; that she is also dressed in the same manner; and that there is nothing at all of death in her appearance. She still seeks to captivate all strangers who may make the castle their residence; and it matters not to her what may be their quality, so that they yield to her fascination. But we be to them that fall into her net! They die without fail in thrice nine days from the time they become entangled by her: there is no hope for them."

Guntram was horror-struck. He sighed heavily; and cast down his eyes in deep thought.

"Whoever shall resist her seductions," concluded the aged narrator, "will be her best benefactor: he will give her troubled spirit rest. Until then she is doomed to know no repose."

Guntram now saw all. He felt as if a mountain was removed from his heart—such relief had the old man's relation afforded him. The mystery was at an end. He glanced at the ring—the gift of the ghost—which was still on his finger. Horror-struck he read on it those words

"THOU ART MINE."

They were in distinctly legible characters. All was over with him. It was in vain to struggle any longer with his destiny: so he even resigned himself calmly to his fate.

He resumed his journey. His path now lay through a thick pine forest; and it came on dark night before he could extricate himself from its recesses. The scene around was as still as the grave; silence sat on all things; not a twig stirred, not a leaf rustled; there was not even a single breath of air in the heavens. For a while he pursued the rugged path, in the hopes of finding a forest-inn; but the further he proceeded the less hope there seemed to be of reaching it, if one existed at all in this wilderness. The path, too, became more and more obstructed; until at length every trace of it was effaced, and all his efforts could no longer recover it. Still he urged forward his weary steed; for he had now no other alternative; except that of passing the

night alone in this dreary wood,—unprotected and unsheltered. After some time thus spent, he suddenly came upon a Hun-fort; one of those remnants of barbarian encampment which are still to be found in almost all parts of Germany.* A large fire stood in the centre of the circular space enclosed by the crumbling outworks of the ruin; and three withered old hags were jumping round the flame, hand in hand, in the most fantastic manner: Guntram reined in his steed; and, retreating to the shadow of a thick clump of trees, gazed earnestly on their strange proceedings. He had a presentiment that he was, somehow or other, mixed up with them. Their dance done, one of the hags, in a croaking voice,—like that of an old raven,—sang the following verse:—

“Nettles three I’ve torn to-day,
From yon giant’s grave away;
Out of these a thread I’ve spun:
Sisters, see!—my work is done.”

A second then took up the strain, in a still more discordant tone, and proceeded:—

“In tears I’ll seeth it—I’ll feed it with groans;
My loom and shuttle be dead men’s bones,—
With which I’ll weave five ells, so free,
Of linen fine, as ye shall see.”

The third thus concluded the fearful strain:—

“A shroud to make I’ll then begin,
Fit to fold sleeping bridegroom in:
Sir knight, ride slowly, for d’ ye see,
When finished, we will fetch it thee.”

* There are many similar remains of barbarian antiquity in Ireland; the common people call them Danish forts. England has some also.

In another moment, fire and hags and all had disappeared; and Guntram felt as if he had awoke from a horrid dream. His heart was sad; his brain a vortex, where all was confusion. Setting spurs to his steed away he flew over hedge and hollow, through brushwood, thicked, and brier, and never held hand or drew rein until he had reached the forest-inn, which he had before so vainly sought; the noble animal reeking with foam, and he, himself, nearly sinking to the ground with fatigue of mind and body. He slept a troubled sleep during the remainder of that night.

Early in the following morning he resumed his route; and at the close of the day reached Falkenburg—the castle where dwelt the ladye of his love,—full of hope and expectation of pleasure. As he rode across the drawbridge he saw two men precede him, without perceiving whence they came; and between them he saw borne before him a black coffin. They passed through the archway of the portcullis; and disappeared at once from his view. He called aloud to them to stop, for the sight excited his fears for the safety of his Liba; but they paid no attention whatever to his cries. He then asked the warders which way they went; but the warders only shook their heads, and said they had not seen them. Filled with the most dismal forebodings he rode into the inner court-yard, and alighted from his horse with difficulty, so much was his frame enfeebled by undefined dread and fear. He ascended slowly to Liba's bower; and, in another moment, she was fondly clasped in his arms. His dread was now dissipated; his fear fled; and his serenity of mind restored.

"Who is dead in the castle?" enquired he of his dear Liba.

"Dead!" exclaimed she in surprise; "no one."

"Whose, then, was the coffin which entered the gate before me?"

"Coffin!" said she smiling; "coffin!—you have mistaken the bridal-bed, which has just been brought in, for a coffin—ha! ha! ha!"

She laughed aloud.

"See here," she continued, opening a door, "here is what you saw brought in as you entered the castle."

The bridal-bed was there sure enough; but Guntram was not to be undeceived. He only shook his head; and sought to repress his emotions. Before he parted with Liba, at his earnest entreaty a near day was fixed for their union. She was happy in her innocence;—how was he? We shall shortly see.

Every hour which brought the day of their nuptials nearer decreased Guntram's sorrow, cleared up the clouds which hung on his spirits, and made him altogether less unhappy. But nothing could make him gay again: for him there seemed no joy in this world any longer. The appointed day at length arrived; and the bridal party proceeded to the chapel of the castle to assist in the celebration of the marriage. Their course lay across the principal court, and thence through a long, dim, vaulted gallery. As Guntram entered this passage, accompanied by the blooming maiden about to become his bride, he was aware of a veiled female form, led on by a tall knight accoutred in coal-black armour, preceding them. His soul sunk within him at

the sight; for again a presentiment of evil passed over him like a thunder-cloud. He remembered the coffin which he had seen some days before;—the story which the peasant had told him;—and the adventure he had met with in the fearful old castle of Waldburg: and he had not the heart to ask the black knight or the veiled lady who they were, or what was their business. Of this, however, he felt quite sure—they were not among the guests whom he had hidden to the banquet; nor had he ever seen them before that he possessed a consciousness of. The black knight and the veiled lady entered the chapel: Guntram and Liba did the same: the bridal party followed. The ceremony proceeded; the responses were made; the marriage drew to a conclusion. Guntram reached forth his hand to his bride, to take her's "for life and for death," at the bidding of the priest; and he clasped—what felt to him like the hand of a corpse,—chill, cold, and damp, as with the dews of death. He looked—between him and his Liba stood the maiden of Waldburg, with the sad, wanton eyes, and the long yellow hair. It was her hand that held his within its icy grasp. Uttering a cry of horror, Guntram fell senseless to the earth; and in that state he was removed from the chapel to a chamber in the castle. Reason and recollection were long before they returned to him: when they did, however, he at once made preparations for a future state. A priest was sent for; and he confessed, and received the holy communion from the father. Liba was then summoned to his bedside—now his death-bed;—and there, without concealment or disguise, he told her all that

had occurred to him in the chambers of Waldburg, and in the chapel of her own castle. Of the latter she was ignorant until that moment; for the veiled lady and the black knight were invisible to all present save the hapless Guntram.

"Be thou my guardian angel," concluded he passionately, "in this my last hour of tribulation and sorrow; and banish, by thy pure presence and thy fervent prayers, the fearful form that still haunts my dying moments."

Liba wept bitterly, and offered up the orisons of an untainted heart for the peace of her lover's departing spirit. As she proceeded to pour forth her soul to heaven in his behalf, he gradually acquired temporary strength of mind and body, and his soul began again to know that serenity which it had been so long a stranger to.

"Liba, my dear Liba," said he, "I feel that until thou art mine, until the vow which I plighted to thee is fulfilled, I can neither live nor die. Wilt thou be my bride? — the bride of a dying man?"

The maiden answered not, but went forth from the chamber. In a few moments she returned with the priest, who had previously left her lover.

"In life or in death I am thine," was all she could say for sobbing and grief.

The ceremony was celebrated in full. Scarce had the last response been uttered by the departing knight, when the sleep of death fell on his heavy eyelids; — the shadows of the grave then closed over him for ever. One sign only he made: — he stretched out his stiffening hand to his beloved Liba. She clasped it, kissed it, and sunk on his bosom. A moment more, and his soul

had fled to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Liba sorrowed but a short time in her widow's weeds: for a few weeks only had elapsed when she followed her departed husband. One grave holds them both.

RHEINSTEIN.

Rheinstein castle is now one of the most interesting remnants of the past on the Rhine; inasmuch as one of the royal princes of Prussia has had it rebuilt on the original plan, as far as possible; and fitted up for a summer residence altogether in the fashion of six centuries since. Very little is known of its early history; and that little chiefly relates to the predatory exploits of its possessors in the middle ages. It is said to have shared the same fate as the contiguous strongholds of rapine, at the hands of the Rhenish confederation, in the middle of the thirteenth century; and to have remained a ruin from that time until very recently. The following is one of the traditions connected with its earlier period of power and pride.

THE BARRED BRIDAL.

Gerda, the only daughter of the aged lord of Rheinstein, was the fairest maiden on the shores of the Rhine, from Constance to the sea; and Sir Kuno von Reichenstein, who dwelt in the neighbouring castle of that name, was one of the bravest and most accomplished youths of the period to which this tale refers—the begin-

ning of the twelfth century. They were much together, her father holding him in the highest estimation; and his society gave the maid great pleasure, for he could tell of the Minnesaengers,* and even, on occasions, could compose a song himself. Was it to be wondered at, then, that he should be in love with her beauty and her virtue; or that she should not be insensible to his merits;—he whom all concurred in eulogizing for valour and conduct, in war and in peace?

It was on a sunny day, as Sir Kuno rode up to the castle gates of Rheinstein, that he was informed by the officious menials, with whom, from his kindness and liberality, he was an especial favourite, that the old knight had gone forth for some days, and that his lovely daughter was alone in her garden bower. His heart leaped within him at this intelligence; he was glad, he knew not why;—he was agitated with fear and dread, he knew not wherefore: but those who know the influence of love, know also the cause of these emotions. He had thought of the fair Gerda until she even became a portion of his mental being—he had dreamed of her, until the light of her loveliness had made a paradise of his chamber, and sleep Elysium: she was all in all to him—his life, his soul; but yet he had never told his tale, or breathed in her tender ear the impassioned sighs of a lover. Could he then be otherwise than agitated with such an opportunity at his hand, and the irresistible impulse of love urging him onward to the feet of his idol? He sought her in the garden; and

* The German troubadours.

he found her musing, like the benevolent genius of that beautiful spot, in a little bower of woodbine, intertwined with roses and other bright and odorous plants and flowers. He sat beside her: she too seemed agitated. He arose: she bade him stay.

"I pray you, Sir Kuno," spake she, in accents as gentle as the breath of the zephyr upon the cords of an *Æolian* harp, "I pray you to accept my best thanks for the noble *Limeus* harp that you have bestowed on me. My dear, kind father, has added another for my favourite maiden; and thus made me the happiest of creatures.

The sigh which succeeded, however, did not confirm this assertion. Sir Kuno noticed it;—she saw that he had observed her;—she became more and more embarrassed. Blush followed blush, until her lovely face and neck became suffused with the *lumen purpurea juvenia*—the purple light of youth. Her soft, speaking eyes were fixed on the green sward of the garden; and the youth was soon at her feet, covering her unresisting hand with the burning pledges of first, and passionate love. It was all over with them: that brief moment decided their fate: he had declared his love, and she had listened approvingly to the declaration. Tears of joy and happiness coursed each other down her cheeks like May-dew on roses;—her bosom heaved like the face of ocean when the sun smiles on it.

"Will you be mine, my beloved Gerda?" was all the enraptured youth could utter.

"Yes," she whispered, "thine for ever."

But that whisper had more music to his ear than all the harps of heaven.

They paced the garden in "converse sweet" until nightfall; and it was settled, ere they parted, that the young knight should apply to her father in due form for her hand.

"He will not," she said, "gainsay you; for never heard I my dear sire speak better of man than he does of thee. Among all his friends, you are the favourite. Now, farewell. Remember me."

"Ere thy remembrance dulls in my mind, life shall be extinct," exclaimed the passionate youth. "Farewell."

They parted as lovers should do: it need not be said how, for every one knows it. She retired to her chamber to think of her wooer; and he spurred his willing steed homewards, lost in a transport of intoxicating delight. Neither slept much that night; but their waking was far more pleasant than sleep. Oh, that the Elysium of youth, and love, and hope, could always continue!

Pursuant to the prescriptive usage of the class of nobles in Germany at this period, the nearest relative of a suitor, or, failing that, the dearest friend, was customarily despatched as a mediator to those who stood in the same relation to the fair object of the suit, to pray for her hand, and make all necessary arrangements for the nuptials. Accordingly, Sir Kuno sought out his uncle, the rich old Baron Kurt, to perform that office for him. Kurt was his next of kin, the brother of his father; and he was the heir of all the extensive possessions enjoyed by the old

man. But nature had cast the mind of the uncle and nephew in different moulds; there was not a particle of identity between them. Kurt was as vicious as the young Kuno was virtuous; the one was as malignant as the other was generous and forgiving; in short, the uncle hated the nephew with an intensity felt only by the very bad. He hated him, because the stainless life he led was a reproach on the profligacy of his own; he hated him, because his tastes were all of a contrary character from those low and degraded ones indulged in by himself; and he hated him, more than all, for some unwarrantable primary cause, by reason that he was the sole heir to his property. It need scarcely be said, that the unsuspecting youth was quite unconscious of all this; or otherwise he would have searched the world over sooner than make such an unnatural monster his emissary in a matter of this transcendantly delicate nature. But the wicked old man had cunning enough to conceal the true state of his heart from his nephew; and the guilelessness of the youth assisted the delusion.

Kurt at once undertook the task of waiting on the Lord of Rheinstein, and asking the hand of his fair daughter for his nephew. He undertook it, because he had an indefinite presentiment that it would afford him an opportunity of doing the young knight an ill-turn in some manner or other; and because he had had an old feud with the father of the intended bride, which, as it was anything but of fortunate result for himself, he was much pleased with the means thus given him of appeasing. In due time he visited Rheinstein,

and was received with all the stately ceremony of the time. His errand was soon told; and the beautiful Gerda then introduced to him: but no sooner had the hoary wretch cast his eyes on her, than he felt in his evil breast the glow of an all-consuming desire. He was not a moment in taking his resolution. That night he proposed for her himself; waiving all the wonted formalities.

"I have," said he to her sire, to whom, be it remembered, the proposition was made alone; "I have the largest possessions of any noble in the land. No man of my rank, far and wide, can count so many castles, courts, forests, fields, herds, and vassals, as I; and I have, besides, a large sum in gold—an untold treasure. All these I offer to your daughter. Say, shall she be mine? It is true, my nephew loves her; but what of that? He hath nought to offer her but poverty;—his castle is all that he can command in the world. Choose between us—mediocrity on the one hand, and unbounted riches and power on the other. I wait your decision."

Ambition, which had been the curse of the lords of Rheinstein from time immemorial, and avarice, which was equally fatal to them otherwise, did not cause long hesitation on the part of the fair victim's father. He paused a moment only; then striking the open palm of Kurt's hand, he exclaimed:

"You say right. She is thine. Such an alliance is worth everything to me. My daughter knows no will but mine. You shall have her consent to-morrow."

With these words they parted; the one, to

triumph in his successful scheme of villany; the other, to prepare the lovely Gerda for her fate.

Up to this point of time, the fair maiden had concealed her love from all save its object; but she did so only because it seemed sweeter to indulge in secret her anticipation of future happiness with her beloved. Any opposition on the part of her sire never entered into her mind for a single moment. What, then, was her horror, when he sought her bower, and bade her prepare for the bridal with Kurt! She hesitated—he grew impatient for her answer;—she was mute—he stormed like a wild animal. She flung herself at his feet at last, and confessed her love for the noble Kuno. His rage knew no bounds. She told him all—how she had long loved the youth, and how her love was returned—how she had no higher wish on earth than to be his wife—how his wishes and hers were similar—how, in short she had, only a few days before, received his troth—and how she had then plighted her to him for ever.

“My father,” she exclaimed, as she embraced his knees, and bathed his feet with tears; “my father, urge me not to gainsay my honourable duty. I value not the possessions of him whom you would make my husband. Better bread and salt with the noble Kuno, than an imperial throne with that bad old man his uncle, whom I have always learned from you to fear and to distrust.”

“I give you until to-morrow,” cried the incensed lord of Rheinstein. “Make up your mind by that time. Consent, and you are still my dearest child—the hope of my old age—the beloved of my heart—the prop of my infirmities;

refuse, and I curse you with a father's curse. You shall be an outcast for ever from my home and heart; and you shall take the veil within three months, in the most rigid nunnery in Germany."

In vain did the despairing maiden adjure him, by everything high and holy, by every recollection tender and dear to his heart, to forego his resolution;—he was inflexible. Nay, even the name of her departed mother, whom he had once loved so fondly, now failed in its wonted effect upon his excited passions.

He went forth from her chamber; and the only words he would utter were.

"To-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow!"

It was a fearful trial for one so young and inexperienced as the lovely Gerda; but, as Sterne beautifully observes, "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." She left her chamber and descended to the garden. It was the evening hour: the setting sun flung a mass of brilliant light upon the silent river, making it look like a running stream of molten gold; the sky in the west was of the richest vermillion, bordered with azure of every tint. It was a glorious scene to see; yet Gerda's heart rejoiced not at it. The birds carolled in the boughs, their hymn of thanksgiving to the great Creator; but their praiseful song fell unheeded on her ear. She saw and heard nothing;—the tumult of her soul absorbed her every sense;—her all was at stake. She entered the woodbine bower, the place where she had plighted her affection to the youth; and there her heart seemed strengthened. She prayed to God for aid in the perilous

pass to which she was compelled; and she rose from her knees resolved, come what might, to keep her plight with Kuno. At peace with her self, she returned to her chamber; and, until the next morning, forgot herself in a sweet sleep, such as innocence and virtue alone may enjoy.

At breakfast she encountered her sire. His brow was clouded with angry passions; and his aspect seemed to her like that of the sky before a thunder-storm. He asked her what she had resolved upon; and she answered, fidelity to her lover. He stamped, and raged, and stormed, and swore; but a consciousness of rectitude upheld the fair girl; and though she trembled at his mood, it was not of sufficient power to alter her determination.

"Go to your chamber," said the angry man, when his passion gave him time to think; "go to your chamber at once. You shall not stir from within its four walls until you become the bride of the Baron Kurt——"

"Never!" exclaimed the excited maid: "Never, my father! never!"

"—— And that shall be within eight-and-forty hours," he continued, "if I be a living man."

"Never! never!" was all the answer she made him; "Never, my father! never!"

In accordance with his promise, Rheinstein despatched a messenger to Kurt, informing him that maiden-modesty opposed a bar to such a speedy union as he sought; but that within two days from thence his daughter would be ready to become a bride. Kurt was a little annoyed

at this delay; but as there was no remedy for it at hand, he forebore to make any observation.

"All is right now!" he exclaimed: "she is mine past the power of man."

At this moment, Kuno, brimful of expectation, entered the apartment.

"My dear uncle," he cried, "tell me, What says he?—what says the father of my beloved Gerda?"

Kurt shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

"Speak, I adjure you, by all that is sacred!" cried the impetuous youth.

"Her father," replied the treacherous old man, "says nay to your proposal. He says that you are too poor for the daughter of such a powerful noble as he is: he says, in short, that you shall not have her. So, my dear nephew, bear it like a man. Make up your mind to forget her. I did all I could in the matter."

Heart-sore and sorrowful the young knight departed. His only hope now was in his beloved Gerda: he could not for a moment doubt her truth; and he felt some consolation for his affliction, in the thought of her fidelity. In the meanwhile the maiden was a prey to the most heart-consuming grief: she slept not, she spoke not, she ate not: but she, too, had her consolation in this extremity of distress, for she felt as conscious of her lover's faith, as he did of her high-mindedness and integrity. The great difficulty, however, was in communicating to him her condition: her father having set a strict watch on the walls, and forbade all his retainers, under pain of death, to admit the young knight of Reichenstein within them. It was,

however, surmounted by the zeal of her favourite damsel, and the fearlessness of a faithful domestic, both attached to their mistress through affection, and to Sir Kuno through his kindness and generosity. The young knight was soon informed of all. Rewarding the messenger beyond his expectations, he despatched him back to his ladye-love with a message, bidding her hold herself in readiness, for that on the same night he should free her from her thralldom, and make her his wife. Gerda received the message; and, after a short but severe struggle between filial duty and plighted faith, she concluded to accede to the proposition.

Night came; and so did Sir Kuno with his vassals. Gerda was ready with her damsel, and the domestic who had been her messenger. All was prepared for flight. But the cunning Kurt had anticipated some such movement on their parts; and he had recommended a further reinforcement of the watch on the castle walls to his intended father-in-law: a recommendation which was promptly complied with. Sir Kuno and his vassals approached the walls under cover of the darkness; but vain was their every attempt to enter; for door and drawbridge were all fast; and each mode of ingress was effectually barred to them. Not so, however, with the means of egress: for, while they stood despairing, all of a sudden the drawbridge fell, the castle gates were flung open, and a host of armed men, twice their number, rushed forth and attacked them. A fierce fight ensued; but it ended in the discomfiture of Kuno's followers. The young knight himself only escaped by hewing

his way through the crowd of eager men-at-arms, who sought out and surrounded him by the special direction of their lord and master the Baron of Rheinstein. Gerda was now in despair. She deemed that all was lost; and she would not be comforted until she had learned of her lover's safety. In vain did her sire storm and rave at her; his power over her was now at an end.

"To-morrow, ungrateful girl!" he cried, "to-morrow you shall be the bride of the Baron Kurt."

"You may drag me to the church—you may slay me on the horns of the altar, if you will," replied she, "but his bride I'll be—never!"

The old man left the chamber in a fit of rage which knew no bounds.

"Yes, Rosewietha," she exclaimed, flinging herself in the arms of her faithful damsel, "they shall kill me first. Never shall I be the bride of such a bad man—never!"

That night was spent in preparation for the nuptials by all within the castle, save Gerda and her maiden, and the faithful domestic who had already so well served her: she spent it in an agony of tears—they in pitiful sympathy with her sorrow.

The morning rose bright and beautiful, as the summer morn ever does, on the lovely land which is watered by the noble Rhine; and it was ushered in with the sound of pipe and tabor, harp and psaltery, by the castle minstrels. The tones of the tender flute, commingled with the shrilly notes of the bugle, and the full deep volume of the hunting horn, ascended up from

the valleys in most melodious combination: they came from the vassals and retainers of the house of Rheinstein, who had all been summoned to the nuptial ceremony, as beseemed the custom of the family from time immemorial. The gates were thrown open; the bridal procession issued forth. There was the lovely victim on the splendid Limousin steed presented to her by her lover; on one side rode her stern sire, on the other her hoary bridegroom, in expectance. Behind them,—a countless crowd,—came the vassals and retainers of Rheinstein, ranked in their several degrees. The regular train was brought up by the domestic servants of the castle. On their heels followed a host of serfs, men, women, and children, all shouting in joyful anticipation of the bridal guerdon. It was a proud and a pompous exhibition: for all that wealth and power could do to make it so, was lavished on it with most unsparing hand. In this order they drew near to the chapel of St. Clement, where the marriage ceremonies of the Rheinstein family had been performed for unremembered generations. Merrily went the sweet chimes of the church tower: but, oh! how heavily they fell upon the ear of the forlorn Gerda. Cheerily shouted the crowd, until Echo answered again; but, oh! how sad was the sound to her aching heart. Every step seemed to bring her but the nearer to her fate: yet the force of her resolution still sustained her. It was well that it was so; otherwise she could not have made a part in that proud pageant.

From the summit of the highest tower of his castle of Reichenstein, Sir Kuno looked down on

the scene below him. He saw the nuptial train;—he heard the shouts of jubilee;—and he beheld his own, his beloved Gerda, approach the church of St. Clement. His heart sunk within him; black despair hovered over him. He thought to fling himself from the tower; but the hand of Providence held him back.

“Can it be?” he soliloquized; “and is there no more faith in her than this? God of heaven, my Gerda untrue! No, it is impossible. And yet there she is: she approaches the church door—her next step will be to the altar. No, I cannot believe my eyes. But, should it be so, farewell for ever to happiness. The remainder of my life shall be spent in the solitude of the desert woods, where society I may have none but the wild beasts of the forest. Oh, how much more faithful than men! They are now at the church door. The train halts—God——”

He turned his head away for a moment, that he might not see her enter the sacred edifice.

The procession had halted at the portal to the church; and all had alighted, preparatory to entering it. Gerda alone remained seated on her steed, until the foot-train was fully formed. When all was ready, the hoary bridegroom approached, while her father held the reins, and prayed her to accept his assistance to alight. At this moment a swarm of gad-flies rested on the flanks of the barb; and the noble animal, stung to madness plunged and reared, and ultimately broke free from all control. He overturned the father of the bride, and trampled down the wicked old Kurt: every one that tried to catch him shared a similar

fate. All fled before him; and he sped with the rapidity of the wind along the shore of the river.

"To horse! to horse!" cried Rheinstein.

"To horse! to horse!" echoed Kurt.

The retainers were soon mounted, and in hot pursuit of the flying animal and his undaunted rider: but Kurt outstripped them all.

"Tight rein! pull tight!" he cried, in breathless haste, to the fair fugitive. "Sweet bride, pull tight—then he'll stop."

But Gerda not only gave the rein more freely to the impetuous animal; but actually sought to quicken his speed by the application of hand and voice.

"Stay! stay!" shouted Kurt.

She flung back her white veil, which floated in the wind like a pennon, and gave him a look of triumph and contempt.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" burst forth from a hundred voices, which crowded the walls of Reichenstein, as the noble animal, even in the madness of the moment, thundered along the unforgotten and familiar road to the castle where he was reared.

"Throw wide the gates! Down with the drawbridge! Keep the portcullis on the drop!" shouted Kuno, from the turret. "The steed comes hither. Bravo! my gallant barb!"

"Stay! stay!" panted Kurt, who now neared the fugitive. "Stay! stay! Curses on you, villain! brute!"

He gained on her—his hand was on the reins of her steed;—but his horse stumbled and fell—he was flung over his head on a piece of rock. There he lay senseless. Another moment, and the tramp of the Limousin made the drawbridge

thunder; another, and the rescued maiden was enfolded in the embraces of her lover. The draw-bridge was then raised—the portcullis was let down—and every gate and portal barred: besides this, the castlewalls were crowded with zealous retainers exulting in victory, armed to the teeth and ready to dare every thing for their beloved lord and his rescued bride.

Little more remains to be said. The old Knight of Rheinstein now rode up with the principal part of his followers. He was just in time to receive the last breath of Kurt, who died in a state of mind bordering on madness. Shrift had he none; and few prayed for his soul. The finger of Providence was perceptible in his unhappy end. Thus ever perish traitors. It required little time, and less persuasion, to induce the incensed sire to forgive his daughter and her lover; so miraculously, as it were, united, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary; more especially, as all the followers of the deceased Kurt now unanimously hailed Sir Kuno as their lord, with loud and joyous acclamations. Rheinstein next rode up to the drawbridge, attended by two retainers and demanded a parley. It was granted: he was admitted. Within five short minutes the lovely Gerda and her noble knight were at his feet! and he was pouring out blessings on them and their remotest posterity. Poor human nature! how consistent thou art on most occasions!

It is to be presumed—for it is not told in chronicle or tradition—that the newly united couple lived happily, and died so.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

The next place of note on the Rhine is the famous Mouse Tower, the legend of which has been made so extensively known in England by the admirable ballad of Southey. There are many theories to account for the name which the ruin bears. These are a few of them:—

"A musket-shot below the city of Bingen," says Merian,* "stands, in the middle of the Rhine, the Mouse Tower. It stands on a rock in the river, like a little castle; and is built of massive stones, so that no wave may cover it, nor any flood wash it away; how great so ever the fulness of the current, or the force thereof. When the Rhine is low," he proceeds, "and the channel is bare, ruins are discoverable branching off from the basis of the tower, as though the original building to which it pertained were once larger; and in the tower itself, engraven on the greater stones which compose it, are still to be seen small crosses inscribed in circles, like; as it were, to wheels with spokes: also a deep hole, like that in the neighbouring tollhouse." Trithemius** tells us that, a thousand years ago, this edifice was standing; and that it had been erected as a watchtower, ages anterior to that æra. Yet some ancient Latin verses ascribed to Willigis, archbishop of Mentz, would seem to sanction its foundation by him;*** and

* Topographiæ Archiep. Mogunt. Trevir. Colon. fol. 1646 p. 2 et supra.

** Chronic. Hirsch. A.D. 967.

*** The verses referred to run thus; they are part of a longer piece *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*:—

"Pontem constraxit apud Aschaffenburg, bene duxit.

Serarius, a most accurate old writer, states that the name by which it is known to posterity, was derived from that prelate. The latter deduces it very naively thus:—"When a person is watching any thing, he is like a cat looking after a mouse; this tower was built as a watch-tower, and therefore it is called the Mouse Tower, because the coming barques, whether they be foes or strangers, are like unto mice." Serarius discountenances the legend of Bishop Hatto, and Trithemius positively denies it; yet such is the love of the marvellous inherent in human nature, that the story is not alone current, but has absolutely found thousands and tens of thousands of believers.

Little further can be said of the Mouse Tower, except that it is generally supposed to derive its singular appellative from the old French word *Mousserie* (musquetry), in consequence of its occupation as a watch-tower; and that it has been a subject of wonder and deep interest to all tourists on the Rhine, from time immemorial.

Every body knows, however, that its erection as a place of refuge from the mice who persecuted him, is attributed to Hatto, archbishop of Mentz; and that it is from the fabulous circumstance of his destruction by these little animals, that the

Ac pontem per Nahe: miles transit quoque verna,
Et benè necesse prope Bing Mäusen dedit esse."

The "wheels with spokes cut into the greater stones," alluded to by Merian, would seem to countenance this claim; but that Trithemius, who lived before him, is reckoned an undoubted authority for the events of his time. Perhaps Willigis re-edified the structure; and thence, by a natural vanity, laid claim to its foundation.

structure takes its present name. The ballad of Dr. Southey, alluded to, gives at once the most vivid and most popular version of this strange legend extant; and it is, therefore, offered here in preference to any other which could be adopted in these pages.

THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last, Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,

For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of its frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be;
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly! quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And he reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care.
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes:
But soon a scream made him arise;

He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up through
the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and
before,
From within and without, from above and
below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the
stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

It is but justice, however, to add, that, according to the testimony of historians the most

worthy of credit, Hatto was rather a saviour of his country than an oppressor of its people and a ruthless tyrant, as this and the succeeding legend would make him appear in the eyes of posterity; and that it is more than probable his popularity with the common-folk, arising from the justice which he strictly administered to them, the restraints which he placed on their exacting neighbours, the robber-knights, and the general peace which he established in his diocese, was the cause of those unjust aspersions on his memory, originated, no doubt, and circulated by his enemies with all the energy and all the intensity of hate, known only to a state of semi-barbarism.

A Rhenish antiquarian* has decided against the remote antiquity usually assigned to this remarkable structure, and attempted, but without much success, to fix the date of its erection in the thirteenth century.

The Mouse Tower is stated, in a more recent tradition, to have been the scene of a most valiant defence at the period of the "thirty years' war." Seven German soldiers repulsed three companies of Swedes who attempted to carry the place, then occupied as a military position by these brave men. When they were all shot down except one, the Swedish captain sympathising with his valour, offered him his life. But this heroic soldier, disdaining to owe existence to his enemy, or, perhaps, unwilling to survive his friends and fellow-soldiers, refused the

* Bodmer, "Rheingauische Alterthümer," Band i. s. 145.

proffered boon, and plunged into the foaming flood, where he was lost for ever.



EHRENFELS.

On the right bank of the Rhine, exactly opposite the Mouse Tower, and commanding the mouth of the Nahe, stands Ehrenfels, contemporary, it is said, with this structure.

HATTO'S TREASON.

There are many terrible tales told of Hatto, archbishop of Mentz — his treachery and his ruthlessness; but few of them may be more terrible than these. All they want to make them really so is—truth.

In the year 905, when Ludwig the Child, the last of the Carlovignian race, reigned over Germany, Adalbert, a Franconian noble of high rank and independent power seized Conrad, the emperor's brother, and shut him up in the castle of Ehrenfels. Ludwig laid siege to the castle; but he found it impregnable by his slender force; and was well-nigh abandoning the enterprize altogether, but for Hatto, who was then his chief private councillor of state.

"My life on it," said the wicked ecclesiastic, "I'll outwit this wild Adalbert."

The king wished to know how; and the archbishop informed him. The plan was then agreed on; for Ludwig had as little honour or honesty

as he had ability for governing; and every body knows, that of this he had none.

Hatto set forth alone from the court, and took his way to the lately beleaguered castle. His sacred character obtained him ready admission; and Adalbert received him as the messenger of peace, which he professed to be.

"My son," said he to the count, "our sire, the emperor, is sorrowed, but not angry, at thy faults. He would fain have an excuse for forgiving thee;—the remembrance of old friendship is strong in his heart."

With these and other crafty speeches he so won on Adalbert, that the knight promised to make personal submission, provided that the archbishop would ensure him safe coming and safe going.

"As sure as God liveth," outspake Hatto, kneeling, as he said it, before the crucifix which stood over the altar of the oratory in which they held converse;—"as sure as God liveth, I shall myself bring thee safe back to this castle; and if I break my vow, may God do so unto me, and more than befalls you."

Adalbert was satisfied. In an-hour they were on their road to Mentz together, where the king then held his court.

"Ho, ho!" said the prelate, laughing loudly, when they had got about a mile or two on their road, "ho, ho, what a hospitable man you are, to let your guest leave home without breakfast. The morning air has whetted my appetite—hast any cheer in thy train?"

"What a churl I must seem to thee, most

holy father," replied the count; "in the ardour of my loyalty, I forgot the first duty of a host."

"Well, well," said Hatto, "it matters not overmuch for the present; but as we are so close at hand, would it not be better that we should return to the castle and refresh ourselves. The ride to Mentz is a long one for me."

"Most willingly," answered the count.

Their horses' heads were speedily turned; and in a few moments more they were within the walls whence they had set out.

"Now," said Hatto, when they had concluded their morning meal, "let us away."

"But first a stirrup-cup," interposed the hospitable count.

A beaker of foaming Johannisberger was brought by the countess herself, and handed to the archbishop.

"I drink to your health," said Hatto; "may you be rewarded as I wish!"

He emptied the goblet.

They then set out on their journey, and towards night-fall reached Mentz.

That night was the noble Adalbert seized by the servants of the emperor, and dragged, pinioned, to his presence. Hatto stood beside the incensed monarch. Adalbert stood before them.

"Traitor!" cried Ludwig, "prepare to die. This hour is thy last!"

"You pledged your troth for my personal safety," said Adalbert, addressing himself to Hatto.

"And I most religiously kept it," replied the unmoved ecclesiastic.

"How?" asked the count, with astonishment and contempt,—"call you this keeping it?"

He shook his fetters as he spake; but their clank fell unheeded on the ear of the treacherous archbishop.

"No!" resumed Hatto. "I promised to bring thee back to thy castle in safety on our first setting out: did I not do so? It was not my fault, but thy want of wit, if thou exactest not a similar plight from me on our second setting forth."

As he said this, he laughed like the fiend which tradition has depicted him.

"Take him off to execution!" said the emperor.

"Amen!" responded Hatto.

That night the noble Adalbert was beheaded.



RUPERTSBERG.

Recrossing the Rhine, to the other side, on the left bank of the river Nahe, rises the hill called Rupertsberg, covered with the remains of a once famous convent, the abode, in former ages, of the prophetess Hildegard.

It is of the half-romantic, half-real, history of this extraordinary woman that this tradition treats; as, unconnected with her life and legends, the structure in itself possesses no peculiar interest.

THE PROPHETESS HILDEGARD.

On the death of Rupert, duke of Bingen, and his ladye mother of whom more anon,* his

* Vide Bingen. §. "Rupert, duke of Bingen." p. 317.

dominions were divided among his relatives and friends; the greatest portion of them, however, became annexed to the see of Mentz, for the uses of the church, and contributed greatly to the extension and aggrandisement of that principality. From a pious and noble couple, Hildegard von Bökclheim and his spouse Matilda, inheriting a part of the former territory of Duke Rupert, sprang the subject of this memoir, Hildegard. She was born in the castle of Sponheim on the Nahe, not far from Kreuznach, A.D. 1089. About the same time, the wife of the sovereign Count, Neginhard of Gräfenbach, in whose service the parents of Hildegard were, gave birth to a daughter, whom they named Hiltrudis. The two children contracted an intimacy with each other, which ripened into friendship as they advanced in years. They were consigned to the maternal care of the count's sister, Guta, abbess of Disibodenberg, for their education: and so wrapt up did they become in a short time with the life of a nun—so inflamed were their young minds with the legends of their ancestor St. Rupert, and his pious mother Bertha,—that they vowed a mutual vow to devote themselves, ever after, even as they had done, to the service of God and the advancement of religion. They accordingly took the veil, without meeting any opposition from their respective parents, and became nuns in the convent of Disibodenberg. In process of time the abbess died; and Hildegard was unanimously chosen in her stead. For twelve successive years did she govern this society with the highest reputation of sanctity; at the end of that period, however, acting on the impulse of

a vision, or a dream, she relinquished the dignity of abbess, for the purpose of founding another convent on the scene of her ancestor's glory. Hence the once celebrated nunnery of Rupertsberg, built in his honour, and named after his name.

On the completion of this structure (A.D. 1148), Hildegard, taking with her eighteen of the noblest nuns in Disibodenberg, entered on the duties of superior of St. Rupertsberg; and from thenceforward her fame for piety was enhanced by the singularity and success of her several prophecies. She was a woman of an ardent spirit, an enthusiastic mind, and a pure, chaste heart; and the abuses of religion and power at that period so shocked her sensibilities, that against them were mainly levelled her formidable predictions. A fragment of one of her letters will best describe the extraordinary state of mind, of which she found an echo in the greater part of Europe in her day; and give some insight into the springs of action which, through her words and her writings, influenced a large portion of the Christian world at the period. "I know not," she writes to Wibert von Gemblach, an old friend,*—"I know not entirely that which I see, while I have earthly business to perform; for then my soul is nigh invisible to me; but I always perceive that there is much to be done by man before he can be saved. From the earliest days that my bones were knit, and my sinews were strung—yea, from that hour to this, now that I am full threescore and ten years old—my spirit has been ever stirred by those visions of the future. Even

* Vogt, "Rheinische Sagen und Geschichten."

as it pleases the Omnipotent to will it, my soul is at one moment raised to the highest Heaven, and sent floating through the regions of ether: or at another, despatched to far-distant lands; to hold communion with stranger people. I then glance into myself, and there see portrayed, now on the clouds of Heaven, anon in the actions of foreign folk, all the accidents of the future. By day or by night it is the same;—in the midst of society, or in the solitude of my cell, the workings of the spirit are irrepressible." This may tend to illustrate the character of the woman and her prophecies; which, whatever source derived from—the fumes of a heated imagination, or the deliberate plans of imposture—had a most astonishing effect on the Christian people of Europe.

Whilst she governed the nunnery of St. Rupertsberg, and its daily increasing community, Germany was a prey to the fierce civil strife, which arose between the Emperor Conrad the Third and Henry the Proud, duke of Saxony and Bavaria, one of the principal feudatories of the empire, who had been dispossessed of his dominions and deposed from his dignities. Though not quite relevant here, it may not be altogether out of place briefly to allude to the origin of that quarrel. Henry the Proud was opposed to the election of Conrad; and Conrad, on attaining power, deprived him of the Duchy of Saxony, under the pretext that the German law allowed no individual to be seised of two principal fiefs of the empire; giving it to his friend and follower, Albert the Bear, landgrave of Thuringia. Henry, wroth at this proceeding of the emperor,

rose in arms against him; on which Conrad deposed and dispossessed him of the Duchy of Bavaria also, conferring it on another of his friends Leopold, markgraf of Austria. Henry was still possessed of the property derived from the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, in Italy; but these successive disgraces and deprivations broke his spirit and ended his life. He died within a year; and left the inheritance of vengeance to his celebrated son, Henry the Lion. On his death, his brother, Welf, or Guelph, laid claim to the Duchy of Bavaria, and a fierce contest ensued; but it terminated in his defeat. This was the beginning of that fearful strife which, under the name of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, for more than three centuries desolated the fairest portion of Europe, and deluged Italy with the best blood of her worthiest sons.* The names of Guelf and Ghibelline were derived, the first from the opponent of Conrad, Welf (Italian, Guelph); the second from the war-cry of the emperor's partizans, Waiblingen (Italian, Ghibelline), the name of a family estate of the noble house of Hohenstaufen, of which Conrad was the chief.

In the midst of this unholy strife the celebrated St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, set on foot the project of a third crusade; and then traversed central Europe to preach it to the people and princes of the respective countries. At that period the Rhine was the centre of civilization—the seat of the German empire—and the main highway of the known world. Thither the pious abbot first directed his steps, and there he preach-

* Hermann, "Allgemeine Geschichte," p. 225.

ed with a success which exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Aware that he could effect little towards the accomplishment of his great object while discord reigned in the empire, he set about the task of reconciling the contending parties; but aware also that other influences besides his own were necessary, he determined on enlisting in his aid the piety of the Abbess Hildegard. To this end he paid her a visit at St. Rupertsberg; and the result was, a most awful prophecy in denunciation of those who should neglect the cry of God's people in Palestine, and permit the Holy Sepulchre to remain any longer in possession of the heathen. It must have been a singularly interesting interview — the first meeting between these two extraordinary beings; he exercising a power over the minds of mankind by the simple gift of eloquence, unheard of and unknown since the days of Peter the Hermit: she, a power equally great, through the influence of an ardent imagination, and an enthusiastic manner of communicating her fanciful impressions. The excellent historian of the Rhine* has preserved this prophecy entire; but it would be only a waste of space to quote it in a work of this nature. One remark, however, may be made on the subject: it is an impartial denunciation; for it not alone includes the clergy, together with the civilians; the emperor, the electors, and the nobles of the land; but it is even more severe upon their notorious vices than upon those equally notorious of the others. It should also, in strict justice, be added, that it vaguely foretells the

* Vogt, "Rheinische Sagen und Geschichten."

dismemberment of the Germanic empire, and the downfall of the universal dominion of the papal supremacy *

The success of St. Bernard in preaching this crusade is well known; but it is not so generally known that Hildegard's prophecies greatly contributed to it. Of the result of the crusade itself it is not within the province of this sketch to speak; but that it was as disastrous as those which preceded it, is a fact within the cognizance of every reader of history. In imitation of Moses on the mountain of Horeb, the abbess of Rupertsberg went to the top of the highest

* The passages in which they chiefly occur are as follows. They were written in the 12th century, and offer rather an extraordinary coincidence:—

"In this time also will be the power, and dominion, and dignity, where-with is ruled this empire, much diminished; and the empire itself brought to great decay and narrow compass: which will be the result of the guilt and neglect of its rulers."

"Many kings, and princes, and potentates, and people, will withdraw themselves from their allegiance to the empire; and each people—yea, each province—will choose its own lord and master, saying, 'What get we by the empire? We get more loss than profit—more disgrace than honour.'"

"Then also will decline the honour and greatness of the apostolic chair. Then will princes and people seek their faith in that quarter no more. Then will the papal power be bounded and cramped. Then will other bishops and teachers of religion be set up in opposition to the pope: and the pope possess no longer any control, except over Rome and its immediate vicinity."

peak of the Taunus;* and there, with outstretched arms, remained so long in prayer to God for the success of her pious friend's mission, that she fell senseless to the earth. She also abandoned the solitude of her cloister, it is said, and alone and a-foot, preached the crusade, not only in all the towns and cities on the Rhine; but even crossed the Alps, and reached Rome itself, in the fervour of her zeal and enthusiasm.** But this is merely a rumour, not as sufficiently authenticated as the history of all the rest of her actions happens to be. However, it is pleasing to believe it, even if an error; for what can be more beautiful to contemplate than such earnestness in behalf of the ignorant and the vicious—and such heroism and devotion on the part of a woman; who, brought up from infancy in the peace of a convent, was as necessarily innocent of the world and its tortuous ways as a sinless child? Her reward from St. Bernard consisted of advice, a knife, and a ring, with the legend, "I suffer willingly," engraven on it: the advice was, to place her nunnery under the rule of St. Benedict, and found a monastery of the same order contiguous to it: the meaning of the others may have been a mystery, obscured, or altogether forgotten, in the lapse of intervening ages.

Hildegard's fame and glory grew greater with her increasing years; so much so, indeed, that additional thousands visited her humble cell annually until her death; and her visions and pro-

* Known as the "Brunchildisstein."

** Neumont. Rheinland's "Sagen, Geschichten und Legenden." Köln und Aachen, 1837.

phesies became more and more celebrated in proportion to their mystic nature and their enlarged number. To the poor she administered consolation—to the rich and the great she gave good counsel; and the most powerful princes in Europe were among the countless crowd of her visitants. Besides these works of mercy and outpourings of the prophetic spirit, she also gave occasional license to the spirit of poetry, with the essence of which her nature was strongly impregnated; composing several church hymns, psalms, and other pieces of sacred song, some of which are still in existence. She died, in the fulness of years and honour, beloved and venerated by all her contemporaries, on the 17th September, 1179; and, after lying several days in state, an object of almost divine worship, to tens of thousands of spectators, who flocked from all parts of Germany merely to touch her corpse, she was buried in the chancel of the convent of Ruppertsberg.

This celebrated and extraordinary woman left behind her several devotional and theological works, her own compositions, which evince a degree of intellectual cultivation far in advance of the ordinary enlightenment of the age in which she lived, she also busied herself in physic, among many others, there being found in her remains a complete treatise on the healing art, consisting of several curious receipts, and many notions, quite as curious, of the human system. Her prophetic homilies are too numerous only to mention. Most of them were dedicated to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, or Pope Eugene the Third, or various prelates and abbots of the period; and very many are still preserved in the

nunnery of Eubingen, near Rudesheim, on the opposite shore of the Rhine.*

The convent and abbey of Ruppertsberg flourished, and put forth many branches from the parent-stock, until the time of the Thirty Years' War, when it was burned by the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus (A.D. 1632). The mortal remains of Hildegard were then transferred to Eubingen, already mentioned; and her followers found protection there from the Archbishop of Mentz.

Ruppertsberg appears to have been, as it were, the prescriptive abode of prophets, or rather the prescriptive focus of prophecy or imposture, as the case may be considered; for we find that Bartholemew Holzhausen, the well-known interpreter of the future, there predicted the restoration of Charles the Second to the

* An extract from one entitled "*Sci vias*," or *Scientiæ vias simplicis hominis*," may afford the best idea of the nature of her mind. The sources of her inspiration were, evidently, the Revelations of St. John:—

"In the sixty-first year of my age I heard a voice from Heaven, which spake unto me: 'Thou who, from thy earliest infancy, wert imbued with the Spirit of God, and the knowledge of the history of his works, rather than with the vain desires and ignorant learning of this world, listen to the words which thou shalt hear, and tell them to mankind.'"

Again:—

"I had begun to write—when, behold! I heard a voice from Heaven, and saw a man of such surpassing beauty and height, that his head touched the clouds, while his feet were on the earth; and loveliness dazzled the eyes to look on."

And so on.

English throne, when that monarch was a fugitive in Bingen. That prediction was, however, accompanied by a caveat, which, if not an interpretation subsequent to the event, must be certainly looked on as an extraordinary coincidence, or wondrous knowledge of future events. After stating substantially the circumstance of the restoration of the royal exile, it adds, '*Cave ne Catholicam Romanam religionem restaures*;—But take heed you restore not the Roman Catholic religion."

A fountain is shown in the ruins of the convent, which is said to have been one of the pious labours of Hildegard: miracle-mongers tell that it was excavated by her own hands.

BINGEN.

Bingen, situated at the mouth of the Nahe, where that river pours its tributary waters into the Rhine, lays a well-founded claim to a very high antiquity. The present town, however, does not stand on the site of the more ancient city, the origin of which is attributed to Drusus Germanicus; but on the opposite side of the Nahe, whither the population had transferred itself in the early part of the middle ages. In all literary remains of the classical period the place is termed *Bingium*. It is generally believed that the Roman hero, Drusus, first opened the passage through the ledge of rocks which runs across the Rhine, a little below the Mouse Tower, long known as the *Binger Loch*.

Bingen was the scene of a famous engagement fought by the Batavians, under their great leader, Claudius Civilis, against the Romans, then masters of the Rhine and a large part of Germany, in the reigns of Vespasian and the "beastly Vitellius" A.D. 69-78). "During the civil wars which followed the death of Nero," says Gibbon,* "that artful and intrepid Batavian, whom his enemies condescended to compare with Hannibal and Sertorius,** formed a great design of freedom and ambition. Eight Batavian cohorts, renowned in the wars of Britain and Italy, repaired to his standard. He introduced an army of Germans into Gaul, prevailed on the powerful cities of Treves and Langres to embrace his cause, defeated the legions, destroyed their fortified camps, and employed against the Romans the military knowledge which he had acquired in their service."

Some centuries subsequently, that is to say, about the aera of the Merovignian monarchs of Austrasia, Bingen became the abode of a duke, who, in process of time, assumed an independent sovereignty over the adjacent district. It is to this period that the subsequent legend bears reference; and the tale told in it relates to one—the last on record—of these princes.

RUPERT, DUKE OF BINGEN.

Altogether different in character and tenor from most of the tales hitherto narrated, is the story of Rupert, the last Duke of Bingen, which

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, cap. ix.

** Tacitus, Hist. iv. 13. Like them, he had lost an eye.

follows: it may, perhaps, serve as a relief to the wild severity of some, the touching tenderness of others, and the exaggerated extravagance of a few among the remainder.

Long after the expulsion of the Romans from Germany, Bingen or Klopp, which was one of the fifty castles built by Drusus on the Rhine to overawe the Allemanni, became the nucleus of the present town, and the seat of a duchy. It then lay on the left bank of the Nahe, as it now does on the right; and, in the time of Ludwig (or Louis) the mild,* successor of Charlemagne, was the residence of a powerful chief, who governed all that rich tract of country lying between the Heimbach, Simmer, Selz, and Ries, from the Rhine to Lorraine, under the title of Duke of Bingen. His name is not recorded in authentic history; but that of his beautiful daughter, Bertha, is familiar to all Rhenish antiquarians. It is of her and of her son that this tale treats.

Among the many wooers of Bertha was one, a neighbouring prince named Roland, or, according to the prophetess Hildegard, Robolaus, probably of Saxon descent; a wild, rugged, uncultivated man, but withal valiant, powerful, and frequently victorious in battle. He was a heathen—a worshipper of Odin: but the duke and his daughter were Christians. Still, however, such was his valour, that when he bade for the hand of the fair Bertha, her father did not refuse him, because he was an admirer of heroic deeds; he also hoped that the mild charac-

* A. D. 814—840.

ter of the young bride would have the effect of mollifying his rugged heart, and, mayhap, of making him a convert to Christianity. They were accordingly married; Bertha having no will but that of her father; and her father being anxious to have such a powerful ally in his son-in-law. But all the hopes that had been founded on her influence proved to be futile: for, the first fervour of passion past, the rugged Roland insensibly relapsed into his former course of life. No longer did he desire to dwell in the sight of his beautiful young bride: arms and strife now occupied the most of his time;—the rest was spent in the society of stranger women of loose character. Bertha sought to win back his estranged heart by every means which a gentle woman should employ; but all in vain: her efforts were useless—her entreaties were met by reproach and reviling—her caresses by coldness or cruelty—and her love was requited with hatred. Unable any longer to endure this miserable change, she retired from his presence to one of his castles, Laubenheim, on the Nahe, not far distant from Stromberg; and there, in deep solitude, deplored her luckless destiny—her only confidant, Heaven—her only consolation, tears and mourning. In the bitterness of her heart would she exclaim, on awaking with the sun from her troubled dream of the night, and on laying down her aching head to sleep, not repose, when the shadows of night were thick on the earth; “Oh, God! shall I never be freed from the power of this ruthless tyrant?” and then would she repent of her natural impatience, and pray forgiveness for her repining. Thus time traversed slowly, to her thought,

until the period of her *accouchement* arrived. She had vowed a vow to Heaven, that the infant which she bore should be devoted to the service of God; and she kept it. In due season she was delivered of a beautiful boy. The name she gave him was Rupert or Rhuwerth. It is of him that this tradition chiefly tells.

Rupert was now her only joy. She resolved that nothing should be neglected on her part to qualify him for the station of a pious man, a Christian prince, and a lover of peace; for to the absence of these qualifications, to the rugged temper, the love of strife, and the profession of heathenism, she attributed all her husband's evil actions.

"My Rupert," she said, "shall be like his wretched sire in no one particular. He shall be his opposite in every respect, if God wills it, and I am enabled to do his will."

In accordance with this view she instilled, on all occasions, into his young mind lessons of virtue and of religion; and she spared no pains to make his character as mild and as pure, as that of his father was rugged and tainted. But she had no occasion to take any pains with him: Heaven appeared to have compensated in the son for the defects of the sire; and the seeds of truth and goodness scarcely required to be sown in the soul of the beautiful boy, for they seemed to spring up in spontaneous luxuriance from that bountiful soil. All this was most gratifying to the heart of his tender mother; and her happiness daily grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Not so, however, was it with his father. That hapless man derided the

education which the fond mother bestowed on her child;—termed it, in scorn, womanish and effeminate;—threatened to remove him from her care;—and, finally, pursued with greater avidity than ever the low amours which he loved to indulge in, and the bloody feuds which seemed to be, as it were, the sole end of his existence. In one of these quarrels, which he set on foot with a friend for lack of a stranger on whom to exercise his passion for fight—borne away by his impetuous courage, he ventured alone into the thickest of the fray, and was slain. It was a happy deliverance for his afflicted spouse, and might have been regarded as a special interposition of Providence in her favour; for, on his return, he had arranged to transfer his boy, her only hope, to the care of one of his rudest retainers, to the end that he might be reared up in such a manner as to imitate only his own actions. God spared this blow to the tender mother, and avenged the long train of sorrows which her unfeeling husband had caused on her unresisting gentleness.

When Bertha was informed of his death, she mourned as a wife should mourn, and remembered in that moment, only the apparent good which she had once fondly imagined in his character, at the period of her wooing and their nuptials; then, accompanied by a faithful servant and a few men-at-arms, she left the Castle of Laubenheim, the scene of her sufferings, and, together with her beloved Rupert, set forth for the abode of her father at Bingen. She was received by her sire with a love which was long unknown to her; and a separate establishment was grant-

ed to her by his paternal affection. There, in peace and in happiness, she continued to pursue the plan she had laid down for the instruction of her son, rejecting all the offers of a second marriage, which her youth, and beauty, and splendid prospects attracted, and nobly overcoming each of the many and powerful temptations to it which beset her on every side. Not even the entreaties of her venerable sire could induce her to alter her resolution. She declared herself from thenceforth, to the termination of her mortal career, devoted to the service of God and the education of her son; and nothing was found capable of changing her purpose. This known, she was no more molested by selfish suitors, or disinterested admirers of her loveliness and virtues; for such, even in those remote days, there were, as in modern times.

In the meanwhile, the young Rupert, the object of all her maternal solucitude, grew apace in beauty and in goodness. Not a particle of the rugged nature of his sire did he seem to inherit; or if he did, it had been carefully effaced by the anxious cares of his affectionate mother: yea, such was the gentleness of his character, that he could never be brought to delight in those knightly exercises, those feats of strength and dexterity, then the pride of the young nobility of Europe, and deemed an especial and indispensable accomplishment to birth and station. On the contrary, he experienced more delight in performing works of peace and charity—in consorting with the pious and humane—in relieving the poor and the needy. His chief pleasure consisted in seeking out the most destitute children in

the town and its vicinity, and bringing them altogether into the presence of his mother. Often on such occasions, would he thus speak to the happy Bertha:

"Mother, my sweet mother, here are thy children whom I have brought thee."

And the pious Bertha, embracing him, would never fail to reply, while tears of joy streamed adown her lovely cheeks:

"Yes, my dearest son, you are right: they are thy brothers."

And then she would feed and clothe them for the love of God and of her boy, until their little hearts were glad, and they went away, blessing both mother and son. Nay, one day, when the pious Bertha gave orders for the erection of a magnificent oratory in their abode, the kind Rupert said to her, in the words of the Evangelist, pointing at the same time to the poor people who crowded the court-yard for their daily dole:

"Mother, sweet mother—first break your bread with the hungry, clothe the naked with thy clothes, and bring the wandering stranger into thy house, for these are the living temples of the Holy spirit!"

Bertha received this reproof as though it came from Heaven; and postponed the erection of the oratory until she could no longer find a needy person on whom to bestow any of that which she meant to employ as a fund for raising this edifice.

But though this goodly life, and these kind actions of the young Rupert, won the love and admiration of the poor, they were not so successful with the rich, and the great, and the

noble. It comported little with the customs of princes at that period, more than at this, to mix thus freely with their subjects, and to make themselves their own almoners with the distressed. Many of his father's feudatories sneered at the piety of the youth, and his deficiency in the knowledge of arms, then deemed a primary essential in a sovereign; others, more kindly disposed towards him, conceded that to do good works, to relieve the poor, to succour the needy, to clothe the naked, and to comfort the distressed, were knightly acts, it was true, because old histories and legends of the saints, particularly of one of the patron saints of Bingen, St. Martin, had so stated; but then they argued it was by no means seemly in him to abandon altogether the use and practice of arms, and the exercises of war and the tourney, as he had done, because arms and valour were the best defence of the weak against the strong, and gave the most effective power to serve those who needed service. Some, especially the youthful nobility, the scions of old stocks, nearly his own age, with the heedless and inconsiderate levity of their years, were wont to look on him contemptuously, and say, that it more becomed his station to apply himself as they did, to the knowledge of knightly exercises, than to degrade his dignity by associating solely with beggar boys. So strong did this feeling become, and so generally did it prevail among them, that, though previously accustomed to seek him in crowds, they now avoided him. But neither sport, nor scorn, nor pity, nor well-meant advice, could divert the current of the pious youth's feelings into any

other channel than the pure and profitable one in which it had flowed from his birth, under the direction of his beloved mother. Unheeding censure, pardoning unkindness, returning thanks for reproach, he pursued the even tenor of his way, and went on rejoicing,—causing the necessitous to rejoice. His presence made the poor and the destitute happy; and comfort and consolation accompanied him to the dwellings of the desolate, and the homes of the afflicted. A happy mother was the beautiful Bertha. Even, his aged grandsire prided himself on the piety and goodness of the boy, though bred himself in the practice of the sterner virtues of bravery and princely government.

One lovely spring morning, as the first rays of the rising sun tipped the summit of the dark forest which then covered the opposite shore of the river above Rudesheim, Rupert wandered forth from the palace of his mother, and betook him to the water's edge. The broad stream lay like a mirror beneath his eye—the bright sun tinted the horizon with a thousand inimitable hues—the dew sparkled on the trees, and in the bushes, and on the long grass—and the early birds chirped their matin-hymn from the neighbouring thickets, like a choir of blest spirits, singing unseen, the praise of their Creator. It was, in sooth, as sweet a scene as ever poet fancied or painter drew. Rupert's soul expanded with the opening day;—he prayed aloud in the fullness of his heart; and a thousands echoes seemed to respond to his prayer. This done, he sat him down on a mossy bank which sloped even to the smooth river's edge. A deep sleep

fell on him as he sate; and in that sleep he dreamed a dream. He thought that an old man, with a long white beard and a most reverend aspect, stood at a little distance from him on the margin of the stream; and that several boys about his own age crowded around. The old man was clothed in a flowing milk-white garb, edged with violet-coloured fringe; the boys were all without any garments. Ever and anon one of the youths would leap into the crystal flood and disappear for a moment; on his return to the shore the old man would draw a silken towel, which he held in his hand, over his shoulders; and, wonderful to relate, the boy would assume as it were, a new shape—so much more beautiful did he become than he was before. As the young Rupert gazed on the scene with delight, his ears were ravished by the most delightful music. He looked out on the river, and, behold, there arose a lovely island, all of a sudden, in the centre of the stream. It was like another Eden—so far did it surpass all that he had ever seen on earth. Emerald meadows—flowers of the richest odour and rarest hues—shadowy groves; through which the sunbeams lighted tenderly on the green sward beneath—noble trees, full of blossoms and fruit at the same moment—and crystal fountains, bursting like light from the rocks, and flinging their living waters, like silver girdles, over the rejoicing fields. Birds of all the colours of the rainbow, and of every species known on earth for beauty, flitted about in the boughs of the over-arching trees, or hopped on the rivulet banks, bathing their gay plumage in the gurgling waters; while, in the deep recesses of the groves, tens

of thousands of feathered warblers united in a magnificent chorus, like that of the harps of heaven, in honour of the Redeemer. But what seemed far beyond all comprehension, was the celestial rosy atmosphere shed over this magic scene; and the precious odours which seemed to make a portion of the essence of the air breathed by its blessed inhabitants. The old man beckoned, and a gilded barque put off from the island; it was moved by an invisible power, for no one was perceptible in it; and it touched the ground at his feet, where he stood surrounded by his troop of innocents. He spake to them words of joy; they entered; he stepped in after them; and in a moment more they all leaped ashore on that lovely island. Here the good old man gave each of the children a snow-white garment, and bade them go forth and play in the meadows, and in the gardens, and take their full of the abundance of enjoyment which that paradise offered to their acceptance. Like young antelopes, forth rushed the happy boys; and Rupert, springing up in an ecstasy of delight, thus prayed to the hoary ancient:—

“Oh, let me ever tarry with these happy, happy boys, in that abode of the blessed.”

The old man looked graciously on him, and smiled; but, in answer to his prayers, he thus spake:—

“Blessed boy, thy eternal abode is not here but in a better place. Thou hast done the appointed work through good report and through evil; and thou hast built with it for thyself a bridge to the highest heaven. There, in the face of God, the companion of his most beloved saints, shalt thou dwell for ever. The bread

which thou hast broken with the poor and the hungry shall be the bread of life for thee; and the garments which thou gavest to the naked shall form for thee a robe of innocence fit for heaven. Behold!"

The happy Rupert looked, and lo! a rainbow of the brightest tints arose at once from the centre of the island, and stretched upwards to the empyrean. From base to summit it was covered with crowds of God's angels, garbed in the hues of heaven, and flitting about like sunbeams through a forest of young trees in early summer, when the foliage is green and the leaf tender. Silver clouds floated in the pure atmosphere like ethereal pillows. On the summit of the celestial arch sat the infant Saviour, in the lap of his virgin mother; beside him was a snow-white lamb, with a rosy band around its innocent neck; before him knelt the young St. John. The Holy Spirit swept over them in the form of a spotless dove. Anon; as the youth gazed, two seraphims, of surpassing stateliness and beauty, approached the Redeemer, and laid at his feet a fair garment. Rupert gazed on the scene with a pleasing surprise, for in it he saw a garb he had not long before given to a poor shivering child, who begged at his mother's palace gate on a raw wintry morning. The infant Saviour then stood up in the Virgin's lap and thus spake to the assembled hierarchy of heaven:—

"Here is the garment which the little Rupert gave me. For this shall he be clothed for ever with sanctity. Come hither, thou blessed boy."

The enraptured Rupert approached the presence of God.

"Take this," said the Saviour, "and be for ever blessed."

He stretched forth his hand and Rupert bowed his head; millions of celestial voices then hymned out in praise of the Lamb; all heaven echoed with the melody; the very stars seemed to start from their spheres with rejoicing.

"Arise," resumed the Redeemer, "and take thy place in my kingdom."

Again the harps of heaven sounded; and again the melting voice of melodious song filled the immensity of space. Rupert awoke. At his feet was the poor little boy to whom he had given the clothes in his dream; and before him rolled the rapid river like a sea of molten gold, in the bright beams of the morning sun.

Filled with indescribable emotions, he took the child by the hand, and bent his steps homeward. Arrived there he presented the boy to his mother, and told her of his dream. She was greatly delighted at it, for she deemed it a manifestation of Divine Providence in his behalf, and a presentiment of his certain happiness in the future world. From that day forth the young Rupert determined to devote himself to the service of God; and, as a first step to qualify himself for it, he resolved on a pilgrimage to Rome, to visit the grave of the Prince of the Apostles. He informed his mother of this resolution one evening as she sat in her oratory; but her tender heart was terrified at the idea, and she tried to dissuade him from his design.

"My beloved boy," she said to him, "you are too young and too weak for such a toilsome journey. Besides, you are my only child; and

then, bethink thee of the sorrow thy loss would cause to my fond heart. On you, too, the preservation of our princely line, and the hopes of your grandsire's subjects, rest. Can you entertain for another moment the idea of abandoning them? Besides, it needs not to make a pilgrimage to far lands to render ourselves acceptable in the sight of God; good works, any where done, will receive the same recompense."

The steadfast piety of the youth was shaken by the arguments and entreaties of his tender mother; and he consented for her sake to forego his resolution during his boyhood.

"No, my mother," said he, while he hung on her neck and bathed her cheek with his tears; "No, my dearest mother, I shall not abandon you now."

Bertha kissed her fair boy's forehead, and blessed him with a mother's blessing. He kept his word with her; and never more, until his maturity, mentioned aught of the matter in her presence.

But the season of puberty was now passed; adolescence had succeeded the happy days of boyhood; and Rupert was of an age to take proper care of himself: yet did not years alter the original bent of his nature. Bertha desired nothing better than to see her beloved son an accomplished knight, as well as a truly Christian prince; and to that end she introduced him to the company of cavaliers, from all countries; and to noble maidens, the flower of the high Teutonic families. But in vain were the exhortations of the chivalry by whom he was surrounded; in vain were the charms of fair dames

and lovely virgins: the one altogether failed to excite him to deeds of strife; the other were of no power to turn his thoughts from the contemplation of the purer beauties of religion. He gave the strongest manifestations of desire for a pious life; and intimated to his mother an unalterable intention of completing that pilgrimage to Rome which, in his childish days, he had foregone at her solicitation. She endeavoured to dissuade him once more: but he was now not to be diverted from his purpose. Tears and entreaties no longer availing, she gave a reluctant consent to his departure; and he prepared, without an instant's delay, for the tedious and toilsome journey.

Laying down the proud mantle of royalty, and divesting himself of his useless glaive, he assumed the coarse garb of a pilgrim, his only arms a strong staff, and in this guise set out for the eternal city. His journey was a long and a lonely one; but he surmounted, with the patience of a saint, the rugged Alps, and saw, with the equanimity and self-denial of a martyr, the lovely land of Italy. The pilgrimage of this pious youth was performed entirely on foot, and he was unattended by a single follower. Arrived at Rome, he visited all those places consecrated to the genius, the sufferings, the history, and the triumph of Christianity; and performed his devotions at each shrine with the fervour of a faithful votary of the cross. But, before all, he visited the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, which stands now beneath the dome of that wonder of the world St. Peter. There, in a rapture of religious feeling, he vowed another

vow,—that he would relinquish the pleasures of sovereignty to be the humblest servant of the church, and dispose of all his superfluous property among the poor and the afflicted. This done, he returned to Bingen by the same route he had departed from it, and in the same lowly and painful manner.

Bertha received her beloved son as might be expected; she covered him with caresses, and wept over him as over one long lost and never more expected. He told her of his pilgrimage, and he spake to her of his vow. Her heart had been so long turned towards heaven, that she had not a thought for earth save what centered in her darling son; so she offered no opposition to his views; but cordially approved of them. He then set about fulfilling his vow; and he kept it to the letter.

From that time forward he lived more the life of a recluse in the desert, than that of one of the most powerful sovereign princes in Germany. But he was not spared long to his people; and perhaps it was a mercy that he was cut off in youth before lawlessness had taken head in his dominions. Ere he had completed his twentieth year he died, worn out by the fatigue of his pilgrimage to Rome, and the acerbities he had practised on his return. His mother survived him but a few months. They were both buried in the same grave, in the ancient collegiate church of Bingen.

In later times, Rupert received the honour of canonization; and his pilgrim's garb, the only relic remaining of him to posterity, was enwrapped in a magnificent purple mantle and enshrined

in the convent of Eubingen, on the other side of the Rhine above Rudesheim.

This legend of St. Rupert is derived from the authority of the celebrated prophetess Hildegard, abbess of the convent of St. Rupertsberg, contemporary and fellow-labourer of St. Bernard in exciting the nobles of Germany to the second crusade, who claimed descent from the ancient, dukes of Bingen, of whose direct line the subject of this tale was the last male issue inheriting the title. Mention has already been made of her.

Bingen subsequently passed into the possession of various princes, the chief of which were the archbishops of Mentz and Treves. A colony of Lombard merchants, from Asti in Piedmont, settled there in the middle ages, and greatly benefited the town and neighbourhood by the extension of traffic.

In the year 1302, the army of the Emperor Albert beleaguered Bingen, and threatened to extirpate the inhabitants. And one-and-twenty years afterwards the town was the scene of a series of the most sanguinary executions, arising out of a quarrell caused by the trifling circumstance of striking a dog. This quarrel originated between the boatmen and the butchers, in consequence of one of the latter beating a hound belonging to one of the former; and the townsfolk participating in it as it took head, several lives were lost in the affray which ensued. The butchers bore away the victory; but they paid dearly for it soon afterwards. When peace and order were restored, and the law enabled to

take its course, several of the delinquents were beheaded; some were mutilated—their hands and feet being cut off; and many were banished from the town for ever.

Bingen shared the fate of the other towns and cities on the Rhine in the subsequent changes which took place on that river. It is now the property of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.



KLOPP.

Directly above Bingen, on a high hill overlooking and commanding that city, stand the ruins of Klopp, supposed to have been originally built by Drusus Germanicus. It was subsequently tenanted by the unfortunate Emperor Henry the Fourth, of whom the following tradition is related.

HENRY THE FOURTH DEPOSED.

It was Christmas night, in the year 1105; a thick sheeting of snow covered the hills and the valleys in the vicinity of Bingen, the roofs and battlements of the houses in that old town, the fortifications which surrounded it, and, above all, the strong castle of Klopp, then standing erect in all its pride of power, dominant over the entire neighbourhood: yet was there joy in every heart which looked on that cheerless scene, or dwelt within its circle, save in one. Why was it so? and who was this man of sorrow?

In the coved recess of a narrow-grated window

of the castle of Klopp, situated high up in the rearward tower from the town, stood a man advanced in years, looking out on that picture of wintry desolation, as it lay below him in the cold, clear light of the winter moon. His aspect was, at the same time, noble and sad; his long gray hairs streamed in the chill gusts which came, ever and anon, from the river up the steep ascent on which the castle stood; and his form, though stately, seemed bent like the aged and weather-beaten oak. But still it was evident that sorrow had anticipated age in his constitution; that grief and vexation of heart had done the work of time; and that the weight of heavy troubles, more than the pressure of years, had bowed that erect form, and brought nearer to the earth that majestic brow. There was, however, a dignity and a grandeur in his aspect which shewed at once that he was no common man; and though his eyes were filled with tears, the flashes which they occasionally emitted, as his thoughts reverted to the past, or fluttered over the dim future, proved that he was one accustomed in his early life to command, unknowing what it was to be disobeyed. This melancholy being—this solitary in the midst of social joy—this mourner in that season of universal mirth—was the hapless Emperor Henry the Fourth.

Already has it been told how his treacherous and unnatural son decoyed him to Bingen, and there made him a close prisoner in the strong castle of Klopp.* That very morning the miserable

* Vol. i. (§. Hammerstein, The Emperor Henry the Fourth.)

sire had been betrayed : and he now stood in his prison window, musing on the instability of human hopes—the baseness of human feelings ; wishing himself buried in his grave when he thought of the hand which had shut him up in that tower, on this the anniversary of man's redemption.

He had been not long in this position when the braying of trumpets, the tramp of horses, and the shouts of men, were borne on his ear by the breeze of night ; and looking towards the town he beheld the narrow streets crowded with troops, lighted onwards by torches, and headed by two armed individuals, who seemed neither wholly warriors nor altogether civilians, judging from the singular and anomalous costume in which they were clothed. Their long undergarments denoted in that period the clerical dignity ; but the mantles which covered their shoulders were those then worn only by dubbed knights. The glistening sabres borne in their upraised hands indicated aught but the apostleship of peace : yet the ecclesiastical stole and cingulum, peering forth from the folds of their cloaks, seemed part of the proper garb of a priest. To render the anomaly still more complete, their heads were defended by curiously constructed helms of tempered steel, fashioned in the forepart to resemble the front of a mitre, and surmounted by the cross the symbol of Christianity. The puzzled monarch knew not what to make of the scene, or how to imagine the actors ; he was lost in perplexity and amazement at its singularity ; and could not, with all his efforts, divine its cause. He was soon to feel its effects.

Even while he stood there, in that grated window, torturing his soul with vain surmises, an armed man entered the narrow chamber. The emperor started and turned towards the intruder; a flash of indignation lit up his clouded eye; he drew himself up to his full height, and stood erect to receive him: but it was only the warder to whose especial charge he had been confided: and, with a sensation of sickness at heart, he once more looked forth on the advancing cohort.

"My lord," spake the warder, in a hesitating manner——

"What would ye?" asked Henry, sharply. "Why thus intrude upon my solitude? Am I not wretched enough already?" he added, after a momentary pause, in which he dashed a tear from his overflowing eye,—“Am I not wretched enough already? Must I be made more so? Oh, my son! my son!”

The miserable monarch could not suppress his emotions—he hung down his head, and wept aloud, even as David over the untimely fate of his rebel son Absalom. When he raised his eyes, he saw that the warder was weeping also; and he heard the thick sobs he uttered, as the stalwart soldier, tried to suppress his emotions. The desolate heart is easily touched;—Henry felt at once the love of a brother for one who could sympathise with his sorrows;—his indignation had all vanished.

"My friend," he said, when the moment of grief had passed over,—“my friend, know ye what is the meaning of this scene?”

He pointed to the cavalcade, as he spoke. The warder looked forth; it had almost reached the

summit of the hill; a herald, was even within a few yards of the castle gate.

"My lord and master," replied the man, "I know it too well. Alas! the day that ever it should be; they come hither to depose you."

"Who are they?" asked the monarch. His eye once more lighted up with the fire of youth. "Who dares depose me?"

"Most gracious emperor," replied he, "they are the spiritual electors, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz; and they dare do any thing."

"Strip me of my dignity! Depose me from the empire! No! never!" exclaimed the excited Henry, unheeding the observation of his humble friend, and pacing up and down the apartment like a chafed lion in his cage.

"They come even now from the diet held this day in Mentz. You have been deposed there, and your son solemnly elected in your stead. They come to announce the decision of the diet, and deprive you of the insignia of the empire."

Henry still paced to and fro in the small chamber; and ever and anon he would stamp on the stone floor, and clench his fists, as though he were in the act of annihilating an enemy. But he uttered no word more.

"My lord and rightful sovereign," continued the warden.

Henry stopped short in his career.

"You alone faithful to me!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand of the good old man. "The blessing of a broken-hearted father be upon you!"

A big tear coursed down his cheek, as he uttered the words; the warden's eyes too were wet;

his heart was in his throat; he could not find utterance for some moments.

"My lord! my emperor!" at length he gasped, "I am here to shew you the way to escape. Your only safety is in flight."

"Flight!" scornfully exclaimed the monarch, once more excited; "flight! never! Henry of Franconia's name was never yet coupled with the word flight."

A bugle-note was borne upwards on the breeze.

"They are at the gate," cried the warder, making for the door of the chamber.

"Stay, my friend," said Henry; "one word. Say who you are, and why this interest in my fate. Though I avail myself not of your offer now, I know not yet how much I may need it. The time is out of joint."

"My lord and emperor," replied he, in hurried and broken sentences, "we emerged on the career of life together; and I have been your follower in every campaign that you undertook. I was made captive in your last battle; and, to save my life, I was obliged to serve the Archbishop of Mentz. But to you I plighted my allegiance; and you alone shall have it. I, too, am a father!"——

"I thank you," said Henry; "your truth and fidelity shall not be forgotten by me. We meet again."

The monarch waved his hand to withdraw, as he spake; and his humble friend accordingly quitted the apartment. He retired himself to his sleeping chamber, closing the door after him.

The apartment he had left was not many moments vacant. As the armed men poured into

the court-yard of the castle, their leaders ascended the narrow staircase; and the stone steps resounded to the clank of spurs, and the heavy tread of mailed knights and warriors. The Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz were the first to enter; their followers were quick upon their heels; staircase, and ante-chamber, and hall were soon crowded.

"Henry of Franconia," spake a herald, garbed in the livery of the empire,—"Henry of Franconia, lately Emperor of Germany, by the grace of God and the good-will of the imperial diet, stand out and hear the sentence that has gone forth against thee from the assembled electors. God save the emperor!"

The door of the hapless monarch's sleeping-room opened even as the herald spake, and Henry himself, clad in all the insignia of royalty, suddenly stood among his enemies. The presence of the majestic old man, arrayed in the panoply of state—the imperial purple descending in long folds from his shoulders, the crown of Charlemagne on his head, the sceptre of empire in his hand, and the old imperial sword, once worn by that mightiest of German monarchs, girt round his loins—dismayed even them for a moment; and they started back with an expression of reverence and awe from the lordly glance of the helpless prisoner they were there to persecute. But the feeling was only momentary; there was far too much at stake to let them long hesitate.

"Ruthard of Mainz," spake the emperor solemnly, "and you, Archbishop of Cologne," he continued, alternately addressing these spiritual

princes, "what would you of me? Why are ye here in this rude guise? Whence the cause of this armed following?"

They answered not for some instants; they felt abashed, wicked though they were, in the presence of their sovereign. The crowd which filled the chamber looked reverentially on the old man, the anointed of the Lord, their aged emperor. All waited in silence the reply of the princes. At length outspoke the Archbishop of Mentz, standing forward in front of his followers:

"Henry of Franconia, we are here to depose you from the imperial dignity, and to deprive you of the ensigns of empire. It is the decree of the diet. We are but its agents. Your son and successor, Henry the Fifth, is now our rightful sovereign. God save the emperor!"

The mutable mob shouted a *vivat* for the unnatural son; and mingled the names of the God of Justice and Truth with that of the monster.

"God save the emperor, Henry the Fifth!" was their cry.

"But wherefore this?" inquired the aged emperor, whose courage seemed to rise commensurately with the occasion; "am I not your crowned sovereign? Who can depose me?"

"You have simoniacally sold the opulent bishoprics and rich abbacies of the empire," said the Archbishop of Mentz.

"You are cut off from all communion with the Church of God, and under the ban of our most holy father, the pope," interposed the Archbishop of Cologne.

"You are anathema," exclaimed both.

The superstitious crowd crossed themselves,

and shrunk backwards involuntarily. Excommunication in those days of darkness and error was a fearful thing; and worse than the leper, or the sick of the pest, was he looked on who lay under the ban of the church.

"Ruthard of Mentz," pursued the emperor, dignifiedly, "have I ever taken fee or reward for the rich diocese I conferred upon thee?"

The haughty, turbulent, treacherous prelate, cast down his eyes; he could not answer; he was taken by surprise, never having contemplated such a question.

"Archbishop of Cologne," continued Henry, turning from the conscience-stricken traitor to his trembling *confrère*, "hast paid me yet for the ecclesiastical principality you enjoy by my gift?"

The guilty priest seemed as though he wished the mountains to fall on him and cover him. He stood before his injured sovereign as it is said the wicked will stand before the Lord at the last day of general judgment.

"Who is it that dares depose me?" said the monarch, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking down on his foes with a lofty expression of scorn and contempt. "Who is my master?"

There were too many interests at issue; and too great a risk was involved, for his enemies to permit him to make an impression even on their own followers; and accordingly the abashed traitors soon recovered their affrighted composure.

"Ha! by God!" exclaimed the Archbishop of Mentz, greatly chafed as he spoke, "are we

not the diet? Have we not the power of electing?"

"Who questions our power to depose, as we have elected?—to unmake, as we have made? By the rood, but that is good!" ejaculated the Archbishop of Cologne, angrily.

"I do!" said Henry. "You are my subjects. Away from my sight!"

The question was speedily brought to a decision.

"Henry of Franconia, I depose thee, in the name of the high and most puissant diet of the empire, assembled this day in the ancient city of Mentz. God save Henry the Fifth!"

With these words Ruthard stretched forth his hand to his sovereign; and the next moment he had torn the imperial mantle from his shoulders. The crown, sceptre, and sword, soon shared the same fate.

"God's will be done!" said the deposed monarch, casting his tearful eyes upwards. "I am fearfully punished for the sins of my youth. But take heed ye who have raised your hands against your rightful sovereign—ye who have defiled the sacred person of the Lord's anointed—that ye repent not. Ye have broken my bread, and partaken of my bounty—see that ye die not the death of the traitor Judas."

The wretched old man left the room as he concluded, and shut himself up in his sleeping chamber. The conspirators departed, satisfied with the result of their mission. Thus ended the reign of the fourth Henry of Germany.*

* History and tradition differ as to the place of his deposition; the former places it, and, I believe, truly, in Ingelheim; the latter, it is seen, in the castle of Klopp.

Five years did this poor monarch languish a miserable captive, neglected, ill-treated, and despised: often wanting bread, and always lacking the most trifling approach to comfort: an inhabitant of various prisons; that is to say, of Bökclheim, Ingelheim, and Klopp, alternately. His escape, and the close of his life, is related more at large in a former portion of these volumes.* It was from Klopp, however, that he addressed a most affecting letter to Philip the First of France, praying his interposition in his behalf. The original document is said to be still in existence. The passages subjoined are extracted from a very valuable work on German history,** in which the original is given entire.

"As soon as I had entered the castle of Bingen, I found myself made captive, together with three of my attendants."

* * * *

"Not only has the sword been drawn against me, but, what I can never forget, I was compelled to pass the holy Christmas day in this prison, without hearing mass, or receiving the blessed sacrament, or having an opportunity of attending any manner of Divine service."

"I speak not of the invective, the injuries, the disgrace I have to suffer: of the hunger, the thirst, the cold I endure: nay, even of the blows inflicted on my helpless gray hairs, when I murmur or repine at my hard fate; though I feel them all, indignities, injuries, and privations

* Vide "Hammerstein;" "The Flight," vol. i. p. 370 &c.

** Barre's "Allgemeine Geschichte von Deutschland," B. iii, s. 176. &c.

the more acutely, comparing my present state with that which it once was."

* * * *

"The thought of my son fills my heart with the deepest indignation and the keenest sorrow; yet, at the same time, I yearn to him with the love of a father for his only child."

* * * *

"I fling myself even at the feet of my child;—I pray to him on my bended knees;—I bow my aged head in the dust before him; and in that lowly condition I conjure him, by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, in the name of the Omnipotent God, who holds the destinies of empires in the hollow of his hand, by the oath he has sworn to be faithful and true to his sire and his sovereign, by every thing, in short, which men deem sacred in this world, that if I am to be chastised by a just Maker for the sins of my youth, he, at least, shall not be the voluntary scourge in the hands of an offended Divinity;—that he, at least, shall not be the instrument of vengeance—if not for my sake, for his own. But in vain! I may not turn his mind from its cruel purpose; and no prayers, no entreaty, no representation of mine, can divert him from a deed which, though it makes him the instrument of God's award, still, will cover him, to all eternity, with the guilt of shameless ingratitude, and give him to posterity the character of a monstrous man, and a most unnatural son."

This document is a great deal longer; but these extracts must suffice. They are sufficient to move to pity a heart of stone.

RÜDESHEIM.

"Who knows not Rüdesheim?" asks an enthusiastic Rhenish traveller;* "who hath ever tasted of its nectar without blessing the glorious vineyards which give existence to that godlike beverage?" He is right: few fail to do so; and fewer still there are in civilized Europe who know not, at least, the name of this far-famed locality.

But Rüdesheim is also celebrated for other things besides its rich wines; here it was that the rugged old knight, Hans Brömser, the ruins of whose castles still exist, had his abode; and here also it was, that his abdurate determination to devote her to the service of Heaven, caused the destruction, by suicide, of his daughter—the fair, the fond, the gentle Gisella.

This is the story of her fate; and even now, although nearly nine centuries have elapsed since she lived and loved—if ever she had being—fair eyes weep, and fond hearts grieve, over her sorrowful lot and untimely end. Peace be with her!

GISELLA BRÖMSER.

At the time when the blessed Saint Bernard of Clairvaux preached the second crusade at Spiers,** along with many other knights and nobles dwel-

* Dr. Storck, "Darstellung aus dem Preussischen Rhein- und Moselland." 1. Bändchen, 1818.

** A.D. 1146. This crusade ended in 1148; and the following year, 1149, Conrad, emperor of Germany, returned to Europe with the shattered remains of his immense army.

ling on the shores of the Rhine, Sir Hans Brömser of Rüdesheim departed for Palestine. During his sojourn there he achieved great feats by his prowess and his strength; and his name was honoured, in consequence, among the crusaders, while it was held in fear and reverence by the Saracens. In a wild rocky dell of that country dwelt a loathly dragon, which had long been the terror of the Christian host: for never had knight or squire who went forth to slay him, returned. He had destroyed them all, one after another, to the number of several hundreds; and all men, therefore, thought on him with much dread and detestation. What made the evil worse, was, that the dell in which his den lay, was the only one for leagues around which afforded wood and water for the service of the army; and as he paid no more respect to servants and sutlers than he did to the knights and nobles who encountered him, there was soon a scarcity of these necessary commodities in the camp. Hans Brömser, however, undeterred by the fate of those who had gone before him, determined to destroy this dreadful monster, or perish in the attempt. Arming himself cap-à-piè, with helm, hauberk, shield, sword, and spear, he went forth to seek the common enemy. He soon found him: and they were immediately after engaged in deadly conflict. The fight lasted long; but it happily ended in the discomfiture and destruction of the dragon. Just at the moment, however, that he had slain him, and as he was preparing to cut off his head, to bring it back to the camp as a trophy of his victory, a cloud of Saracens, who had lain in ambush during the fight, rushed

on him, weary and worn as he was with his hard toil: notwithstanding a most valorous defence, overpowering him by the weight of their numbers, and bearing him off to their fastness, they flung him into one of its deepest dungeons. For three long years he endured all the privations, the wrongs and the insults, which his ruthless keepers could devise or inflict on him: and day after day waxed and waned, until at length he had scarcely a single hope left him to cheer his solitude or to alleviate his misery. At last he bethought him of the Virgin Mother, and, her power with the Saviour: and in the extremity of his affliction and despair, he vowed her a vow, that if she would aid him to return once more to his beloved Rhine-land, he would devote his dear and only child, his lovely daughter Gisella, to her service for ever. His vow was heard, as it would appear; for, shortly afterwards, the fortress in which he had so long languished in captivity, was assaulted and taken by a body of German crusaders, his own countrymen, on their return home, and he was once more restored to light, and life—to liberty. On recovering his freedom, he set about accomplishing the vow, to which he believed he owed it; and, exchanging his arms and armour for the coarse garb, the “saddled shoon” the scallop-shell, and the rude staff of the palmer, he set out on his return for Europe. He never stopped nor stayed on his road until he arrived, weary and wasted with fatigue and travel, at his castle of Rüdesheim, accompanied only by a few faithful followers, who had assumed the pilgrim’s costume also. Big scalding tears coursed each

other down his worn and furrowed cheeks, and trickled in large drops from his long white beard, as he glanced once again on the embattled towers of his forefathers; but when his beautiful daughter, decked like a queen, rushed forth to meet him, with a crowd of happy faces pressing forward behind her, all shouting and dancing with joy for his return, he could only look up to the heavens, as if to require from it consolation. His heart was sorrowful with the thoughts which oppressed it; and, as he gazed on her fair face, he remembered alone the vow he had made, and the misery it might entail on the blithesome, happy, light-hearted, loving creature who hastened to welcome him with all the fondness of a pure, filial affection. She had grown in beauty as well as in age during the three dreary years of his captivity; and she now stood before him, a model of all that is most prized—all that is most perfect in woman. The overwhelming happiness she felt at her father's return communicated to her cheek an additional glow—to her eye almost an angelic lustre; and she looked on him, and laughed and wept, like a baby in the arms of its mother—but full of life, and splendour, and joy—lovely past earthly loveliness. But her joy was destined to be of short duration. Her father spoke to her of his vow; and assured her of his irrevocable determination to fulfil it. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt on her spirit. She sank at his feet—a faded flower; and only awoke to a thorough consciousness of her misery. Happiness—nay, even hope—had fled for ever! How was it?

Some months previous to the first intimation

she had received of her father's arrival, her tender heart had been wooed and won by a young knight of the neighbourhood, who was in every way worthy of her love. They had planned, as lovers will do, the most enchanting prospects for the future; and life was to be for them, as it ever looks to those in the same interesting situation, one unvarying, unfading, uncloying round of delights—a combination of love, passion, hope, and pleasure—making earth a paradise, and all it contains blessed denizens of Heaven. There was no speech of her father's consent, for he was seldom thought of in their moments of loving communion. And, besides, they could not anticipate his refusal to their union, since Otto was his equal in blood and birth—his equal in wealth and in station;—and was, moreover, the son of an old friend, by whose side he had often fought and conquered when they were both younger men. When Gisella recovered her senses, and remembered the forlornness of her condition; she flung herself at her father's feet, embraced his knees, clasped them to her heaving bosom and beating heart, and besought and implored him, with prayers and tears, to forego his resolution, and avert the dreaded doom which impended over her. She said she would renounce even her lover, her friends, her affections—all—every thing that she valued or prized upon earth, if he would consent in return not to thrust her forth a stranger from the home of her childhood, the scene of all the happiness she had as yet known in this world. She suggested to him how lone and cheerless would be his old age, without kith or kindred to rejoice it; and she

vowed to cheer and cherish his infirmities and his years, if permitted to dwell with him in his paternal towers. She finally reminded him of her departed mother, so beloved by him in her lifetime; and recalled to his recollection the days of her own infancy, when he cradled her in his arms, and nursed her on his knee, with the pride and pleasure which a father alone can feel while contemplating the expanding promise of his sole and only offspring. But it was all in vain: her melting eloquence was poured into a deaf ear. Her sire was stern and inexorable; and neither tears, nor prayers, nor entreaties, could turn him from his purpose. Alas! what cruelties will not fanaticism commit, under the conviction that it is all for the honour of a God, who is composed only of peace, and love, and purity, and affection! Hans Brömser not only refused her sternly, and with a harshness she had never known before, but he went further and threatened to curse—to imprecate a father's curse upon her—nay, more, to curse her also by the ashes of her beloved mother, that both might rise up in judgment against her at the last day,—if she persisted any longer in her opposition to his will. It was done: her heart broke within her; the last feather had been laid on the load. She sunk under it.

All this passed in the room whose window still overlooks the river, the stream of which, then greatly swollen by the mountain rains, washed the base of the castle. It occupied but a few moments: both were too much in earnest—father and daughter—to waste time or words needlessly. When Gisella found that there was no longer

hope for her—that her last trust, her own father, had failed her in her extremity—she rose slowly from the ground whereon she had prostrated herself—cast one look of mingled reproach and forgiveness on the stern old man—and retired, sighing heavily, to the deep, coved recess of that window. She flung the casement wide open. It was late evening—a dusk, drear evening in the latter end of autumn—such a one as betokens a fearful night to come. The storm howled among the hills behind her; and its awful voice was reverberated, multiplied a hundred-fold by echo, from the rocky dells which intersected them. The river raged furiously below, threatening every moment to wash away the firm foundation of the castle, and carrying along with it in its rushing course large fragments of its banks down to the Binger Loch, where it heaved and foamed like the broad ocean: above all was blackness and desolation, unlit, save by an occasional flash of the forked lightning darting into the abyss below, and adding horror upon horror to the prospect; while, ever and anon, the thunder growled awfully, in unison with the roar of the wind and the raging of the wild waters,—a fearful diapason. The scene was terrific, beyond the comprehension of those who have only traversed the sweet valley of the Rhine in periods of elemental peace—of sunshine, and of flowers. Gisella looked out on it with a vacant eye: she seemed as though she heard or saw nothing which passed before, around or above her. In the middle of the spacious chamber stood her father, chafing like a hunted boar—grim and grisly—drawn up to his full height

—his long gray beard and snow-white locks streaming to the sudden gust of wind which followed the opening of the casement.

"I will curse you," exclaimed the Crusader; "I will curse you with a father's curse. The ashes of your mother shall curse you too. You will carry our curse along with you wherever you go, if——"

Gisella shrieked and started back, as though she had seen a spectre; but her father's aspect appalled her still more, and his anathema rung in her ears. One moment, and no more, she hesitated, or seemed to hesitate; the next, she sprang through the open casement; and the moment after, she was swallowed by the raging waters. A single splash was all the bereaved sire heard; no sight or sound beside denoted her destruction. Early next morning her body was found on the little rocky island where Hatto's Tower stands, like the spirit of the river.

In the still evenings of late autumn, when all in this paradise seems peace and rest, the spirit of Gisella Brömser is seen to flit around the ruins of the old castle of Rüdesheim; and belated travellers often hear her wallings—as soft, as sweet, and as melancholy, as the song of the love-lorn nightingale.

The old knight of Rüdesheim sorrowed deeply for her death; and he bitterly repented his own asperity and ruthlessness. To appease the tortures of his agonized conscience, he vowed to build a church to her memory, that her soul might by that means find peace. But he forgot

his vow in time; and her spirit was long left unpropitiated and unappeased, to endure the doom which his inexorable heart had contributed to inflict upon it. Once, however, at the midnight hour, a fearful dream or vision came over him. The horrid dragon which he had slain in Palestine stood beside his bed, and gaping wide its tremendous jaws, made as though it would swallow him at one gulp. But suddenly a pale, sad-looking female form, which he recognized in a moment as that of his daughter Gisella, flitted between him and the threatened danger; on which the monster immediately disappeared. The spirit looked sorrowfully on the altered old man; and then, sighing deeply, in a moment was seen no more. At that instant, the chains which he had worn during his sojourn in slavery among the Saracens, fell from the wall where they had been hung since his return, in memory of that event; and he awoke at the loud crash, covered with a cold perspiration, his hair erect, and his whole frame convulsed with fear and trembling. The next morning one of his husbandmen came to him with an image of the Saviour, discovered under wondrous and mysterious circumstances. While ploughing up a neighbouring field, one of his oxen had disinterred it; and, miraculous to relate, it had cried out for help on its restoration to the light of day. Brömser at once made preparations for the fulfilment of his vow; and, on the spot where the image was discovered, he built a church and a cloister, which he named "The Need of God." The cloister still stands, in a rocky dingle not far from Rudesheim; and the church exists also. In it are shewn the

chains already mentioned as having been worn by Sir Hans Brömser in slavery among the Saracens, together with the dragon's tongue, which, it is to be presumed, he had contrived to secure previous to his capture by the infidels.

In the castle, which is now the property of Prince Metternich, are many monuments of the olden time. In the great hall are pictures of all the former possessors, male and female; and a table, with their names, aeras, scutcheons, and mettos. The horns of the ox which uprooted the image, are shewn in the castle; and the image itself is still in the church of the village.* The state bed-room is painted on all sides with figures; and the bridal-bed curtains are wrought in ancient needle-work with similar ones—in both cases subjects from the Old Testament, emblematic of love and truth in wedded life. Close by the bed itself is a very ancient chest. In the other apartments various chairs, footstools,

* The following passage from Goethe's "*Reise am Rhein, Mayn und Neckar, in den Jahren, 1814 and 1815,*" alludes to this famous image.

"In the parish church in the market-place (at Rüdesheim,) is seen the miraculous image, which, in former times, attracted so many of the superstitious and credulous to 'The Need of God.' It is a kneeling Christ, about eight inches high, with the hands upraised in the attitude of prayer; and is probably the principal figure of an original group, representing the passion on the Mount of Olives. The drapery is of fine linen, pasted in some parts on the imperfect carving beneath it; in others flowing: the sleeves hang freely. It is entirely chalked and painted. The hands are too long for the body, but the joints of the fingers and nails are well expressed. Altogether, it is a striking specimen of art at a period which was very backward, but still not wholly incapable of sculpture."

and similar articles of furniture, all rugged and ill-formed, but strong and durable beyond modern articles of the same description, are everywhere visible.

ST. NICHOLAS AND THE BOATMAN.

In addition to the preceding legend, the following may be offered here, as connected with Rudesheim. It has the merit of doing poetical justice, if it has no other, and, therefore, it must be admired by all honest men.

At Rudesheim, by Brömser's Burg,
There stands a cell of stone;
And in it is an image of
St. Nicholas alone.

A boatman low before it bends—
He bends, and prays him so—
"Oh, holy saint! my little bark
Through Bingerloch let go.

"Let go my little bark but safe,
And once the peril past,
I vow to thee a taper tall—
Ay, tall as is her mast."

The friendly saint a willing ear
Lent to the lowly prayer:
The bark bounds onward merrily—
'Tis now in water fair.

Then loud did laugh the boatman then,
And thus outspoke he free:

"The fish will never take the bait
Until it offered be."

And thus outspake that boatman then —

"May I be damned for aye,
Thou greedy saint, if ever I
My promise to thee pay.

"For now, that all is come and gone,
The peril was not great;
And I'll just light a little stump
Before thy stony seat."

As still he spake, the bark's keel crack'd,
And rose the raging waters—
She sank. That mariner in Heaven,
Hath neither friends nor fautors.

ST. ROCHE'S CHAPEL.

On the summit of a high hill, almost directly opposite to Rüdesheim, and a little above Bingen, stands the white Chapel of St. Roche, a conspicuous object in the lovely landscape which stretches around, and seen at a great distance up and down the river. The great German poet, Goethe, gives a very graphic and animated description of the first celebration of the feastday of that saint, in the month of August 1814, after an intermission of a full quarter of a century, arising from the possession of the Rhine by republican and imperial France from the period of the first revolution.*

* "Aus einer Reise am Rheia, Main und Neckar, in den

It would occupy too much space in these pages, to offer a translation of it to the public; but those who can read it in the original, will be amply recompensed by the pleasure it will not fail to afford them.

KEMPTEN.

A little in advance of the hill on which the Chapel of St. Roche is situated, in the direction of Mentz, stands the ancient hamlet of Kempten, on the left bank of the Rhine.

THE COCKFIGHT.

Though now an insignificant spot, Kempten was once a place of note; for Charlemagne had a favourite residence there, to which he retired from the state and solemnity of Ingelheim whenever the pressure of business would permit him.

One day, in early summer, he rode thither from Ingelheim, together with his Empress Hildegard, and his three youthful sons, Pepin, Carl, and Ludwig. As he and his bride sat to dinner in a bower which bordered on the river, they conversed of many matters concerning the government of his extensive empire. Their sons, according to the custom of the age, stood behind, and waited on them, participating, in the meanwhile, in the conversation, and making remarks suited to their capacity.

Jahren 1814 and 1815," §. i. "Sanct Rochus Fest zu Bingen, am 16. August, 1814."

"Mother," said Pepin, the eldest of the three when a pause in the discourse of his parent, occurred, so as to leave him opportunity for an observation; "Mother, when father is dead, shall not I then be emperor in his place?"

The emperor looked askant at the boy, and bethought him what a curse^a was ambition to mankind. The empress coloured to the eyes, but said nothing in reply.

"No! no!" cried Carl, looking lovingly on the emperor; "it shall not be Pepin—it shall be me—shall it not, father?"

Again did the emperor think of the curse of ambition, which could taint and infect even minds so young and innocent. The empress was quite unhappy, and frowned, and bit her lips; but the boy was heedless of her anger, and the expression of her feelings.

"It must not be," said Ludwig, the youngest of the three; "I am sure that I shall be emperor when father dies; for father and mother are so fond of me."

The other two boys made common cause against the youthful aspirant to the imperial dignity; and, but for the presence of their parents, might have inflicted some injury on him.

"Cursed ambition!" thought Charlemagne. "You make a man's own blood boil up against him—you turn a man's right arm against himself—you poison the peace of princes—you cause their offspring to regard their death as a blessing—you destroy the affections of our nature—you corrupt innocence—you debase youth—you——"

He might have gone on moralising thus for

ever; but, for all the good that it did, he might as well have never said a word on the subject.

"Come, my sons," said the empress, cutting short her august spouse's soliloquy, "we shall soon see which is the best. I have a plan to put an end to this strife," observed she, in a whisper to the emperor.

The emperor, who had a high notion of his wife's prudence, and depended much on her opinion, like many other very great men in present as well as past times, nodded assent.

"Now, my sons," continued she, "listen!"

The boys clustered round her, like grapes on the vine-stock when the vintage is nigh.

"Go you three to the village," she went on, patting the head of each as she spoke; "you Pepin, you Carl, and you Ludwig, and there get each of you a cock from the villagers. Bring them hither then without delay."

The boys flew to the village, accompanied by their governor; and they returned in a brief space of time with their prizes. A crowd of peasant children followed them to the palace. The emperor and empress sat in the courtyard, and the courtiers stood around in a circle.

"Now, my children," said the empress, as the boys, in obedience to her beck, strode into the circle, each with his chanticleer in his arms; "now, my children, set your birds down: place them opposite one another in fair positions, and then let them fight it out. Whichever of the birds beats the other, his backer shall be emperor."

"Be it so," said Charlemagne, solemnly; "but not till my death."

The birds fought, and the sovereigns and their court looked admiringly on the battle. Ever and anon, as the high-spirited animals strove for the victory, a shout from the crowd would break through the decorum of the imperial presence; but, as one after another fell before the victor, the excitement of those present seemed to know no bounds. The boys participated to the fullest extent in all the emotions of the spectators; and each felt the failure of his favourite as a death-blow to himself. The battle lasted an entire hour. At the end of the fight, two of the courageous creatures lay dead.

Ludwig's bird had conquered. In how far this anecdote may be true or not, there is no authority for saying beyond the tradition of ages; it is, however, the fact that Ludwig, the youngest son of Charlemagne, succeeded him in the empire; but not to the prejudice of his elder brothers' rights and undisputed claims, for they had died.

All traces of the pleasure palace of the mighty Charlemagne have disappeared from Kempten; and its memory only survives in the legends of the vicinity.

LANGEN - WINKEL—ST. BARTHOLOMAI.

On the other shore of the Rhine, the ancient town of Winkel stretches along the bank of the river. Winkel is undoubtedly of classic origin; and antiquarians deduce its name from the cel-

lars established there by the Romans (*vini cellā.*) It is also said to have served the same purposes for Charlemagne; and many traditions are extant of his fondness for the spot, or, to speak more correctly, of the treasures it contained. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death; and that, even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still:

"To linger a while, and dream he lives once more."

A German poet* has versified this belief with much of graceful fancy; and an attempt at translation of it is subjoined, in which the form and spirit of the original has been preserved as much as possible.

THE SILVER BRIDGE.

On the Rhine—the green Rhine—in the soft
summer night,
The vineyards lie sleeping beneath the moon's
light:
But, lo! there's a shadow on green hill and
glade,
Like the form of a king in his grandeur array-
ed.

Yes, yes, 'tis the monarch that erst ruled this
land;—
It is old Charlemagne, with his sword in his
hand,

* Emanuel Geibel, in that very valuable little volume
"Rheinlagen von C. Simrock." Bonn, 1837.

And his crown on his head, and 'his sceptre
of gold,
And the purple imperial in many a rich fold.

Long ages have fled since he lived in this life,
Whole nations have perished by time or by
strife,
Since he swayed, with a power never known,
from his birth.
What brings his great spirit to wander on earth?

He hath come from his tomb that's in Aix-la-
Chapelle—
He hath come to the stream which he once lov-
ed so well—
Not to ban or to blight with his presence the
scene,
But to bless the blithe vineyards by Luna's soft
sheen.

The moonbeams they make a brave bridge o'er
the Rhine,
From Winkel to Ingelheim brightly they shine:
Behold! by this bridge the old monarch goes
over,
And blesses the flood with the warmth of a
lover.

He blesses each vineyard, on plain and on hill;
Each village, each cottage, his blessing doth
fill;
He blesses each spot, on the shore, on the
river,
Which he loved in his life—which forget, he
can never.

And then, from the home that he still loves so
well,
He returns to his tomb that's in Aix-la-Chapelle,
There to slumber in peace till the old year is
over,
And the vineyards once more woo him back
like a lover.

St. Bartholomai, once a flourishing village in connexion with Winkel, being also a continuation of that town, is now only denoted by a few ruinous buildings. It claims equal antiquity with its neighbour, and, in the middle ages, was a place of scarcely less importance. The famous convent known as *Die Klaus*—the cell or hermitage—once existed here; but it has long since disappeared.

JOHANNISBERG—THE RHEIN- GAU.

"The Throne of Bacchus" is one of the many fond appellatives bestowed upon the famous château of Johannisberg; and "the Paradise" of the same jolly god, is the name given to the Rhein-gau, of which it may be considered as the central and most celebrated point.

Johannisberg was originally a priory, founded, according to ancient chronicles, in 1009, by Ruthard, archbishop of Mayence. One-and-twenty years subsequently, it was converted into a monastery, and largely endowed, by Adalbert.

his successor. In 1567, the monastery was secularised, and the brotherhood dissolved; the one having been, in great part, burned down by Albert Markgraf of Brandenburg, in 1552; and the others having been dispersed in various directions. The few remains of the building spared by this fire were destroyed shortly after by the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus, in the "thirty years' war." In 1641, the estate was sold for 30,000 florins, equivalent to very nearly 3000*l.*, to Hubert von Bleyman, arch-treasurer of the German empire: but, in 1716, his heirs and successors relinquished it, for a sufficient consideration, to the Abbey of Fulda. According to the statements of Schreiber,* "the building then arose from its ruins, and the cultivation of the vine was increased." This estate or domain was subsequently conferred on Marshal Kellermann, Duke of Valmy; and, in 1816, it was presented by the allied powers to Prince Metternich. The Rhein-Gau, of which Johannisberg, as I have already stated, may be considered the central point, is a tract long famous in the local history of the Rhine. The word Gau signifies, in the ancient Frankish dialect, a county, or principality all but entirely independent of the nominal head of the empire; and the limits of the jurisdiction denoted by that term in the present instance, extended from Lorch near Caub, to Elfeldt near Mentz or, more strictly speaking, to Nieder Walluf. It was originally conferred on the Archbishop of Mentz by the Carolingian monarchs as an appanage of that see; and it was

* Rhein-Reise. Traveller's Guide to the Rhine. London: Leigh.


the favourite abode of these prelates for many succeeding centuries. The Rhein-Gau was fortified by nature, and by art in the middle ages; and was a place of the greatest importance on the Rhine, until the occurrence of the "Servile war," which kept pace with the spread of the Reformation in the neighbourhood of this river. That terrible war soon desolated its once fertile soil, and speedily covered the land with carnage and ruin.

THE SERVILE WAR.

It is not the purpose of these pages to enter on the history of the Reformation as it affected the Rhenish people; but the horrors of the Servile war, which was one of its results, may not be passed over in total silence. In the upper districts of the Archdiocese of Mentz, a rabble rout, known by the appropriate name of the "hell-crowd," composed altogether of the peasantry of the adjacent parts, committed the most unheard-of excesses—burning and destroying churches, convents, and monasteries—murdering the inmates of both sexes—and driving the nobles, their masters, fugitives before them in every direction. The contagion soon spread itself to the lower district; and the example of the lawless mob of Speyers was emulated and exceeded by those of Mentz and its contiguous territory. In the Rhein-Gau, the atrocities committed by these misguided men in the name of religion is almost incredible. They assembled on the *Wacholder*, the ancient place of meeting of the inhabitants of the district; and there, having compelled the Baron Brömser of Rüdesheim, vicegerent for the Archbishops of

Mentz, and several others of the resident nobility, to appear before them, they insisted on their subscribing a series of articles, thirty-one in number, reasonable in themselves, but, as it subsequently appeared, only put forward as a cloak to cover future excesses of a most frightful character.

Original documents, detailing these excesses, are still in existence; in which it may be seen how ruthless were the rebels, and how uniformly cruel the operation of their wild law. "We cry to you," writes the abbess of Gottesthal convent to the Baron of Greifenklau; "we cry to you for aid, with a sorrowful heart, in the deepest dool, for the evils we have suffered at the hands of those wicked men, who rob and plunder us as they list, and threaten our lives if we offer any resistance or objection to them." And the Baron Frederic von Greifenklau, in another letter or rescript, of the date 5th May, 1525, draws a picture more terrible in its details, but still fully confirmatory of the statement of the Abbess of Gottesthal. A period, however, was put to their ravages, by the energy of the Archbishop of Mentz, and the military skill of his general, George Truchsess von Waldburg; but it was a very long time, indeed, until the Rhein-Gau recovered its former peace and prosperity.



OESTRICH.

Further onwards, still ascending the river, stands, on the same side as Johannisberg, the

town of Oestrich. Adjacent to this spot stood, some time since,—not very long ago,—the celebrated convent of Gottesthal, alluded to in the preceding article, but not a vestige of which now exists to point out its former site. It is to the olden times of this convent that the following appalling legend relates, the noble knight referred to in it, being then the head of one of the ancient families in the neighbourhood.

THE NUN.

In Gottesthal, upon a time,
A young and noble knight
Did love a holy cloistered nun,
In bolt and bar's despite,
Full oft he told her of his pangs ;
And, lowly kneeling, swore
To free her from her prison's fangs
And love her evermore.

"I swear it by this statue sweet
Of Christ's own mother dear !
I swear it by the blessed babe
That her fond arms do bear !
To thee, Belinda, is my heart
Devote whilst I have breath :
May all my hopes of Heaven depart,
If 't be not till the death !"

Alas ! what credits not fair maid,
Confined within a cell ?
All sacred duties she forgot ;
And heaven full soon, and hell.

She, that before the angel host,
Gave her to God away;
The bride of Christ, for ever lost,
Became that bad man's prey.

Thenceforth, as men are ever wont,
Hourly his heart grew cool;
To her own thoughts, so sorrowful,
He left her, poor, fond fool;
Forgot his first feigned tenderness,
And all that erst he sware,
And fled far off in gala-dress,
To feast his eyes elsewhere;

And other women wooed he then,
In lustre-lighted halls;
And flattered them and followed them,
At banquets and at balls.
And of his fair nun's favours all
He boasted far and wide;
Each kiss, each glance, that did befall,
And many a joy beside.

The nun, whose fond but wretched heart
Felt madness' wildest mood,
With red rage burned, "to kill, kill, kill,"
Her thought—her dream was blood.
She bribed a band of ruffians rude,
A murd'rous horde were they,
Her lover's black ingratitude
With dreadful death to pay.

They sought and slew him; many a blade
In his black heart was buried;
And his dark soul, in sulphur-reek,
To hell's drear regions hurried.

Wild wailed it on its downward way,
While watched it fiends so fell;
And then his gory corse laid they
With worms for aye to dwell.

When night's shades fell, the nun swift sped
Unto the village church,
And dragged her dripping lover's corse
Without into the porch,
Then tore his base heart from its breast;
And then his scorn to pay,
Down flung it with a laugh unblest,
And trode it into clay.

Since then long time hath passed; but still,
Old legends say that she
Till cock-crow tarries in that aisle,
Aye shrieking fearfully.
And that, when tolls the midnight bell,
She seeks his monument;
And from it brings, with looks so fell,
A heart with blood besprent.

Her hollow, hideous eyes then flash
A fire full fierce but pale;
Like brimstone flame they glim and gleam,
Thorough her thick white veil.
Then on that mangled heart these eyes
She sets with horrid mirth;
Then flings it thrice towards the skies,
Then casts it on the earth;

And then those awful orbs she rolls,
Which gleam with hell's own fire;
And shakes her veil while blood-gouts fall,
Then treads that heart to mire.

Then dreary death-lights and illumine
The chapel windows all;
The village warder, in the gloom,
These sights full oft appal.



INGELHEIM.

Ingelheim, the favourite residence of Charlemagne, has, of course, a greater number of traditions connected with it than, perhaps, any other single point on the Rhine. Of these the most prominent and interesting are here offered to the reader. There is more of fable in the history of this monarch than is to be met with in that of almost any other sovereign of his age: but, like all fable, it has probably some slight foundation in fact. It is not pretended to give the biography of that illustrious prince in these pages; but the traditions associated with his name, in the minds of the people of this district, may not be omitted in a work like this. An ancient and most amusing legend is that which succeeds:

THE EMPEROR AND THE ROBBER.

Ingelheim, or Engelheim, that is to say, the "Angel's Home," is stated in one of the oldest rhymed chronicles extant,* to have taken its name from the following singular tradition. The chronicler assures his readers that the tale, which

* *Horae Belgicae*. Edit. Hoffmann von Fallersleben. 4 Th

he dignifies, be it said *en passant*, with the title of a history,* is but a poetical version of absolute facts, which relate to the conspiracy of a certain Henderich, in the poem styled Eggerich, and a large body of the Austrasian nobility and warriors, against Charlemagne their sovereign; and the subsequent defeat and death of that chief and the principal conspirators, and the banishment of those of minor importance. The original he purports to have found in the work of Alberich, a Frankish monk, compiled in the lifetime of that magnificent monarch**—a work which is now unknown to the learned, except by name and indirect allusion; being supposed to have perished in one of the many subsequent mutations of the Germanic empire.

Thus runs the tale.

It was on a night when Charlemagne held court in his proud palace at Ingelheim, on the Rhine, that he laid him on his couch and slept. As he slept he had a celestial vision: he was aware of the presence of an angel from heaven, who, sailing downwards on his broad, bright pinions, lighted incontinent at his bedside.

"Karl," spake the messenger of God, in tones like the music of a wind-harp through a summer grove, "arise! Arise, and equip thee,

* "*Historie van Koninkende van Elegast.*" *Horae Belg.* *ibid.* It is written in the ancient poetic dialect of the Netherlands; or, in other words, in old *plaat* or Low-Dutch; and the present tale is a very close translation of it into plain prose.

** "*Chronikon,*" von Alberich, A.D. 788.

and arm; and go forth and steal! It is the will of the Lord that thou go forth of thy palace: yea, this very night, and steal some of thy neighbour's goods! Tarry not to obey this command, or life and throne may not long abide with thee. Thus says the Omnipotent."

The angel again waved his pinions, and was soon lost in a rosy-coloured mass of light.

Charlemagne wist not what to do. He rubbed his eyes to ascertain if he was awake; and when he found that he was so, he fancied that it was all but an idle dream.

"It was a pleasant one at all events," thought he; "and the angel was surely an angel from heaven;—that I know by the brightness and beauty of his broad brilliant wings:—but, pleasant though it was, I would fain sleep and dream it no more."

With this thought he turned him on the other side, in his couch, and slept again in a moment. His lids, however, were scarcely closed, when the heavenly visitant was again visible to his mind's eye; but the voice which sounded before like the breath of summer on an Eolian instrument, now rung in the sleeping monarch's ear like a harp rudely crashed by a hasty or unskillful hand; and the large, beautiful, blue eyes, which heretofore beamed upon him all benignancy and love, now looked sternly, and seemed to reproach him with his incredulity, or his sloth.

"Karl," said the angel solemnly, "arise! God, the Lord of heaven and earth commands it. Go forth and steal ere the star of night wanes in yonder sky, or you are lost past redemption.

Up and away; and tarry not. It is the will of the Lord!"

Again the celestial vision faded from his eyes; and he was once more awake, and sitting upright in his bed. His mind was much troubled by what he had heard and seen.

"God help me!" spake the monarch, with a deep-drawn sigh. "What shall I do? What means all this? Is it that a night-mare has lain on my breast? or, mayhap, some fiend that has taken this shape of light, wishes to tempt me. What shall I do? God guide me!"

He was silent for some minutes, absorbed in meditation.

"Heavenly powers," he resumed, "why should I steal? What need have I of my neighbour's goods? And saith not God's law, 'thou shalt not steal?'"

Again was he wrapped in thought for a time.

"Yet," he pursued, "that was truly a messenger of heaven; no fiend ever looked so beautiful! But, oh God! to steal!"——

He sighed, as though he would yield up his spirit at the thought.

"—— To steal!" he continued. "What should I steal for? What have I to wish for in this world? Am I not as rich as rich can be? No man on the face of God's earth, be he Kaiser, be he king, or be he count, hath half so much as I have! And are not the princes of the land my tributaries and my servants? My realm is so wide that it nowhere hath its like: for doth it not extend from Cologne on the Rhine to Rome on the Tiber? from the wild and distant banks of the Danube in the East, to the shores

of the troubled and unknown ocean in the West? and are not Gallicia and the Iberian land mine own, won with my good sword, and kept by my wisdom and power? Does not all this broad surface call me sovereign; and am I not lord and master of the properties as well as the lives of all those who dwell on it? Why then should I steal? And wherefore should God will it so? I would not willingly disobey the commands of my Maker; but I cannot bring myself to believe that he would cover my gray hairs with shame, and convert my glory into disgrace, by ordering me, in this my old age, to turn thief."

He had scarce spoken the words, when, weary with thought and anxiety, or, perhaps, affected by the operation of a supernal influence, a deep slumber sealed his eyes once more; and once more, for the third time, the angel of the Lord stood before him. The aspect of the celestial ambassador was now so beautifully severe, that the monarch could not bear to look on it; and the tones of his voice, musical and melodious still, jarred on his sense of hearing like the notes of an untuned instrument, played by an unskilful performer.

"Karl," he spake, "why tarry? Wouldst thou disobey the Omnipotent, who holds kingdoms and empires in the hollow of his hand? Arise, arm, and forth to steal! Once more I tell thee that thou art lost for ever—life and land, body and soul—if yon sheeny, crescent moon kiss the western horizon ere thou art up and away in obedience to the will of the Lord! Do as thou listeth. Thou knowest thy fate. A thief and all."

nothing if not. This the last time I shall warn thee. Farewell!"

The angel disappeared: the amber-gold and roseate clouds above opened to receive him; Charlemagne caught through the aperture a glimpse of heaven; and he heard the voices of the blessed singing aloud in eternal chorus the song of the Lamb, "Hosannah in the highest!"

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the monarch sighing; for he was still unhappy, though he no longer doubted or disbelieved. "God's will be done! What is to be must be. And I will go forth and steal, as he has commanded, even though I should be taken like a thief in the act, and meet a thief's end—to be hanged by the neck like a dog. Come what will, shame or sorrow, I will forth."

He sprang from his couch as he spake the words, and set about to dress himself.

"Well! well!" he soliloquized, as he went on; "it can't be helped! But God, who knows all things, knows full well that, rather than do this disgraceful act of my own accord, I would willingly resign into his hands all that which he has bestowed upon me: cities and castles, and land and water, and all that therein live; and, taking shield and spear in my hand, exist on the chances he might send in fair adventure. That I would! and that would be my fondest wish in preference. But he has commanded it, and I must not disobey, for fear I should forfeit his favour. His will be done!"

He had now completed his equipment; and was armed back and breast, head and heel. Cuirass and helm, cuisses, and greaves, and gauntlets

were on; it only remained to take his sword and *couteau de chasse*, his spear and his shield, all of which were every night laid on his bed beside him; — and, then to saddle his horse, and set forth on his reluctant mission.

“Would to God I had never been born!” he murmured, as he stole forth his chamber; “or that it had never come to this. But there is no remedy for it now.”

He passed by his pages as they lay at the outer door of his apartment dead asleep; and he wondered that he woke them not, as he stepped over them in his mailed suit, which clanked at every motion, sufficient to disturb any ordinary sleeper. The porters in the hall of the palace slept also; and the warders at the gates, as well as the centinels on the towers, were torpid as dead men—so deep was their repose.

“It is wonderful!” said he to himself. “The hand of God is here.”

He proceeded to the stable where his best horses were kept, and approached the stall of his favourite steed unobserved. The grooms were all asleep; yea, the very horses slept likewise; all except his favourite, who whinnied and neighed at his approach; but in so low a strain as not to awaken the others.

“God help me!” sighed he once more, as he mounted his caparisoned steed and rode forth. “God help me! I would give seven of the fairest castles that strew the shores of yon lordly river, an I were hence without being seen. What wilt those knights and nobles I leave sleeping within this proud palace say, if I am discovered going out alone in the dead of the night, like a thief

in the darkness? God help me; for I am a helpless man."

Through court-yard and portal passed he unobserved, for the palace seemed like the enchanted city in the Eastern tale—petrified. All within it slept like the dead. The gates opened to his touch; the portcullis sprang up at his appearance; the bridge lowered itself as if by magic at his approach. Unseen, unheard, and unnoticed of aught living, he stood without the precincts of the imperial residence—"the world before him."

And so he rode forth, with a heavy heart, on his thief's errand that blessed night.

It was one of those lovely, late autumn nights, which seem to fall with such fondness on the beautiful banks of the Rhine. The sheeny crescent moon hung its lamp low in the western sky—lighting the concave of heaven as twilight does the "long-drawn aisles and fretted roofs" of a cathedral—the stars shone out in twinkling radiance, vivifying by their apparent activity all around—the broad bright river flowed onwards on its glorious course, dispensing, even in the solitude of the night, its blessings on both shores—the sombre pine-forests, which then covered the mountain tops, slept in the density of their own shadow—and the vine-covered hill-sides laughed out in all the glow of an abundant vintage, "purple and gushing." The scene was one which no land that lies beneath the sun could surpass in sheer loveliness—and which few on the wide earth could equal or even approach. And in this scene, and under that sky, stood

the mighty Emperor of the West—the ruler of the European world—a reluctant wanderer for one of the worst of purposes—robbery.

“God help me!” he exclaimed, wringing his hands in an agony of grief and shame, and bitterness of spirit. “God help me! Where shall I go?”

He threw the reins on the neck of his noble steed; and, then raising his hands to heaven, he prayed aloud.

“Oh, Saviour of man! who came on earth to redeem our sinful souls, be thou my guide and my comforter in this time of trial and distress, and make thy mercies manifest.”

Even as he spake, his steed turned about to the thick, dark, pine-forest which stretched along the rear of the palace of Ingelheim, towards the shores of the Nahe; and the pious monarch, looking on the circumstance as a direct interposition of Providence, pursued without delay the path thus pointed out to him.

On he rode without interruption, and was shortly buried in the gloomy wood. He encountered no one on his way; and the expectation of meeting a fellow-creature was speedily lost in deep meditation on the matter of his journey. But as he proceeded he was followed, unawares, by a mounted man, who came by a cross-path from the recesses of the forest; and ere the emperor heard or saw aught to indicate the presence of a companion, a knight, armed to the teeth, had reined up within a few paces of him, under cover of a clump of trees.

“God help me!” soliloquized the sorely perplexed monarch,—this was his usual exclamation

when in trouble or distress. "God help me! No man could be harder on thieves than I have been—no one could punish them more severely than I have done—and yet here I am, bound to steal myself—a thief in intention, shortly to be a thief in deed. God help me!"

His stalwart steed stepped out freely as he spoke, and neighed as if for joy of his burden, or with pleasure to breathe the free air of heaven. To the monarch it seemed even as the voice of reproach; for many and many a time had that noble animal borne him onwards to victory.

"It is a dreary life after all," he pursued, still soliloquizing as he proceeded. "A dreary, desolate, dangerous life—that of a thief or a robber—who lives by what he can, and whose life is one weary, inglorious adventure. God help us! Get what they may they have no enjoyment of it, for they are in a state of perpetual fear and dread of death; and then when we catch them: we either slay them at once, without giving them a moment to repent of their misdeeds; or hang them like dogs; or smite off their heads to fix on our gates; or gibbet them in the cross-roads of the country. God help us! Never more, as long as I live and reign, will I take man's life for small offence against his neighbour's property."

The strange rider, still unseen, followed the unconscious monarch; who thus went on in converse with his own spirit, unheard though not unnoticed.

"There is that poor fellow, Elbegast*—God

* Elbegast—in the "Minne-sänge" of Frauenlob, Alegast—often also known as Elegast, was, according to tradition,

help me!—I have done him much wrong. For a trifling thing I have driven him forth from house and home; I have deprived him of land and of fee; and I have compelled him to become an outcast and, ah me! a robber. He is now obliged to risk his life for every mouthful he eats, and he must have a heavy heart besides; for his followers, his knights and his squires, are all in the same plight through their love of him. I wonder, would my knights and nobles do as much for me were I in the same wretched condition? And yet I have laid the ban of the empire on whoso shelters or gives him, or his, succour; and made it the loss of feoff and estate, castle and land, to afford him or them either. God help him! He has now no home but the wilderness; no roof but the greenwood tree; no covering but the canopy of heaven. Alas! alas! can I condemn him if he despoil his neighbour; who hath himself been so despoiled of all! And yet there is a nobleness in his bad actions which beseems not the degraded condition he is compelled to. He plunders not the poor; nay, he helps them with his ill-got gains; he despoils not the pilgrim of the offerings which he bears to some holy shrine, but often enriches him with offerings of greater value; he wars not

one of the most cunning, sleight-of-hand thieves in existence. It is related of him that he would steal the eggs from under the brooding bird without her knowledge; and perform many other professional feats of a similar character. In some modern versions of the legend he is represented as a dwarf (vide Simrock's "Rheinsagen"); and his first acquaintance with Charlemagne, is made to commence by his stripping the unconscious monarch of arms and armour, even while on this predatory excursion.

with the merchant or the wayfarer—on the contrary, he gives the one protection, and to the other he affords aid and assistance on his journey. But woe to the bishop, or the abbot, or the monk, or the priest that crosses his path! He pays no respect to their canonicals, or their shaven crowns: but flings them from horse and mule, and strips them of all they carry—gold, and silver, and garments, and all. Oh, but he is a foe to churchmen; who, I must say it, have never been friends to him. Yet, wicked though he be, God help me! I would that I had him here as my companion this night.”

As he spake, the stranger was beside him.

The monarch, though stout of heart beyond all men of his time, was somewhat startled by the appearance of his new associate. It was not, however, without reason that he felt fear; for the stranger was cased from head to heel in armour of a ravenblack;—black plumes nodding heavily from his helmet, like the pinions of a dark night-bud; and the strong, large-boned steed he bestrode was also black as a coal.

“Can it be the prince of darkness?” thought Charlemagne, as he crossed himself, and muttered a pater and ave.

The stranger spake not; but still rode on beside the emperor.

“God help me!” continued the monarch, sorely puzzled, “God help me! Here is an adventure—to hold fellowship with the fiend!”

He spurred his steed to get rid of his companion; but the animal of the black rider was equally powerful and well-paced as his own;

and they were still abreast of each other after a hard ride of half an hour.

"Well, well," exclaimed Charlemagne, "be it for weal or be it for woe, I must through with it. God help me! but I am a miserable man this blessed night."

So saying he reined up his horse, on a sudden, until he almost fell on his haunches; then half-wheeling him round, with a movement equally sudden, he placed himself in front of the black rider. His opponent, by a quick jerk of the bridle, brought his horse to bear on the front of his adversary, in a position which allowed the latter no advantage, thereby shewing himself a most skilful horseman.

"Man or devil," cried the emperor, "stand! You go not hence until I know your name, and how you call your father—whither go you, and what is your errand?"

"It boots not to inquire," spake the dusky stranger, for the first time, in the hearing of the monarch; "for I will not answer your questions."

"Well then, draw!" cried his imperial opponent. "Prove thyself the man thou seemest, or the fiend that thou mayst be. Draw!"

The emperor had no occasion to repeat the challenge; for the word had scarce passed his lips when the broad, bright, trenchant blade of the stranger, glittered in the moonshine. Their first onset, however, was a deadly tilt with spears; in which neither was injured; though their weapons were splintered and broken by the force of the shock like dried bulrushes. They then alighted from their horses, and began with their swords. Never before were the feathered

inhabitants of this thick forest witness to such an encounter. Charlemagne fought with that bravery which won him the reputation of the best swordsman in his own broad empire; but the black rider shewed that he was by no means his inferior in the art of fence. Many and deep were the indentations in the harness of both; and the frequent rills of blood which trickled abundantly from all parts of their bodies exposed to the shower of blows, attested the number and nature of the wounds inflicted. The fight lasted long; but the combatants were as fierce at the end as at the onset.

"Ha!" thought the monarch, as he rested a moment on his sword to draw breath; "by the body of God! but this is the stoutest knave I have ever encountered. He hath wellnigh mauled me into a mummy."

"He is a stark wight," said the black stranger, to himself, as he availed him of the tacit truce for the same purpose. "Such strokes I never felt. He has a hand as heavy as a sledge-hammer."

The combat was again resumed; and again all was done and performed that strength, skill, and agility could effect. The blows fell like rain, and cleft where they fell into bloody chasms; the sparks flew from the collision of weapons like fire from a flint; the silent forest was awakened with the succession of crashes quick, thick, and heavy, as thunder-claps in the troubled sky; and the frightened birds fled away screaming, or soaring high in air, or wheeling astounded around, mixed their plaintive cries, and terrified shrieks, with the sound of strife and slaughter.

"This will never do," said the emperor. "It must not be told that I fought so long without to conquer."

As he spoke he struck at his adversary, who received the blow on his uplifted brand. But such was the temper of the monarch's weapon, and such the force of the blow, that the sword which received it was cut sheer through, as though it were only a willow wand; the severed portion penetrating several feet into the ground whereon it fell.

"You have won," cried the black rider. "Finish. My life is yours!"

"By the body of God!" quoth Charlemagne, "but you are a stout fellow to fight with."

"My life is yours," were the only words the discomfited warrior spake; "take it as ye will."

"Nay, nay," resumed the good-humoured monarch, "that may not be. What boots your life to me?"

"It is now worth nought," said his opponent sadly. "I am a beaten man."

"Bah! bah!" quickly interposed Charlemagne; "away with melancholy. Your life is your own. And now, tell me who you are, whither you go, and what is your business in the forest this night?"

The stranger paused as if to consider; but it was only for a moment. The next instant he drew himself up to his full height, and said—

"I am Elbegast!"

Charlemagne was astounded; surprise and joy overpowered him: he was now to meet the accomplishment of his wish.

"Would you more?" continued the outlaw.

"My story is a long one, not soon told, or pleasant to listen to. I was once rich and noble; I am now an outcast, robbed of my lands and inheritance by——"

"Enough, enough," cried the monarch. "But say, where are your companions? Fame speaks of your followers as a powerful force."

"We are twelve," announced Elbegart, "and no more; but fame sticks not at falsehood."

"Proceed," quoth Charlemagne.

"I was forth on a foray this night," he continued; "but, meeting you, I thought to rid myself of a spy. The emperor, God bless him, is no friend of mine; and I wist not but you were his emissary. Now you know all."

"Well met, my friend," spake the emperor; "well met, and happily too. I am bound on the same business."

"Your name?" asked Elbegast.

"Nay, that is too much to ask of your victor," replied Charlemagne; "but believe yourself safe with me. You shall know all about it in due time."

"Be it as you wish," sighed the sorrowful robber. "I am at your feet."

"And now," continued the emperor, "where shall we go?—for you must bear me company. I am wont to rob every one that comes in my way, rich and poor, well or ill: naught is sacred with me—the shrine in the church, or the coffer of the miser. I heed no complaints; I know no sympathy; I have no respect for persons. So let us go somewhere, for I am hard up: you shall have the half."

Elbegast mused awhile, and did not reply to this proposition.

"Hah!" again broke forth the monarch, "a lucky thought! a lucky thought! I have it! I have it! We shall rob the emperor's treasury together. I know something of the way."

"Friend," spake his companion solemnly, after a brief pause; "I have never done wrong to the emperor yet, and I shall not do so now. Deal as you will with me. I touch not his treasury."

"Oh, very well," said Charlemagne; "he it so. I am not particularly anxious about it. But you shall find some substitute for it; as money I must have this night, something of equal value, by robbery, and by no other means. Wot ye of any other prey?"

"Not two hours' ride from hence," said the outlaw, "stands the strong castle of Eggerich von Eggermond, who married the emperor's sister, and acquired much treasure from the favour of his brother-in-law. Let us thither."

Charlemagne looked as if he hesitated to accede to this proposal; but it was only done to hear what his companion should say.

"He is not fit to live!" pursued Elbegast, indignantly. "He is one from whom it would be no sin to take all he had—ay, even his very breath. It is a shame and a disgrace that he should be suffered to thrive and prosper, while better men are oppressed. Does he not persecute the poor, and plunder the wretched of their last mouthful? Has he not betrayed many innocent men to undeserved death? And would he not even deprive the emperor of life and of power

if he could? I know him well; and a greater villain never cursed the earth he dwells on. That is the proper prey for men like you and me. Let us thither. The little that we can take from the riches he has had heaped on him by the unthinking bounty of his sovereign, will not be missed; nor, if it be, will its loss be felt. Let us thither!"

"Be it even as you say," quoth Charlemagne, And so they bestrode their steeds, and rode forward together for the castle of Eggerich von Eggermond.

The thin, sheeny, crescent moon now hung her lamp very low in the west; indeed it was the third hour past midnight when Charlemagne and Elbegast arrived at their destination. They alighted at the outer edge of the broad demesne that spread around the castle; and having there tied their horses to a tree in the shadow of the forest, proceeded to the edifice itself by the most direct path. As they crossed the fields which led to it, the emperor saw a plough standing in the furrow which it had turned up in the day; and approaching it, he wrenched off the iron share, and bore it in his hand onwards.

"This will do capitally," said he to his companion; "nothing can be better to break a hole in a wall!"

Elbegast shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply; but he thought to himself that it was a curious tool to rob with.

"Whoso goes on such an errand as ours,"

pursued the monarch, "must have proper means. The good workman requires good tools."

Again did his companion shrug his shoulders, and say nothing; but he still thought the tool much more curious than useful.

They had now reached the castle itself. It was a wonder of beauty in its way, and a miracle for strength all the empire over. They halted in the rear of the building to screen themselves from prying eyes.

"Now," said Elbegast, speaking for the first time during the journey, "here we are. Let us begin. Go you on. I shall follow your guidance. For, should any evil befall us in the attempt we are about to make, I would fain have it said that I was not the cause of it."

"Nay, nay," replied the emperor good-humouredly, "on you be it to make a beginning. I wist not the way of the place. And, besides, friend Elbegast, you ken that it was on your knowledge that I came hither. So set about the work; for, God help me! I wot not how we may find entrance."

But Elbegast shewed no immediate signs of compliance. He had thought within himself, that he would ascertain by experiment whether his conqueror was as expert in stealing, as he was at sword play; and he, therefore, determined to put his boasted capacity to the trial in the one as he had done in the other. There might have been a particle of pride mixed up with this resolution also; for even robbers are not inaccessible to the influence of that universal passion, more than men who direct their course by

honourable means to great, and noble, and praiseworthy ends.

"Well, then," he spake, after a pause, as though he had been thinking on the proposition of the emperor; "well, then, let us make an opening in the wall."

"Have at it," quoth the monarch.

And to it they went.

Elbegast drew forth an instrument peculiarly fitted for the purpose of boring with the least possible noise—an instrument of immense power, and of great strength. Charlemagne produced his ploughshare. They set to work with much apparent activity on the part of the former; with unfeigned earnestness on that of the latter. But the monarch found that he could make no impression on the thick-stone wall to which he applied himself; while the robber laughed in his sleeve all the time at the toil, and trouble, and sweat, which the painful and fruitless labour cost him.

"Well, well, brother," spake he, laughing so lowly as not to be heard; "that is not the best tool in the world, after all said and done, to cut through a castle-wall, ten feet thick."

"Methinks so," replied the emperor drily; "yet have I done greater things before now with less worthy weapons."

"Be it so, brother," observed Elbegast. "I but spake to satisfy you of its uselessness in the present case. But the business must be done. So throw it aside for a moment, and let us see what I can do in the matter."

With a degree of dexterity and strength, which shewed at the same time his skill and

his power of body, the robber set himself at once to work; and, to the great surprise of his companion, a wide chasm was agape in the wall, ere he had well recovered himself from the exhaustion produced by his own profitless toil on the same place for the same purpose. It was wide enough to admit any man, however large his dimensions.

"And now, brother," said Elbegast, "as you have insisted on it—and as your will is my law for the time—I shall enter here; and here shall you stay to receive and secure all that I may succeed in bringing out with me."

This arrangement, however, did not altogether satisfy the monarch, for he magnanimously thought that he should not, even in such an undertaking, let another run all the risk, while he derived an equal share of the advantages arising from it. And he therefore spake his thoughts in his own free fashion to the robber. But the robber would hear nothing of it; for he, too, was as magnanimous in his way as the emperor; and it was no part of his practice to permit the inexperienced to encounter any danger to which they did not appear fully competent. And so he said to his companion:

"Nay, nay, it must not be; for your ignorance of the intricacies of this castle would wholly destroy our plan. Stay here till I come back to you. You shall not lose any opportunity of distinguishing yourself which can be fairly afforded you."

So the monarch was fain to rest content with this arrangement; and he stayed without the castle-wall accordingly.

Elbegast entered the edifice through the aperture which he had made; and immediately that he was within it, he drew from his pocket a small dried herb, and placing it in his mouth, began to chew it rapidly. Now, the property of this herb was to make him who did as the robber had done with it, cognisant of the language of the inferior animals, and acquainted with their conversation; and it was thus very useful to him in many respects, as by its means he acquired much additional information in furtherance of his projects. The place he entered at was the stable; and as he stood within it, he heard an old cock, who roosted in a corner, cry out, in his own crowing way, to a large Alpine mastiff who lay crouched beneath his perch:

"Gossip, what do ye think? The emperor is at hand!"

To which the hound barked in reply:

"I know it. Let me sleep."

Elbegast was in sore trouble when he heard this news; and he would, therefore, go no further. So he even returned to the aperture, and appeared before the monarch as one amazed.

"Ho! ho!" quoth the latter, "quick work, comrade! quick work! What hast got?"

"Nay, brother," replied the robber, "I had not the heart even to begin."

And so he told Charlemagne all that he had heard.

"Pooh! pooh!" cried the emperor; "a story of a cock and a dog; 't is as good as the story of a cock and a bull. Ha! ha! ha!" And he laughed immoderately as he spoke.

"Nay, brother," replied Elbegast, rather piqued, "an ye believe me not, try it yourself. Here is the 'herb o' grace.'"

The merry monarch took the herb, and used it as the robber had done; and, true enough, he heard the cock again address his neighbour the mastiff:

"Gossip, wot ye that the emperor is at hand?"

"Yea," growled the drowsy hound. "Let me sleep."

"Wot ye now, how near?" pursued the watchful bird.

"Nay," again growled the hound, "I know not."

"Nor I neither," crowed the cock. "Would that I did: I would give him a royal salute."

The emperor returned to his companion.

"Well," inquired the robber, "are ye satisfied? I'll be hanged by the neck if the emperor is not at hand."

"Nonsense," replied the latter, evading the question; "does your heart fail ye?"

"Nay, never shall that be said of Elbegast," exclaimed he. "Give me the herb. I go."

The emperor fumbled in his mouth, and fumbled in his bosom, for the wondrous herb; but find it anywhere he could not.

"How 's this?" he ejaculated; "I had it but now. Can it be that I have lost it? Yet I held it only this moment between my teeth."

On which the robber laughed outright, and spake:

"Nay, nay, brother, an ye be the thief ye tell me of, it's a matter of sheer miracle to me that ye have not been caught long since. I

stole it from you—ay, from your very mouth—just to try your skill once more.”

And Charlemagne laughed also; for he dearly loved a good joke, even though practised at his own expense.

“So now,” resumed Elbegast, “in God’s name let ’s begin business.”

“Be it so, brother,” said the monarch.

They separated once more.

Elbegast quickly re-entered the aperture; and, after a short absence, returned with as much gold and silver as he could carry in a large sack. So dexterous and rapid had he been, that the monarch scarcely missed him from his side, when he was again in his presence loaded with booty.

“Quick work, comrade,” said Charlemagne jocosely: “methinks you rival Mercury.”

“Who is Mercury?” asked the robber. “Is he in our line? I don’t remember the name! But mayhap he is an Italian or Greek, or other outlandish fellow?”

“He is the prince of thieves, all the world over,” replied the laughing monarch; “and you are his rival.”

The delighted robber shook him cordially by the hand; and then greatly extolled his judgment and discrimination.

“And now,” quoth the emperor, “let us be jogging. We have as much as we may conveniently carry.”

“Nay, nay,” said Elbegast, “an it be your will, I would fain enter here once more.”

Charlemagne looked inquiry; and the robber proceeded.

"Within the chamber where sleeps Eggerich von Eggermonde and his excellent wife—the emperor's sister—there stands the noblest caparison for a steed in the known world. It is a saddle and housing, with bit and bridle to boot, all of the bright red gold. That would I have this night ere we go."

"And why that?" asked the emperor. "Have we not enough already?"

"Because it is hung all over with a hundred sweet bells, and makes beautiful music with every breathing of the wind. I would fain try my skill on it; and willingly will I peril my life to obtain that prize."

"A wilful man will have his way," quoth the monarch, good humouredly. "Even be it as ye list."

Once more they parted—the robber re-entering the aperture for the third time.

Slowly, and softly, and cautiously as a cat, he crept on through the stalls of the stable; and passed so stealthily beneath the horses' bellies, that they never were disturbed. In the same manner he obtained an entrance to the sleeping chamber of the lord of the castle and his lovely spouse, and stood close by the object of his desires, unnoticed and unheard. He reached forth his hand to remove it from the peg on which it hung; but, by some miscalculation, he lost his balance and fell against it. All the bells rung so violently, that Eggerich von Eggermonde sprung up in his bed, to the great terror of his tender wife.

"What, ho!" he cried, in a fierce, loud

voice; "who handles yon harness? My sword! my sword!"

But Elbegast had retreated the instant he recovered himself; and, closely concealed beneath a manger, he answered not.

"Nay, dearest husband," said the lovely lady, "it was nought but the sighing of the wind; or mayhap a nightmare that lay on thy breast and caused thee to have a troubled sleep."

Eggerich von Eggermonde made an impatient gesture; but spake not a word in reply.

"But no," continued she, "it is neither, now that I bethink me. It is one of those terrific dreams that spring from a disturbed mind. Of late I have not failed to notice thee, my husband; and meseems that something of more than usual weight hangs heavy on thy heart. Wilt not tell thine own poor wife?—"

Elbegast, who heard these words, having returned to the chamber, stole closer to the bed, and pricked up his ears to gather all he could of the conversation.

"——It is now three days and three nights since you have eaten or slept sound," she went on; "surely you have some cause for it. I'll lay my life on it but there is that in thy mind of much moment. "Nay," she spake, caressing him fondly the while, "you will not surely conceal it from me?"

"The old song is right," thought the robber, as he witnessed the young wife's various allurements to obtain her husband's secret:

"Woman's wit is manifold,
Be she young, or be she old."

"There is no resisting these entreaties and these caresses," said he to himself. "It will out, whatever it be."

And he was right. For, to the horror and surprise of both,—his wife to whom he communicated it, and Elbegast, his unsuspected auditor,—Eggerich related how he had conspired with twelve others, whose names he told over, against the emperor, his life and his dignity: and how the conspiracy, being then fully ripe, they were, the next morning, to proceed by different paths to Ingelheim, and, under the guise of peace, there to execute their treasonable purpose.

"Before the noon of the coming day," he concluded, "Charlemagne shall be no more; and his wide empire shall be divided amongst us."

"Ho! ho!" thought the thief; "that is your secret?—is it?"

"Murder my own dear brother!" exclaimed the almost petrified ladye. "Murder your sovereign—your benefactor—your friend! Rather would I see you hung by the neck from a gibbet, than that my dear, dear brother should die at your hands! Oh, my husband, I warn you against the deed. It cannot prosper—it shall not, even though I betray ye myself!"

"Peace, woman!" shouted the brutal assassin. "Take that for thy reward, and be silent!"

So saying, he smote her on the fair face in such sort, that the red blood gushed forth from her mouth and nostrils, and she fell senseless in the bed. Elbegast's heart rose within him, as he witnessed this cruel and unmanly act; but as he was himself quite in the toils, he could not then avenge it on the monster. Crawling, how-

ever, closer to the side of the couch on which that lovely lady lay, he held out his glove to receive the blood, as it flowed copiously from her overhanging head.

"This," he thought to himself, "will be my proof to the emperor; for save him I will, if God permits me."

In a short time the wretched assassin closed his eyes, in the uneasy slumber of guilt, and the gentle lady slept also; but hers was the sleep of suffering innocence. Elbegast availed himself of the opportunity;—seized the saddle, and also the sword of the sleeper;—and succeeded in reaching the aperture.

The emperor, tired of waiting inactive so long in the cold, greeted his companion rather roughly when he appeared.

"How now?" quoth he. "Why is this? Am I a man to be kept in waiting by you? By the body of God! it may not be! My father's son will not endure it!"

"Nay, brother," interposed the robber, deprecatingly, "hear me in that which I have to say; for it is of much moment to greater than you or me."

And he proceeded to state to the monarch all he had heard, and seen, and witnessed.

"God be thanked!" thought his imperial listener. "I now see why it was that the angel was so imperative with me. Honour, and glory, and praise unto Him that liveth for ever; for he has watched over the life of his humblest servant this blessed night."

"So now, brother," concluded Elbegast, "here is the saddle—you have the treasure; ride away,

as ye will, or wait here for me; for I shall return to the chamber of Eggerich von Eggermonde, and strike him dead as he sleeps. I shall hew off the traitor's head with his own sword; or with thy trusty dagger let out the life-stream from his black heart. Though the emperor served me but sorrily, I love him still, and shall love him while I live, whatever betides me."

He made to regain the aperture; but Charlemagne stood between him and the entrance."

"Are you mad, comrade?" asked the monarch. "Would you peril our lives to save that of the sovereign? What is he to us? Are we not outlaws? Nay, nay, it must not be. If the emperor is to die, he will die; and even so let him. What boots it to you or to me to save him? No! no! it may not be!"

This he said, as much to try his companion's truth and loyalty, as to prevent any further delay.

"Now, by the God of heaven," spake the robber, solemnly, "an ye were not my sworn brother, this night should not pass over till I had avenged the outrage you do to my fealty! God bless the emperor! for he is worthy of all honour; and long may he live to confound his enemies!"

The monarch exulted at heart in this unbought praise of a persecuted subject; and he resolved within himself, that such fidelity should not long remain unrewarded.

"Nay, comrade," quoth he, "I did but wish to save our own skin. I desire not evil to befall the emperor. Indeed, I rather love him than the contrary. But as you seem so bent on

serving him, I'll shew you a better way. Go you in the morning to the palace, and tell him all. Truly, it will make you a man for life; for if he hath but a spark of the gratitude they say he has, he will reward you with honours, and riches, and power, for that you will have been thus the means of saving his life and his kingdom."

Elbegast shook his head incredulously.

"Nay, nay, brother!" he replied, "never more shall I know favour from the emperor—never more shall I see his face. Even though I did as you desire, he would call it cunning, and credit me not; but he would avenge himself on me for the misdeeds I have done to his clergy and his nobles; and I should soon dangle from a gallows, were I once in his gripe. And yet my first crime against him was but small. It is a sorrowful case—indeed it is."

"Well, then, comrade," pursued Charlemagne, "I will be the messenger myself. Go you with our booty to your band in the forest, and I shall ride hence at full speed for the palace. We meet again when time is ripe. But I must be obeyed."

"Be it so, brother," spake the robber.

They parted. Charlemagne never stopped nor stayed until he was once more within the walls of Ingelheim, secure in its inmost chamber. Elbegast, with a heavy heart, wended his way slowly to his hiding-place in the thick pine-forest.

The "gray-eyed morn" awoke, as Charlemagne paced his apartment, and with it awoke the warders, the pages, and the imperial chamber-

lains, from their preternatural slumbers. The mighty monarch clapped his hands.

"Get together my council at once," said he to his secretary, who entered at the summons.

The council was convened before the first rays of the rising sun had kissed the topmast peaks of the distant Taunus mountains. The paladins of the empire were all present. The emperor entered the chamber in which they sat; and they one and all perceived that he had something of importance to communicate to them. He commenced his recital;—he told them of his dream, and they raised their eyes to heaven;—he told them of his encounter with the robber, and they rubbed their hands with joy, and their long beards wagged merrily with laughter;—he told them of the intended treason, and they were mute with horror and amaze. He then asked their advice.

"Let them come," outspoke the brave old Duke of Bavaria; "it shall cost them many a life, ere they reach your heart. They must march over my dead body first."

"We are many and strong," said the Earl of Flanders, "and no ill shall betide ye while we have breath in our nostrils."

"The Franks have ever been faithful to their kings," exclaimed the Duke of Lorraine; "they will not belie their character now."

"God and the emperor!" exclaimed his impetuous nephew, Roland. "God and the emperor! Let them come on!"

And thus the discourse ran round the circle, until it was suggested by Eginhard, the emperor's young secretary, that the short time requir-

ed quick shrift; and that by far the more useful and effective way to meet the foe would be, to proceed to arm their own followers. Acting on this they called together their retainers, and armed them accordingly: each paladin then took up the post assigned to him in the palace, or in its immediate precincts. By the usual hour of audience, all was in readiness to defeat the conspiracy, and attack the traitors. The chivalry of the Round Table—

“Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles that died”—

encompassed their beloved chief, girt for the fray, and eager for the faitours; and every precaution was taken to ensure success, for Eggerich von Eggermonde was very powerful, and his friends and retainers were many and strong.”

When the hour of audience had arrived, the palace-gates were thrown open to the public as usual; and, within a few minutes from that period, large bodies of strange men flocked into the court-yard, in succession, from different quarters. They had, however, scarcely entered, when they were all seized and examined. Each of them was found to be armed with a short sword and a hauberk, or mailed coat; both being concealed under a long, loose outer garment. They were then passed from the court-yard to the dungeons of the palace, without the incoming body being in any wise aware of their fate. The last party that arrived was that of the chief-traitor, Eggerich von Eggermonde. His escort were armed to the teeth without any

affectation of concealment; for he deemed that his great power, and his close relationship with the emperor, would silence all observation on the circumstance, until it would be too late for observation to avail any thing. No sooner, however, had he passed the inner gate with his retainers, than the portcullis fell behind him with a thundering crash, and he found himself in the midst of the paladins and their forces, cut off altogether from his own followers, who, to his great dismay and horror, he beheld surrounded, disarmed, and led off, bound in chains, to a place of security. But he was not altogether cast down by this unexpected occurrence; and he demanded loudly to be led before the emperor.

"What's this?" he spake, in an angry voice, as they ushered him into the presence of that monarch. "How now? Wherefore this outrage? Speak, brother; is this mastery wilful, and by thy command?"

Charlemagne hereupon charged him, in the presence of the empire, with his treason.

"It is false!" exclaimed the fierce and fearless traitor. "Who dares to say it besides yourself, my sovereign? I challenge the paladins of the Round Table—the barons of the empire—to gainsay me, or prove it. Here is my gage."

He flung down his gauntlet, as he said the words, and looked around on the assembled circle with an air of defiance, though thrice a hundred swords had sprang from their sheaths, or ever he had half finished his speech—to cut it short.

"It is well," said the emperor, waving his hand majestically, to still the commotion. "Peace my lords! peace!" addressing himself to his

peers; "the quarrel be mine, as is the accusation. I will provide me with a champion. To-morrow, an ye choose," he turned to the accused lord, as he spake, "at sunrise ye shall enter the lists with one who will make thee confess thy treason. God prosper the right!"

"To-morrow at sunrise be it then," doggedly repeated Eggerich von Eggermonde, as he was led off in custody of two of the twelve paladins of the empire to a secure part of the palace.

The council then terminated its sittings for the day.

"It may not be—nay, never can it," quoth Elbegast, to a messenger from Charlemagne, on the eve of the day following that of their separation in the pine-forest. "You speak not the words of truth. You would wile me into the emperor's power; to the end that he may punish me alone."

"Here is his act of grace, under his own imperial hand and seal," replied the messenger. "It is yours, an you obey his behest."

The robber read the document, and was satisfied. He then bestrode his stalwart steed, and accompanied the messenger to Ingelheim.

"And now," asked he of his companion, as they rode together, "keep your word—tell me what is the price of this pardon. Nothing for nothing, is the rule of courts, or was, at least, when I knew them; and, methinks, they change little in that respect, or in any other, for the better."

"To do battle to the death with a deadly foe of

our sovereign lord the emperor," replied the messenger.

"God bless the emperor!" exclaimed the robber, raising his helm from his head. "I am ready to stake my life for his benefit. But against who am I to fight?"

"Eggerich von Eggermonde," said the messenger, solemnly, "—a man of potency."

"Now, praise be to Heaven," outspake Elbegast; "all is ordered as it should be. By the body of God! but there is nothing in this life or in the next which I could have more desired. Long live the emperor!"

They spurred on, and arrived at the palace late at night. The council was again sitting. Elbegast was ushered into the imperial presence, and stood at the foot of a round table, about which were arranged the paladins. He did not, however, recognise his companion of the preceding night in the emperor; by reason that the emperor on that occasion had worn his vizor down, as it has been already stated.

"God greet ye all!" he exclaimed, as he crossed the threshold of the council-chamber. "Health and happiness to the emperor!"

"Sir Elbegast," spake the monarch, we would hear all you know touching a pending conspiracy of Eggerich von Eggermonde against our crown and dignity."

He signed with his hand, as he spake, and Eggerich von Eggermonde was brought in, and confronted with the robber.

"I impeach this lord as a traitor to the empire," said Elbegast, fearlessly; "and as a plotter against the emperor's life. If God could do

The sharp shrilly note of a silver trumpet rang clear through the cool morning air. Not a sound was heard beside. The crowded lists were immovable, and seemingly breathless too.

"God defend the right!" echoed the marshal of the field. "On, Sirs! On!"

The combatants buried their long spurs in the flanks of their steeds. They charged:—the shock was like that of two mountains. Yet neither was unhorsed.

Again the silver trumpet sounded, and again they charged. Valour and skill were with both; and once more they drew off unhurt.

A third time, with fresh lances, they rushed on each other at the warning-note. But this time Sir Eggerich von Eggermonde was flung from his saddle, clean over his horse's crupper, far into the arena beyond; while Sir Elbegast lost his lance, which had been shivered to splinters in the shock.

Sir Eggerich, however, soon recovered the effects of his fall. He was on his legs in a moment, and had drawn his two-handed sword over his shoulder ere his opponent was well aware of his intention.

"Now, by the fiend!" quoth the traitor, "you and your horse shall die, an you alight not. It were pity to slay that noble animal. But die he shall, an you alight not at once."

He whirled his weapon twice round his head, as in the act to strike; but Sir Elbegast, before the blow fell, had made his docile steed spring backwards full a dozen paces. The heavy sword sunk deep in the soil; and such was the force

of the intended blow, that it required an exertion of strength, and some little time to recover it. In the meanwhile Sir Elbegast had drawn his trenchant blade, and was in full caracole beside his false-hearted adversary.

"Traitor that thou art!" he exclaimed, "accursed of God and of man! what remains for me but to slay thee as thou standest there?"

"Strike!" shouted the dauntless villain. "A man can die but once! Strike!"

"Nay, never shall it be said," resumed Elbegast, "that I fought a foe at an odds."

He sprung from his demi-pique saddle, as he uttered the words; and in a moment more was foot to foot and face to face with his opponent. They then battled in good earnest. But what boots it to tell of a fierce encounter, more than that the two best men of the bravest nation under the sun did their very utmost to destroy each other? The fight ended in the death of Sir Eggerich von Eggermonde. With one down-handed blow his enemy cut through helm and hair, and clove his skull to the chine.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Charlemagne. "His ways are wise, and His wisdom is inscrutable! Give Him thanks, my people;"

The monarch knelt for a minute at the altar, and the crowd all humbled themselves in the same solemn guise. Sir Elbegast bent the knee also in prayer and thanksgiving. It was a beautiful sight to see.

"Come hither, my friend," said the emperor to Elbegast. "Know ye me?"

He drew down his vizor and cast off his surcoat, as he spake; and the victor recognised in a

moment his companion of a previous night—his fellow-plunderer. The emperor then cast a black cloak over his shoulders; and again the robber recognised in him the messenger who had come with the imperial act of grace to bring him from his retreat in the pine-forest to the palace of Ingelheim, on the preceding evening.

"God's will be done!" he exclaimed. "I am ready to atone for my sins."

"And I am as ready to reward thy merits," spake Charlemagne.

The applausive courtiers cheered this sentiment of their sovereign.

"From this hour be thou lord of the broad lands that belonged to yon dead traitor: be ever by my side, as my best and most faithful friend; and would ye wish a noble wife," continued the good-humoured monarch, "as I know ye are single, and as I will vouch for your honour with mine, even take his widow, my own dear sister."

Again the complaisant crowd applauded the magnanimity of their sovereign. Sir Elbegast was too full of gratitude to speak; but his looks were more eloquent than any words could be expressive.

From thenceforward the emperor and his friend Sir Elbegast were never more separated.

The dead body of the traitor, Sir Eggerich von Eggermonde was hung on a gibbet fifty feet high.

The palace was called Ingelheim, or Engelheim (the Angel's Home), ever since, in memory of this circumstance and of the celestial visit which led to it.

And thus entered this most wonderful adventure.

The legends of Eginhard and Emma, and the Empress Hildegard, are too curious to be omitted in this work, although more than a proportionate space has been already devoted to Ingelheim.

EGINHARD AND EMMA.

There is a curious story of the marriage of Eginhard, secretary to Charlemagne, and Emma, or Imma, one of the daughters of that powerful sovereign. As Gibbon has not disdained to employ his pen in refutation of this union, on the grounds alleged by Eginhard himself against the chastity and morals of this fair dame and her sisters,* it would not be pardonable to omit the tale alluded to in a work of this nature. A poetical, or, rather, rhymed version of it, from the German of Pfeffel,** is given here in preference to the simple prose of the original legend:—

Haste, love, and shut the hall-door to,
And hand my harp to me;
And of a maiden, fair and true,
I'll sing a song to thee.

That German hero, Charlemagne,
Of this fair maid was sire,

* He says, "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," cap. xlix, note E. "The marriage of Eginhard with Imma, daughter of Charlemagne, is, in my opinion, sufficiently refuted by the *probrum* and *suspicio* that sullied these fair damsels, without excepting his own wife (c. xix. pp. 98-100, cum Notis Schmincke). The husband must have been too strong for the historian." And no one who has read the work of Eginhard alluded to, but must come to the same conclusion;—that is, that the story is a fable, and nothing more.

** Poetische Versuche. Zweiter Theil. s. xvi. Ed. 1796.

Whose feats 'gainst Moors and Saxons rang
Throughout his vast empire.

Oh! like her sire was Emma not,
But mild as morn in May;
Like blushing rose-buds, cheeks she 'd got;
Her eyes beamed heaven's own ray.

From men, mamma close kept her barred;
No knight the sweet maid saw,
Save the secretary Eginhard,
Who wrote for her papa.

A comely youth he was, I ween;
Thick curls o'er clear brow wave,
Lithe-limbed, his dark eyes glanced sheen;
As Roland* was he brave.

The winter through she lessons took
From him in writing's art;
Though on her ciphers scarce she'd look,
His form so filled her heart.

The tenderness of sweet seventeen
Full oft makes maiden fall;
Ere long young Eginhard, 'twas seen,
To her was all in all.

One day her sire the gout did seize,
His spouse with him did stay;
Fair Hildegard at chess did please
To pass the time away.

* Roland, or Orlando, nephew of the emperor, more than once already alluded to in this work.

'Twas Candlemas; and cold enow
Sate Eginhard frost-bound,
Till devil-drove, he scarce knew how,
Fair Emma's bower he found.

Lay she a-bed? Upon that score
Our chronicler says nought;
But till the clock twelve hours told o'er,
The youth good warming got.

Now matins peal. A burning buss
Awakes him. Lack-a-day!
The court-yard—what a pretty fuss!—
With snow deep-sheeted lay.

"What's this?" he cries. "Good God of
heaven!

If footstep mine be seen,
To the headsman's sword my head is given—
To the cloister ye, I ween."

Mute as the mother of all grief,*
The maiden paced her room;
On sudden seems she feels relief,
She cries, "Quick, dearest, come!"

Then on her back she bore him straight,
Beneath the moon-beam bright,
Across the court unto the gate,
Where sprang he down so light.

But, oh! protect them heavenly powers!
This hapless pair shield ye!—

* Mater Dolorosa.

From forth his casement Charles down glowers
On this strange chivalry.

His sword he grasps—'twas in despair—
Like light he rushes fast.
"Die, both!" he shouts. "No! first prepare.
Here, chaplain! holla! haste!"

The priest aroused, now hurries fussed,
With surplice hung awry,
His doublet loose, his hose untrussed—
The king's call makes him fly.

He sees—but Hogarth's self alone
The scene should limn—the maid
Knelt low, her sire's glaive o'er her shone,
Mute, near, her lover staid.

"What's now?" Priest Engelbert slow draws,
With one hand in his hair.
"Quick!" cries the king—his sword downfalls—
"And marry me this pair."

So far the poet. The legend, however, goes further, and relates how the incensed monarch banished his daughter and her lover from the court; how they crossed the Rhine; and how they took up their humble abode in a low and lonely hut in the Odenwald, not far from the mouth of the Main.

Here they dwelt in peace and pleasure for upwards of seven years, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." At the end of that period,

it happened that Charlemagne, hunting in the neighbourhood, passed their door, and, feeling exhausted, asked for some refreshment. They knew him at once; but he did not recognise them: for he had lost all traces of their flight; and years and rustic toil had made considerable change in their countenances. He entered their humble abode; and his delighted daughter set about making ready the meal, which, in days of yore, she was once accustomed to prepare for his royal palate. Fatigue and hard exercise had sharpened his appetite to that degree, that, though never over-nice, as a warrior always should be, in the matter of food, he felt that nothing could then come amiss to his mouth. What his surprise was, however, on seating himself at table, may better be imagined than described, when he found placed before him in all its raciness the favourite dish, which none but his daughter Emma could cook to his entire satisfaction. The secret was out. He at once discovered his entertainers. Eginhard, who had gone forth to look after the horses of the emperor's retinue, was recalled and reintroduced to his father-in-law; and he found the mighty sovereign weeping over his wife, whose head was hidden in his bosom; and he flung himself at his feet.

"Rise, my children," cried the monarch, overpowered with his paternal emotions, "rise, my beloved children. Happy am I to find you here this day. Blessed be the spot where we have met; and blessed be it called from this day forward and for ever."

They all returned to Ingelheim the same night.

Next day in full court, Charles presented the pair to his assembled feudatories; and then bestowed on them a large tract of territory, including the Odenwald.

One child, a beautiful boy, who gave promise of a distinguished manhood, was the only fruit of their union; but he was unhappily torn from them by the inexorable hand of fate. He died young.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

The disconsolate mother did not long survive him. Eginhard on her death built a cloister on the spot where they became reconciled to her sire, and endowed it with all his worldly possessions. He occupied the remainder of his life in compiling the history of his father-in-law and the annals of Franconia, or the kingdom of the Franks. On his death-bed he directed that his body should be buried in the same coffin with that of his beloved wife; which was accordingly done. To this day their monument is shewn in the church of Seligenstadt (Blessed Spot), a town which sprang up round the abbey built by Eginhard on the "Blessed Spot" where the reconciliation between him, his wife, and her sire took place; so named according to the expression of the potent emperor on that occasion. But the monument is all that remains of them; for the coffin containing their relics was sent as a present, in recent times, by the Grand Duke of Hesse, in whose dominions the town was situated, to the Count of Erbach, who claimed descent in a right line from the illustrious secretary of Charlemagne. It is still shewn in the ancient

hall of the castle of Erbach, with many other monuments of "the olden time."

True history tells us that Eginhard was one of the most learned men of his age; and that he was, moreover, a most accomplished statesman. His works are still considered the best authority for all that relates to the period in which he lived. It is not by any means certain that he married the daughter of Charlemagne, although the weight of incontestable evidence would seem equally balanced for and against the supposition. Her sister Bertha, it is a well-known fact, made a secret marriage with her tutor Engelbert (the priest of the poem), and had offspring by him the celebrated statesman and historian Neidhard. Why may not Eginhard have married Emma? The mighty Emperor Charlemagne seems to have been any thing but fortunate in the females of his family.

THE EMPRESS HILDEGARD.

Of the Empress Hildegard, one of the "nine wives"* of Charlemagne, this legend is related.

When this great monarch went forth to the Saxon war, he confided his beloved bride Hildegard, who remained at Ingelheim in his absence, to the care of his half-brother Taland. Hildegard was young and beautiful, and of high birth; she

* "The great qualities of Charlemagne," says Hallam, with much truth and propriety, "were indeed alloyed by the vices of a barbarian and a conqueror. Nine wives, whom he divorced with very little ceremony, attest the license of his private life, which his temperance and frugality can hardly be said to redeem."—*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, vol. i.

was also good, and chaste, and pious. Every one loved her; but Taland loved her with an unholy passion. Taland was a bad, bold man; and as he had no scruples, so he saw a chance of success. He determined to obtain possession of his sister-in-law's person; and, with a treachery unexampled even at the period, he made to her his most base proposals.

It was on the evening-tide of as lovely a day as ever shone upon the valley of the Rhine, that he sought her in her bower, and confessed his foul passion. The queen knew not what to say or what to do in this emergency. His power was great; indeed, his brother had delegated to him all that which he himself possessed; the confidence the king had in him was unlimited; and Charlemagne himself was in Saxony, far away from all effectual aid. She knew Taland was reckless as well as ruthless. In short, as I have already said, she knew not what to say or to do. At once, however, a thought struck her; and she immediately resolved to put it in execution.

"Hie thee," she said to the false brother of her spouse, "hie thee to the wood, and there in the most shady recess of the forest build ye for me a lone and secret bower. It would not beseem my troth or thy allegiance to the king, that we should be taken together in amorous dalliance. Until then, speak no more on the subject. I shall measure thy love by thy expedition. But, by all means, let it be strong and secure within and without."

Taland kissed her white hand, and flew to execute his mission. In a few days he again stood before her in her private chamber.

"Thy commands are executed, fair Hildegard," spake he; "now make me happy."

"But bethink thee," said the queen, "what may be the result. I fear me much I cannot consent."

"Nay, by heaven!" replied he, "you must do so now. Your word is plighted."

"Well, then, let us go," quoth the queen, soothingly; for she saw that he was no longer to be trifled with.

They sped quickly through the wood by concealed paths which led from the palace, and were known to few save the royal family. In the thickest part of the forest stood a small building of great strength. It was so situated as to defy discovery, unless the whole wood was cut down or uprooted around it.

"Here," said the impatient traitor, "is the bower I built for you. Here shall we taste the joys of love.

They approached the narrow doorway.

"See," continued he, "I have, caused it to be made according to thy will in every particular. These walls would withstand the assault of one of my brother's battering-rams; and the power of a catapult could not force this massive door."

"But how does it fasten?" inquired Hildegard.

"So," said he, stepping within the door, and shutting it to, to shew her.

"So," exclaimed she, suddenly turning the key on the outside, and drawing it from the lock, "you are now my prisoner; and there shall you stay until thy lord and my husband, the king, comes from the wars."

Six days she detained him in close durance,

supplying him herself with food through a narrow grating in the door. At the expiration of that period, touched with compassion at the prostrate state in which he seemed, and confiding too much in his promises of repentance and expressions of sorrow, she liberated him. From thenceforward he became her most deadly foe: every thought of his mind was directed to the one darling object of his heart—revenge. Day and night he brooded over it; morning and evening he plotted for it. We shall see in what way he obtained his wicked end.

Charlemagne, after defeating his foes, returned home quite unexpectedly. Taland, however, had a previous intimation from an emissary, attached to his brother's suite, of his coming; and, affecting a joy which he did not feel, he hastened forth to meet and welcome him to court. He communicated the news to no one; even the queen had no inkling of her husband's proximity until he stood before her. But in the meantime the wicked Taland had instilled the poison of jealousy into his brother's breast.

"Where is Hildegard?" asked the hero, when he saw Taland.

"She tarries your coming at Ingelheim," replied he, "the journey mayhap was too great for her. Why we are now a full day's ride from the palace. Oh! but she is a patient lady."

Charlemagne's great heart rose within him at this insinuation of altered love on the part of his spouse. Taland saw that his opportunity had arrived, and he availed himself of it. In short, before they reached Ingelheim, he had

succeeded in making his brother believe the virtuous Hildegard the most abandoned of her sex.

As they neared the palace by a private way, the traitor pointed out the unsuspecting queen to the view of her husband. Unconscious of his coming, she sat alone in the window of her bower; busied, apparently, with her long yellow tresses, which floated unconfined in the light breeze of the evening; but, in reality, buried in deep thought of her beloved husband. Little recked she of his proximity to her, or she would have sprung from the highest turret of the palace rather than be backward to embrace him.

"There," said the double-traitor Taland to the king, "there she sits. Observe her closely. Think you that any woman, who waits so calmly her husband's coming after such a long absence, can love him?"

Charlemagne entered the palace by a private door, and summoned the provost, a principal officer, secretly to his chamber.

"Take the queen," said he to him—"bind her face—bear her forth to the forest—and there put out her eyes. Then leave her to her fate. Delay—and you die. Go!"

The trembling official bowed and departed. He did not dare to hesitate, still less to question the cause of this cruel command, though he was both shocked and surprised at it; for he saw the king was in no mood to be trifled with, and he knew his own life was at stake.

"God of heaven!" cried the hapless Hildegard when she saw the soft sunlight streaming through

the trees as they removed the thick black bandage from her face. "God of heaven! where am I? What would you with me?"

The provost and his two grim-looking assistants made ready to execute their orders; but, rugged as they were, they set about the sad task with evident reluctance. The good queen had won even their hard hearts to pity and regard,

"O God! and must it be so?" she exclaimed, when they told her what was their object. "O God! whether or not I deserve this at my husband's hands, you best know."

"Make ready, ladye," said the provost, "and forgive us. We are but the slaves of the king; and his breath is our life or death."

"I pardon you," replied the queen, "I pardon you from my soul. A minute more, permit me, only to pray; and then do as you will. God pity me, man may not."

She prayed fervently, while her executioners stood at a little distance, looking on her as though she were an angel from heaven. The old provost wiped away a tear from his eye, as she rose, and made a sign that she was ready to meet her fate.

"What is that?" whispered one of his assistants.

They listened, laying their ears to the ground for a moment. "It is the tramp of a horse," said another.

"Save me! save me!" shrieked the queen.

The echo of her shriek had scarce died in the distance, when an armed knight, spurring his foaming steed through bush and brake and brier,

sprang into the midst of the group. His lance was levelled at the executioners: his eyes glanced like burning coals through the black bars of his vizor.

"Save me! save me!" shrieked the queen, "but spare them."

"Hildegard!" exclaimed the knight. He threw up his vizor.

"Otto!" exclaimed Hildegard.

The knight was at her side in a moment: in another, his broad bright glaive glistened in his hand. But the provost and his minions had fled. Knowing they could not cope with an armed warrior, and happy to be exempt by any means from the ungracious task imposed on them, they sped back like the winds.

Graf Otto, who was the queen's sister's husband, on being informed of the particulars, bore her away to his own castle; from whence, with only his wife's privity, he conveyed her, immediately after, to a hidden place in the mountains on the other side of the Rhine. The provost and his assistants took council together in their flight; and, on their arrival at the palace, told the king that they had acted according to his orders. Every circumstance thus happily concurred to conceal the hapless Hildegard's fate from her husband. He believed that she had perished miserably in the forest, and, though he could not avoid an occasional pang at the remembrance of the past, he soon succeeded in quieting his remorse, and in almost forgetting her altogether.

When the queen deemed all danger well-nigh over, by the assistance of her sister, she pro-

cured the company of a noble maiden, Rosina von Bodmin; and, disguised as male pilgrims, they proceeded to Rome, giving out in their way, that they went thither to procure absolution from the pope for a heavy sin in which both had participated. Their journey was much facilitated by the cures which the queen worked on many who were sick, sore, and infirm, through her deep knowledge of the medicinal properties of various plants, herbs, and flowers; and half the toils of the way were alleviated by the gratitude of those whose health she thus restored. In due time they reached the eternal city. Adrian the First then filled the pontifical throne of the Christian world. They at once established themselves in Rome, with the permission of the holy father, first resuming the garb of their sex: and there Hildegard worked such wonderful cures, that she was deemed little less than a denizen of heaven dwelling in the shape of woman upon earth.

In the meanwhile, it may be as well to revert to what occurred at Ingelheim.

Taland was stricken by the hand of God with a disease which baffled the skill of all the physicians at the court, or in the whole compass of the wide dominions of Charlemagne. He wasted away, until his bones almost protruded through his skin; and he looked like a living skeleton.

"Come to Rome with me," said the king to him one day. "The pope has appealed to me for aid against the king of the Lombards, and I

must go to his assistance. You can there consult the wonderful woman, whose fame for curing all deadly and dangerous diseases has spread even to the shores of the Rhine from the banks of the Tiber."

All was soon prepared for the march; Charlemagne rode at the head of his troops on his journey to Rome; and Taland was carried in a litter. The march and its sequel is wholly in the province of general history, with which this story has little or nothing to do; and we shall therefore pass it over, and come at once to its conclusion. Immediately on his arrival in the capital of Christendom, Taland sought, without a moment's delay, the abode of the injured Hildegard: all unconscious that the wondrous female physician was his much-wronged sister-in-law. He was not long in finding it; for every one knew where their benefactress dwelt; and every tongue was eloquent in her praise. Hildegard was not entirely unprepared for this visit, for she had held regular intelligence of her husband's court from her sister and her brother-in-law.

A long, dark passage, lighted at the extremity by one faint taper, was entered, and the wasted Taland saw before him a female garbed in black flowing robes. He approached her humbly: sickness and sorrow had brought down the pride of his spirit, and softened the hardness of his heart.

"Who art thou?" asked Rosina, for she it was who thus met him by order of her mistress.

"A miserable wretch," answered he, sighing deeply.

"Thy name?" inquired she.

"Men call me Taland," replied the wasted form. "My brother is the great king Charlemagne."

"Thy business here?" she spake, after a moment's pause. "Be brief."

"To be healed of a mortal malady," said he, sadly, "if God so wills it, and you refuse not to take my case in hand."

"Not me," said the maiden, "but my mistress. I am only the meanest of her handmaidens. Seat thee on this couch, and wait here until my return. I go to advertise her of your coming."

In a few minutes Rosina returned.

"Haste, shrive thee at once," she resumed; "confess thy sins to the holy father. Thus my mistress speaks. Then take this drug. If thy repentance be not sincere, it will have no power to cure thee; if it be, you will again recover your health. Be ready to come here when she calls for thee."

Hildegard, within an hour from that time, had reminded the pope of her singular story, and obtained his renewed promise of aid and intervention in her favour, if they were found necessary.

Taland did as she directed; and, from that very hour his recovery became apparent to all. Within less than a month, he had regained his strength and spirits; but he was an altered man in his mind. Charlemagne wondered much at the rapidity of his recovery; and his wonder grew into great curiosity to see the being who could effect such a seeming miracle. The more he heard of her—and no tongue was silent in her praise—the more his desire was excited. At length he despatched an officer of his palace to pray her

presence next day at his court, that he might do her heavenly skill all due honour; but, to his great surprise; the following answer to his invitation was promptly brought back by the courtier:

"O king! she bade me say," thus spake the messenger, "she will not come to thy court. The palaces of princes are not for her; and she may not at present visit them. But she will meet thee at the tenth hour to-morrow, in the morning, at the high altar of St. Peter's, and there, in the presence of the living God greet thee."

"Good," said the king. "I 'll go."

At ten the next morning he entered the cathedral of Christendom. As he approached the high altar, he perceived the pope clothed in full pontificals seated on the upper step: beside him stood two strangers garbed as pilgrims. The church was crowded with soldiers and priests; for the conjoint courts of the pope and the emperor were present on the occasion.

"Here, my son," said the father of the Christian world to Charlemagne, "here is the wonderful physician you wish to know of."

At this moment the queen flung off her pilgrim's garb, and stood revealed to the astonished king. A moment more, and old affections had resumed all their accustomed sway;—they were clasped in each other's arms like long-parted lovers.

"Bless you both, my beloved children!" said the venerable pontiff tremulously, with tears in his aged eyes;—"bless ye, bless ye!"

Hildegard told her simple tale in the presence of the assembled multitude. Ten thousand swords leaped from their scabbards as she concluded the

affecting narrative. High above all waved the trenchant blade of the king, as he sprang towards the guilty Taland for the purpose of anticipating the vengeance of the infuriate multitude, who thronged on him too like the in-coming waves of a stormy ocean. But Hildegard had likewise anticipated this scene; and, ere her husband could reach him, she stood between the brothers—the guardian angel of both.

"Spare him," she spake, and the raging of the multitude ceased for a moment at her voice. "He is repentant."

The king made as though he would smite him dead: the armed multitude again heaved tumultuously towards the traitor.

"For my sake," she cried. "Who strikes him shall do it through me. God wills it."

"Whoso spills blood in God's house, let him be accursed," said the pope, solemnly.

"Amen," responded the attendant ecclesiastics.

"God wills it. Be it so," exclaimed the king.

"God wills it," shouted the crowd.

"But," continued the monarch, "justice must have its course. Go, base man, no longer brother of mine. Take your forfeit life: but be banished for ever from our presence."

"A righteous judgment," said the holy father. "Be it so."

"Amen," again chorused the ecclesiastics.

The guilty Taland went forth; and, on the utmost limits of his brother's broad dominions, lived and died in obscurity. Charlemagne and the happy Hildegard returned shortly after to Ingelheim, where they made sunshine all around them.

The proud palace of Ingelheim, the birthplace and favourite abode of Charlemagne, has been a ruin for several centuries. "In the gateway, which still stands," says Goethe,* "there is to be seen a piece of a white marble pillar built into the wall, on which is engraven the following inscription, of the date of the thirty years' war:

"Eight hundred years ago, this structure was the palace of Charlemagne and of Ludwig the Pious, his son; also, in 1044, of the Emperor Henry (the 5th); and, in 1360, of the Emperor Charles (the 4th); king of Bohemia. The pillars of the great hall were brought from Ravenna by Charlemagne; a portion of one of which is now reerected here in the Lower Palatinate, in honour of the Emperor Ferdinand the 2d, of Germany, and the King Philip the 4th of Spain, the 6th April, 1623."

Ingelheim palace suffered severely in the wars which ensued between Frederic the Victorious, Prince Palatine of the Lower Rhine, and Adolph, archbishop of Mentz, A.D. 1239. Several diets of the empire, and some councils of the church, were held within its walls during its occupation as a pleasure-palace by the emperors of Germany. Charles the Fourth was the last of these sovereigns who resided in it. The ground-plan of the original palace may still be traced: and Goethe relates, that in his time the locality of the ancient kitchen was discovered, by the circumstance of a great number of boars' tusks, and bones of other edible animals being dug up on the spot.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

*Reise am Rhein, Main und Neckar.

RHEIN-AUE.

Almost midway in the Rhine, below Ingelheim, lies a long narrow island, named Rhein-Aue. To this island, it is said, Charlemagne often resorted to enjoy the sport of fishing, when he held his court on the shores of the river; and here, also, his hapless son, Ludwig the Mild, ended his persecuted life, after having been for years an exile and an outcast—driven from place to place by his unnatural and rebellious sons;—at least, so says tradition.

LUDWIG THE MILD.

Ludwig the Mild, better known to the readers of general history as Louis le Débonnair, and Louis the Pious,* was, perhaps, one of the most unfortunate princes on record. The death of his father, Charlemagne, left him sole master of an immense empire founded and perfected by the valour and wisdom of that great monarch and his predecessors: yet his life was one continuous scene of calamity; and his death occurred under circumstances of privation and distress not often endured even by the most hapless of deposed sovereigns.

* "These names," says Hallam, in a sensible note to his excellent work (*State of Europe*, vol. i. cap. 1. §. France), "as a French writer observes, meant the same thing. *Pius* had, even in good Latin, the sense of *mitis*, meek, forbearing, or what the French call *débonnair*," This learned author has preferred the word *débonnair*, for reasons which he explains; the word "mild" has been adopted here as more consonant to the Teutonic term *Fromme*; the subjects of which this work treats being essentially German.

"In more peaceful times Ludwig the Mild would have been an excellent sovereign; but among the rugged Franks, at that rude period, he proved only a weak prince. What his sire effected by strength of purpose and force of arms, he sought to accomplish by gentleness and goodwill, but without the same success. On the contrary, misfortune followed misfortune in such rapid and undeviating consecutiveness, that his whole life was one continuous struggle against his adverse fate." Such is the statement of the best-informed historians: such is the opinion of even his warmest partisans.

His first grand mistake was the partition of the empire among his three sons, Lothaire, Ludwig, and Pepin. This he did after the example of his father, who had made a similar arrangement in his lifetime; and the same evil effect resulted from it; that is to say, discord between themselves and rebellion against his paramount authority. To Pepin he gave Gaul or Aquitaine; to Ludwig, Bavaria; and to Lothaire, the German empire, with the joint title of emperor. It is said that he was induced to this impolitic act by the hope of appeasing the constant dissensions which existed in his family; but he only "sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind" (A.D. 814).

The next error into which he fell was connected with his second marriage. Irnengarde, his first wife, mother of his three sons, having died, he espoused another, Guta, or Judith, daughter of Welf or Guelf, duke of Bavaria, one of his own feudatories. She was the fairest maiden in Germany; and she was as ambitious as she was fair; and as unscrupulous as

she was ambitious. Her first care was to surround the court with her own creatures, so as to exclude from the presence of Ludwig all those whom she considered inimical to the main objects she had in view. The chief of these was Bernard, duke of Septimania, her own special favourite, afterwards branded as her unlawful lover; and him she procured to be put in the place of Wala, the king's cousin, abbot of Corvey, and principal officer of state of the empire, whom she persuaded the facile Ludwig to banish to his own monastery. In due course she gave birth to a son, subsequently known as Charles the Bald; and, proceeding on her suggestions, a diet was called at Worms by the king, for the purpose of making a fresh partition of the empire so as to include the newcomer (A.D. 816-17).

This was the signal for an outbreak on the part of the two elder sons, Pepin and Lothaire; and accordingly they collected a large armed force, and took field at Compeigne in France. The exiled Wala placed himself at the head of this force, which advanced towards the Rhine by rapid marches. After various successes, the rebels obtained the upper hand of the emperor: Ludwig was deposed: Gata and her son exiled to a monastery: her brothers were compelled to renounce the world, and become monks: and Bernard, her favourite, was deprived of his eyes by the conquerors. The infant Charles was then declared a bastard: his mother having been condemned as an adulteress by the incensed Wala (A.D. 820).

The rebellious sons, however, were no sooner relieved from the restraint of their sire, than

they proceeded to quarrel among themselves. The bonds of the wicked are but as a rope of sand. They could not agree as to the proportion of power which was to be shared by each; nor would either endure that the others should have the mastery. The consequence was, that Ludwig once more obtained his freedom and his crown; and once more did his unnatural offspring subject themselves to his chief authority (A.D. 880).

But Ludwig was now no longer able to wield the imperial sceptre even as he did of yore; for his spirit was wholly broken by reverses; and he sorrowed for the calamities which had befallen him, like a weak woman, rather than sought to avert them by fortitude and activity. Accordingly, we find once more opposed to him his rebellious sons, who had again taken up arms on the old plea of partition in favour of the infant Charles. The result of this campaign was the betrayal of Ludwig by his troops into the hands of Lothaire, his unnatural son. To the present hour the spot where this shameful transaction took place, is known as the "Lying Field." * The hapless emperor was compelled to perform public penance by Lothaire: and the son of Charlemagne actually stood in the centre aisle of the church of Soissons, a barefooted penitent, in the presence of thirty bishops, innumerable priests, and an immense crowd of his own subjects, and there proclaimed himself aloud to all, an evil-doer, an enemy of the church, and an obstacle to the peace of his own kingdom. He was then transferred to a cell,

* Its lies near Than, in Alsace, almost at the foot of the Voges mountains.

where he passed some time, subject to every mortification which could be put in practice towards him (A.D. 833.)

Lothaire thought, by this unnecessary severity, so far to degrade his father as to render him for ever after incapable of governing such a proud people as the Franks; but he altogether miscalculated the effects it produced, as was proved by the sequel. This cruel course only excited a feeling of horror in the public mind; and it wholly alienated from him the support of his best friends. Among others that discountenanced these proceedings was Ludwig, his brother; who, not satisfied with expressing his dissent from them, raised a large army, wherewith to effect his father's deliverance. Lothaire was not slow to follow his example, or to face him in the field; lack of courage not being one of his vices. But for once might was right: the army of Ludwig outnumbered the troops of Lothaire; and the latter was defeated with immense loss. This victory once more gave to the hapless sire his crown and kingdom (A.D. 837).

A reconciliation, effected by Pepin, between Lothaire and his father, was speedily followed by the death of the mediator; and this circumstance, by leaving the original partition of the empire as it stood, was the cause of the peace which Ludwig enjoyed during the brief remainder of his life. Charles the Bald was inducted into the place of Pepin; and thus the *vexata quaestio*, which had torn the empire to pieces, obstructed the progress of civilisation, and developed so much that is hideous in human nature during its discussion, was set at rest for ever (A.D. 838).

Ludwig the Mild, that "man of many sorrows," and who was so "well acquainted with grief," expired, on the 20th June (A.D. 840), on an island in the Rhine, directly under his palace of Ingelheim, generally believed to be Rhein-Aue island. He pardoned his rebellious sons; but he desired his attendants specially to inform them, that it was through their act that his gray hairs had been brought with shame and sorrow to the grave.

"I do not know," says an impartial historian,* "that Louis deserves so much contempt as he has undergone; but historians have in general more indulgence for splendid crimes than for the weakness of virtue." And further on he adds: "The fault lay entirely in his own heart; and this fault was nothing but a temper too soft, and a conscience too strict." But another—and he will pardon me for adding—a greater than he; one, too, whom he has closely followed in his summary relation of facts in connexion with this prince's history—Montesquieu**—has described him as "a prince, the sport of his own passions—the dupe, even, of his own virtues; a prince, who knew not his own strength, and was ignorant of his own weakness: who was incapable of conciliating love, or exciting fear: and who, with few vices of the heart, had all manner of defects in his disposition." Perhaps the truth lies between both. However that may be, every gentle heart will murmur over his remains, *Requiescat in pace.*

* Hallam, "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," vol. i. cap. 1. part 1. p. 18,

** "De L'Esprit des Loix," livre xxxi. cap. 29.

ELFELDT.

Elfeldt, the principal place of the Rhein-Gau, was, in ancient times, a well-known Roman station, named Alta Villa. Hence its present name, by ellision and corruption. In the fourteenth century Elfeldt was raised to the rank of a town by Ludwig of Bavaria; and placed under the stewardship of the counts of Elz, an old family resident in the neighbourhood, and who subsequently took up their abode in the castle, which still exists on the river's edge.

It is of the fortunes of one of these nobles that the following wild legend tells the tale; which, truth being spoken, must be taken with large allowances for veraciousness; and adopted with considerable caution as to implicit belief.

THE KNIGHT AND THE YELLOW DWARF.

The bravest knight was Ferdinand,
By the broad Rhine the boldest;
In blood full rich, though poor in land—
From lords of lineage oldest.

A wordling through the world he flung;
And kissed and courted; played and sung;
And loved a luscious story—
And wildly wished for glory.

Yet still such life can no man long,
When lack of means o'erpowers;
The fruits of love too oft belong
Alone to golden showers.
This thought his high heart aye did sap,
And point him e'en in pleasure's lap;

But joys to grasp which failed him,
And wants whose memory quailed him.

A tournament the kaiser gave,
His nuptial feast's rejoicing—
From the Danube to the North Sea's wave
Was heard but lyre's sweet voicing.
Not to the Rhine they all belong—
From Ister, Neister, Po, Thames, through
Bold knights and dames, bright glancing,
To tourney, feast, and dancing.

And Ferdinand, in shame and grief,
Through his emptied halls is rushing ;
In vain he thinks to find relief,
The nectar'd wine-cup crushing.
By poverty forbade the feast,
He seeks some dread abyss in haste,
His days to end designing—
His soul to death consigning.

But 'gainst him on his course there came
A little dwarf, all yellow ;
In face and clothing quite the same :
And spake thus the poor fellow :
"Faint-hearted knight, what would'st thou do ?
Would'st sell thyself—and priceless, too ?
From th' East to the sun's hiding
Would'st the richest peer be biding ?"

"But what to do ?" inquired the knight,
Whilst hope his dim eyes brighten—
"Hear ! for each sack of gold so bright
You me henceforth shall lighten,"

The little Malabar outsaid:
"A single hair from off thy head,
Of gratitude the token,
For me must then be broken."

"A single hair?—a hundred take,"
Cried Ferdinand, delighted,
And plucks up heart: "But one I'll break,"
The dwarf said, ere he flyted.
He then cut off the little hair,
And handed him a sack so fair,
A thousand florins folding—
His guilt's first earnest holding.

And Ferdinand bethought him now
'T were dreams that might provoke him:
But in his hand the gold's bright glow
From mood like this soon woke him.
He speeds his home in haste unto,
And peace or rest he never knew,
Till to both balls and tourneys
In brave plight forth he journeys.

His clothing cost the pigmy wight
Of sacks, yea, more than twenty;
His horse, a brilliant barb, snow-white,
Had purple housings plenty.
Of sky-blue steel his harness shone—
His sword-hilt held an opal stone—
Two heron-plumes his helmet:
Two gold rings on his shield met.

Thus dight, he for the jousts quick makes,
Impelled by high desire;

His arm the proudest prize there takes—

His eye love's brightest fire.

On him the gay dames scarce did gaze,
When hearts flew forth in eyes' bland rays;
And Ferdinand's agreement
As kissing 's cheek was ne meant.

When feast and tourney finished were,

To court the monarch spake him:

He goes, and ere his fourth year there,

Is sad as sin can make him.

The dwarf each day departure took ;

But midnight's chimes had never struck,

When he was aye appearing

Another sack still bearing.

Life's rude enjoyments soon exhaust

A giant's strength and power ;

By gout an arm and foot's use lost—

His stagnate blood steals slower ;

And, half a corpse, diseased he lies

Upon his damask couch, and cries,

"Here! doctor, 's ducats many!"—

He can't get ease from any!

His fevered fancy now portrays

His sins, in sight dismaying ;

Like fearful furies, in a blaze,

Before his eyes they 're baying.

In burning pain, with curses dread,

He tears the thinn'd hairs from his head ;

With impious hands, for ever,

Then seeks life's thread to sever!

Unhelf'd his glaive he cannot use :

The prince of hell then praying
Unto his aid: one slight glance shews .

The dwarf beside him staying;—
He reaches him a rope of hair.

"Here, take," he says, "this guerdon fair
I had from thee, and try it:"

They found him hanging by it!

INGELHEIMER AUE.

Ingelheimer Aue, an island in the Rhine, not far from Mentz, is also said to have been a favourite resort of Charlemagne for the purposes of fishing; a recreation in which, as it has been already stated, he took great delight. Among the current traditions respecting that potentate which crowd on the inquirer at every step in this part of the Rhenish land, is the one which succeeds; and which purports to explain a part of the history of a family long famous in the genealogy of German houses—the ancient and noble race of Swan. It runs thus in the most approved versions:—

GERHARD SWAN AND THE COUNTESS OF CLEVES.

One day as Charlemagne stood musing at the door of his pavilion, on the island of Ingelheim, looking over the broad and bounding Rhine, he was aware of a large white swan, which drew

after it a light boat, containing a noble knight, and which slowly approached the shore near where the tent stood. The knight was armed at all points, *cap-à-pie*, and had a golden chain around his neck, from which depended a written paper. The swan touched the shore, and the knight sprang from the boat. He then made for the pavilion; on which the swan and boat swam to the centre of the stream, and were soon lost to sight.

"Go," said the king to Navilon, or Nibelung, one of his most trusty knights, "meet you yon stranger, and bring him hither."

Navilon went forth without delay to obey the king's behest.

"You are welcome to Ingelheim pavilion," said he to the stranger knight, as he reached him his hand; "the kaiser would fain converse with you."

They entered the presence of the mighty monarch; the stranger stood before Charlemagne; Navilon stood at his side.

"Sir Knight, said the emperor, "I would know thy name: Say it to me."

But the stranger spake not. He only shook his head mournfully; and pointed to the paper which hung from his neck by the chain of gold.

"Take it, Navilon," said Charlemagne, "and let my chancellor decipher it on the moment."

Navilon summoned Eginhardt; and the scholar explained the contents of the paper. They were simply these:

"I, Gerhard Swan, seek service with the mighty emperor Charlemagne, to win broad lands and a beautiful bride."

"I take the proffer," said the emperor, "and I shall reward you according to your desert."

The stranger knight bowed, and placed his hand on his heart.

"Now, to the banquet!" exclaimed the monarch.

Navilon assisted the stranger to divest himself of his heavy armour; and then clothed him in a rich purple cloak presented to him by the emperor. This done, they adjourned to the great hall of the palace.

"Who is yon stranger knight?" said Roland, the emperor's valiant nephew, as they all took their seats at table.

"God hath sent him hither, replied Charlemagne; "he is in my service."

"He seems a true knight," said the noble Roland.

"He is so," replied the emperor: "and I would that you treat him well."

"Truly, it shall be so," was the answer of the valiant hero, whose deeds will never die.

Gerhard Swan soon learned to speak. He was a wise and a prudent man, and pleased every one, particularly the emperor, whom he served long and well. His reward was the emperor's own sister, Adelis, or Elisa, as a wife, and the broad duchy of Ardennes as a dowry with her.

Whither he came no one ever knew, save, perhaps, the emperor; but it is believed that he was one of the Swan family, whose origin is still a mystery to the dwellers on the shores of the Lower Rhin.

On the death of Adells, his beloved wife, Gerhard Swan, being still a young man, went forth to woo another bride, with the consent of the mighty Emperor Charlemagne: and this is what befel him in the search of that adventure; as well as what occurred to him in the subsequent part of his life.

In the casement of her bower, silent, sad, and lonely, sat the fair Beatrix, the young and beautiful countess of Cleves. She gazed sorrowfully on the broad and bounding Rhine, which then flowed close beneath the walls of her splendid castle, and mingled her pearly tears with the waters of the river. She had been recently deprived of her tender mother by a brief illness; and it was long since news had reached her of her sire, who had gone to Saxony—a crusader—when she was a child, and never after returned. An orphan now, the fountains of her heart gushed over with grief for her bereavement: she felt she was in the world by herself—a being, helpless, unprotected, and alone. It was summertide; a calm, lovely evening in summer. As far as the eye could reach, all was still, on the stream, and on the shore, and in the sky. Not a barque ruffled the smooth surface of the river; not a single wanderer was seen on its banks; the very swallows seemed at rest, for not even a bird flitted across the face of the heavens. The solitude was so oppressive to the young countess that she could repress her feelings no longer; a flood of tears came to her relief, and she sobbed aloud in the sadness of her heart,

wailing her irreparable loss, and the desolateness of her condition. While thus occupied, on raising her eyes from the river she became aware of a brave barque, with all its sails set, on the edge of the horizon, bearing down with the course of the current towards the castle. Her heart leaped within her, she knew not why; she was glad, she wist not wherefore. The barque neared her by degrees; and she had quickly an opportunity of scanning it to her full satisfaction. Nearer and nearer it approached the castle; and it soon came so close that she could distinctly see all within it and without. From the foreyard-arm glanced the form of a golden swan, glittering brightly in the beams of the setting sun; on the main-mast head hung a shield with the same elegant device richly emblazoned on it. A tall knight of noble mien and handsome countenance stood like a statue on the fore-deck, gazing earnestly on the countess. The barque kept on its course until it came directly opposite the castle. Then it suddenly tacked about and put in for the shore. Beatrix saw nothing further; for she had retreated from the window the moment the stranger knight sprang lightly on the green sward which then decked the margin of the river. Musing deeply on what the meaning of this occurrence might be, she paced slowly up and down her apartment. Her mind misgave her, yet she felt no pain; her heart anticipated something undefinable and unusual, yet she seemed pleased with its forebodings. This reverie was broken in upon by a favourite attendant, who came to announce that the stranger knight, just lauded, waited to

communicate something of importance to her. She bade him to her presence. He entered. She received him with a blushing countenance, and a throbbing heart. Never before had she seen a knight of such a princely port; never before had she seen so handsome a man as this welcome visitor appeared to her imagination. The first sparks of love were kindled in her ignominious bosom; the fire was ready to burst forth at the earliest opportunity. He told her his name was Gerhard Swan; that he had been to Saxony as a champion of the cross; that he came recently from the North Sea, where he had met with her father; and that he had been commissioned by him to inform her of his intention never again to return to the Rhine, as he had devoted himself to the service of Christ, in that dreary land, for the remainder of his mortal existence. In pursuance of that commission, and in performance of the promise he had made the old count, he said that he waited on her the first on his arrival in Rhein-land. Beatrix was perplexed: joy and sorrow struggled in her mind for the mastery. Grief that she should no more see her remaining parent—that she should never again behold her beloved father, filled her gentle heart; yet was she not wholly inconsolable, for she felt that this noble knight might now be all to her—father, husband, friend, protector, every thing dearest and most endeared in the world. He tried to soothe her: and he was successful. Before night fell they were deep in each other's affections.

Gerhard Swan remained three days at the castle of Cleves. In that time he told her all he knew of her father, and much of himself

and of his own adventures in Saxony. On the evening of the third day, as they sat together alone in her bower, he reached her a sealed letter in her father's handwriting.

"Read this, beautiful Beatrix," said he, "and then say whether I shall stay here longer, or leave you to-morrow for ever."

Beatrix blushed as she broke the seal; but she blushed still more as she perused the contents. Brief, but pithy, it went at once to the point. It was thus couched:—

"BEATRIX,—If the knight, Gerhard Swan, win thy love, bestow thee on him as his bride. He is every way worthy of thee."

Her heart was his already; why then should her tongue gainsay her heart? She cast down her eyes, blushed still more deeply than before, and reached him her hand. The following week they were married with all the pomp and ceremony which beseeemed such an occasion. Peace and pleasure followed their espousal; for they were both pious, and good to the poor. Their happiness was also crowned by Providence, with the birth of three sons in succession, whom they named Dietrich, Gottfried, and Conrad. When the boys had grown to man's estate, Gerhard, now mature in years, called them together; and, in the presence of their mother, and his numerous vassals and retainers, made the following disposition of his property and possessions among them. To Dietrich, his first-born, he gave his shield and sword, and chief title; and then named him to his feudatories as his suc-

cessor in the county of Cleves: Gottfried, the second, had the horn, which hung from his baldric,—then an emblem of high dignity,—and the county of Louvain. The third, Conrad, held his sire's signet-ring, and the county of Hesse. In a few days after this settlement of his affairs, Gerhard Swan disappeared from the castle without the cognisance of any one. On the table of a private chamber, his inconsolable countess, Beatrix, found the following lines written in a hand almost illegible from agitation and tears:—

“BEATRIX,—A solemn vow compels me to return to Saxony to thy sire—never more to quit it. I leave you a memento in our three brave boys; and I take along with me, treasured in my inmost heart, their images, and your true love. Adieu.”

Beatrix fell a prey to the deepest dejection; a settled melancholy sate on her spirits. Whole days would she sit in the casement of the bower from whence she had first beheld her Gerhard, and look out anxiously over the broad expanse of the river, as though she expected to see him once again. But she looked in vain—he never returned more. Many and many a day went and came,—many and many a barque passed and repassed the castle,—but neither brought back her husband. She soon found that even hope had fled her heart for ever. It was not long till death put a period to her sorrow, and released her from the agonising pangs of suspense.

In commemoration of this event the castle of Cleves was thereafter called Schwanenburg; and

even now a gilt swan serves as a vane on one of its principal towers.



BIBERICH.

Biberich is about a league distant from Mentz, on the right bank of the Rhine; and the Duke of Nassau-Usingen resides in the palace attached to it, which also bears the same name. This palace is beautifully situated, lying almost on the water's edge—the road only intervening between it and the river. It is a very handsome modern edifice, containing several capital apartments, and having extensive and well-arranged pleasure-grounds in the rear. The old Burg of Mosbach stands in the garden, presenting an excellent specimen of an ancient castle in good preservation.

Biberich palace was built in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by George Augustus, Duke of Nassau; and the subsequent tradition bears reference to the period shortly succeeding its erection.

CONFERENCE OF THE DEAD.

A Duchess of Nassau lay dead in the palace of Biberich. She lay in state, as beeseemed her rank, upon the ducal bed, canopied with black velvet; the state chamber being hung with black, and the large room lighted up by a countless crowd of wax tapers. A captain and forty-nine men of the Duke's body-guard, did duty,

as a guard of honour, in the great hall of the palace, adjacent to which was the apartment in which lay the corpse of the deceased duchess. All the menials and retainers of the palace were enveloped in deep mourning.

It was midnight;—the midnight of the day on which this lamented lady had died: and the captain of the guard stood at the palace gate to breathe for a moment the free air of heaven. As he stood thus he became aware of the approach of a chariot drawn by six horses, which rushed down the road like a whirlwind, and stopped at the portal of the palace. A lady, garbed in white, then stepped forth from the vehicle, and approached the spot where the captain stood, making as though she would pass him and enter the palace.

"It may not be, my lady," the captain spake peremptorily, but with much politeness. "My orders are strict: you cannot pass."

"But, sir captain," replied his fair antagonist, "an it please you, I must pass. I claim to enter by virtue of my right as first lady of the bed-chamber to the late duchess."

She put aside her veil as she spoke; and the captain, knowing her at once to be that which she described herself, offered no further opposition. She then entered the palace; passed through the great hall; and went into the chamber of death.

"What can she want with the corpse at this strange hour of the night?" said the captain to his ancient, or lieutenant. "What may she desire?"

"Nay," replied the ancient, "I know not. But why not look and see?"

"A good thought," quoth the captain, "and see I will if I can."

The curious captain then approached the door of the chamber of death on tip-toe: it lay at the end of a little passage from the great hall in which he held guard; and applying his eye to the key-hole, as softly as possible, he peeped through and beheld——

"Oh, heaven! Come hither! come hither!" he cried, pale with affright, and breathless with the eagerness of communication, the while he retreated from the chamber door, and beckoned his ancient towards him. "Look! Look!"

The ancient looked through the key-hole also; and, like his captain, too, came back the very image of terror. One after another the soldiers took the same liberty, and manifested the same panic fear.

But what did they see to cause them such dread?—They saw the dead duchess sitting up in the state bed on which she lay; they saw her pale lips move as though she conversed with the lady companion who stood beside her: they saw that companion, wan as a corpse, clothed in the ceremonies of the grave, and they beheld her lips move also; but they could catch no distinct speech of either, a low hollow sound alone being audible, like that preternatural noise which is heard in the woods, when a storm is brewing afar off in the heavens.

In due course the awful visitor came forth from the chamber of death, and passed again through the great hall, on her way to the palace gate to resume her place in her chariot. It was the captain's duty, as well as imperative on him

in point of gallantry, to hand her to her carriage; and, although his hair stood on end at the idea of touching her who had so recently held communion with a corpse, he did not shrink from performing it. He took her hand; it felt like a lump of ice; he placed her in her chariot; the odours of the grave breathed from her lips as she bade him adieu. The coal-black barbs snorted; the dark-visaged postilions cracked their long whips; the word to proceed passed from the pale dame within. Off went the chariot like lightning; and like lightning it was in sight no longer than a single moment. In that moment, however, the captain had sufficient time to see sparks of fire, volumes of smoke and sheets of flame, hursting forth from the nostrils of the horses, enveloping the rattling wheels of the vehicle, and keeping pace with it in its rapid progress.

The next morning, ere the captain and his men had an opportunity to communicate this singular occurrence to the Duke, intelligence arrived at the palace that the first lady of the bed-chamber to the late duchess had died in the preceding night at twelve o'clock; it was supposed of sorrow for the loss of her beloved mistress.

MENTZ.

"Mentz" says Vogt,* "if not the principal city of the Roman power on the Upper Rhine, was undoubtedly, the principal fortress of that migh-

* Rheinische Sag. und Gesch. B. 1, s. 43.

ty people." Local antiquarians trace its origin as anterior to the first invasion of the Romans, and derive its name from the Celtic word "*Mag*," adopted as a prefix by the conquerors; but it is most probable that it had no existence before the time of Cæsar, and that the entrenched camp of *Martius Agrippa*, one of the early generals of *Augustus*, was the first foundation of the future city.

Drusus Germanicus, who succeeded in the command of the Roman legions on the Rhine, erected the *castrum*, or fortress of *Magontiacum*, on the site of the encampment of *Agrippa*—that is to say, very nearly on the ground now occupied by *Mentz*; built a stone bridge, the piers of which are still visible over the river; raised a *lôte du pont* at *Castellum*, on the site of the present *Castell*, whence the name of the latter; flanked his position with several strongly fortified towers on the surrounding points of elevation and command; and, finally, erected a magnificent aqueduct to convey water from *Fontheim* to the newly established colony,—a work of unnecessary expense, it would appear, considering that the Rhine was so close at hand. The monument now existent in the citadel, known as the *Eichelstein*, or *Acorn*, is of this æra, or a little later: and so likewise are the remains of the aqueduct already alluded to near *Zahlbach*, in the vicinity.

The twenty-second legion, which had been engaged under *Titus* in the conquest of *Judea* and the destruction of *Jerusalem*, was stationed at *Mentz*, A.D. 70; and *Crescentius*, one of the first preachers of the Christian faith on the

Rhine, it is stated, was a centurion in it. This pious man is uniformly described in local history as the pupil of St. Peter; and he has always been known as the first bishop of Mentz. He is said to have suffered martyrdom under the reign of Trajan, A.D. 103.

That the Christian religion was widely spread in Germany in the third and fourth centuries, there are the traditions of the people, and the acts of several councils of the church, to shew; and that, even at this early period, Mentz was among the most believing cities of the Roman empire there is incontestable authority to prove. Alexander Severus was murdered here by his own soldiers; it is said by some, because of his attachment to the new faith; but with greater probability, by others, because of the rigour of his military discipline, and the displeasure which it caused in his licentious army, A.D. 233.

The famous vision of Constantine—the cross in the sky—is believed to have been seen at Mentz as that Christian conqueror went forth to meet the forces of Maxentius; and grave historians, Vogt for instance, are to be found who give this tradition implicit credence. The field of the “Holy Cross” in the vicinity of this city is still pointed out as the spot where this miracle took place; and there are very few among the thousands who dwell in Mentz that do not implicitly receive it as the true locality of the occurrence.

Julian, known by the opprobrious and unjust name of the Apostate, made himself master of Mentz in the first of his three expeditions against the rebellious Allemanni; and retained it as a

strong position until his death. It is of this period of the history of that great prince and remarkable man, that Gibbon thus speaks in his magniloquent manner:^{*}—"The consternation of the Germans after the battle of Strasburg (A.D. 357-359) encouraged him to the first attempt; and the reluctance of the troops soon yielded to the persuasive eloquence of a leader who shared the fatigues and dangers which he imposed upon his meanest soldiers. The villages on either side of the Meyn (Main), which were plentifully stored with corn and cattle, felt the ravages of an invading army. The principal houses, constructed with some imitation of Roman elegance, were consumed by the flames; and the Cæsar boldly advanced about ten miles, till his progress was stopped by a dark and impenetrable forest, undermined by subterranean passages, which threatened with secret snares and ambush every step of the assailant. The ground was already covered with snow; and Julian, after repairing an ancient castle which had been erected by Trajan, granted a truce of ten months to the submissive barbarians." This ancient castle stood on the Main-spitze, or tongue of land lying between the Rhine and the Main, commanding entirely the navigation of the latter river; and subsequently became a royal abode for the Carolingian race of emperors of Germany, under the name of Kûfstein. It has been long since demolished; and no traces of its site are now discernible. The historian of the Rhine, a most implicit Christian, and somewhat of a bigot by

^{*} Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, cap. xix.

consequence, says, that not a century since a hymn was chanted in the cathedral of Mentz, on the anniversary of Saint Mercurius, which had for its burden the laudation of that celestial being having, by means of a flash of lightning, avenged the cause of the cross upon the apostate Emperor in the East.*

The death of Julian, however, was the most disastrous event that could then occur in the civilised world: for no sooner were the barbarous people of the North aware that he no longer lived, than they broke at once the bounds which the fear of his arms and the fame of his valour had prescribed to them, and overran with their myriad hosts, and their horrid habits, the whole of southern Europe. Within less than half a century of that lamentable occurrence, the Rhine was crossed by the Wenden or West Goths, under the command of Kroch, their king, on their way to Italy, through the fertile and flourishing province of Gaul; and by the Huns, under Attila. They passed the river by the bridge at Mentz, and left behind them traces of the fearful devastation which uniformly marked the course of these barbarians. Of the ravages of the former horde of barbarians in Mentz, and of the savage cruelties and wanton destruction inflicted on that city and its inhabitants by them, there are still extant the testimony of a

* He gives two lines of this curious composition, which run thus:—

“Tu Caesaris ter impū
Vindex beate Mercuri!—

Oh Saint Mercury!”

contemporary writer, who will not, it is trusted, be esteemed the less veracious because he has been canonised as a saint by the church.* "Mentz" (or rather *Moguntiacum*), he says, "heretofore so proud and so excellent in its edifices, was surrounded and taken by the barbarians; and many thousand Christians were, on that occasion, murdered, even in the churches to which they had fled for refuge and safety."

The history of Mentz, for more than two centuries subsequently, is but the history of the Roman empire; sharing, as it did, in all its reverses, and participating in its decay.

About the middle of the seventh century, *Sidonius*, then bishop of Mentz, collected together the scattered remnant of the inhabitants of that city, and began its restoration. *Dagobert the Second*, king of the West Franks, gave him great assistance in this laudable design; and sent him some of his most skilful artisans to erect churches for the citizens. On that occasion, the site of Mentz was changed; the new city being built on the margin of the river, at the foot of the gentle elevation on which the *Moguntiacum* of *Drusus* was erected. *Betheora*, daughter of *Theutbert the Second*, king of the West Franks, sometime predecessor to *Dagobert* (A.D. 619), it should be said, was also a great benefactor to Mentz; so likewise was *Bilehilde*, the daughter of *Dagobert*. The latter, on the demise of her husband, *Hettan*, duke of *Thuringia*, or rather sovereign of the East Franks, who fell in battle abandoned his principality and people by stealth,

* *St. Hilary*, in a Letter to his fair friend *Ageruchia*.

took up her abode in Mentz, in a convent built by her for the purpose of a refuge, and, on her death, bequeathed all her worldly possessions to the diocess.

But the real revivification of this large and important city took place under the Carlovignian dynasty of the Frankish sovereigns; and the great head of that dynasty, Charlemagne, may be truly said to have given it a new being, in bestowing on Boniface, as bishop, the ecclesiastical see, and making it a distinct and independent spiritual principality. The proximity, too, of the favourite abode of that monarch, the proud palace of Ingelheim, contributed greatly to enhance the power and increase the importance of Mentz. The world knows all that can now be known of Charlemagne; but few know that his coadjutor, Boniface, the apostle of Germany, his fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Christianity, his associate in the extension of all the civilisation then current without the limits of the Roman empire—was a Briton. Charlemagne, it is related, threw a bridge over the Rhine, on the foundation of the piers of the stone structure erected by Drusus, and repaired by Julian: and thus once more opened a direct communication between Mentz and the heart of Germany. The prudence of Boniface, his great piety, and the well-merited esteem in which he was held by the emperor, laid the basis of all that future greatness which made the archbishops of Mentz, his successors, not alone the first among the spiritual dignitaries of the church, but also the chief among the temporal princes of the state.

This greatness, however, was not carried to

its fullest extent until the time of Hatto, the first bishop of that name, so well known in legend and tradition, but so ill known in true history, c.D. 891-913. He it was who, through favour of the contemporary king, and the ability for government which he displayed, succeeded in placing the prelate before the first temporal principality of the empire; and in obtaining for the prelate a position in the state second only to that of the sovereign.

A century subsequent to the death of Hatto, another prelate, remarkable also for his great powers of governing, arose from the lowliest condition, and filled with the highest advantage to the principality, the episcopal throne of Mentz (A.D. 997-1011). This was Willigis, the son of a wheelwright. To him it was that the citizens of Mentz owed their best and dearest privileges: and the period of his rule is deservedly reckoned as the golden age of their city. Yet was he not exempt from the usual fate of merit and greatness: he was envied by those who could not emulate him; and he found that goodness hath ever the worst detractors to deal with. The continuous theme of his enemies was the lowliness of his birth, — a high crime in Germany at all times, but more especially so in those days: and it is said, that one morning, in the earlier part of his reign, he found written, not alone in his own house, but on every wall in the city, a bitter and offensive distich reminding him of his humble origin. This circumstance, however, he turned to good account, as a clever man always will do; by adopting as his arms a white wheel, on a red ground, — to make it the more conspi-

cuons—as the arms of the state; and by appending to it, as his own motto, the obnoxious couplet.*

The history of Mentz, for a long period subsequently, has no distinct identity; being intimately mixed up with the history of the German empire; and uniformly found partaking in most or all of the mutations which ensued in its condition. While industry and enlightenment progressed, this city progressed with them in prosperity and power; and although, perhaps, from that circumstance, the burghers will be found factious, and the common people prone to riot, still it will be also found that Mentz was mostly in the lead of civilisation. One thing, however, is certain—as long as the world exists, humanity will owe to its citizens some of the best blessings ever bestowed upon our common nature. For was not printing invented by John Gensfleisch or Guttenberg? and did not Arnold von Thurn set on foot the Confederation of the Rhine, which not only de-

* Merian (Top. Archid. Mogunt. Trevir. Colon.) gives this motto, as a Latin pentameter, telling the same story of it as above:

"Willigis recolas, quis es, et unde venis."

But Vogt (Rheinische Geschichten und Sagen) and Bange (Thüringische Chronik) give it as a German distich. In the former it runs thus:—

"Willigis! Willigis!
Deiner Herkunft nicht vergiss;"

while the latter has it as follows:—

"Willigis! Willigis!
Denk weher du kommen bist."

Both are substantially of the same signification.

stroyed the robberbands that infested the country, and cramped all intercourse, but likewise laid the foundations of that extraordinary and most admirable commercial league — the Hans Towns Confederacy?

In the early part of the eleventh century, Mentz was the scene of an election to the empire; and a more singular and extraordinary concurrence cannot well be imagined than ensued on that interesting and important occasion. It will not detract from the dignity of local history, to detail, in the verse of one of the ablest national poets, the circumstances of this striking ceremony; prefacing its introduction, however, and concluding it by a few explanatory observations, in plain prose, on the point of general history with which it is connected.

ELECTION OF CONRAD THE SECOND.

Henry, the second emperor of Germany of that name, terminated his toilsome and most unhappy life in the castle of Grone, at Leingau, in Hannover, A.D. 1024. He died childless; and with him became extinct the last scion of the Saxon dynasty, which gave five monarchs to the German empire, and governed it during a space of 105 years—A.D. 919-1024.

That the empire might not fall an immediate and unresisting prey to the covetous foes which bounded it on all sides, it was necessary, not alone to proceed at once to the election of a new emperor, but that the nation's choice should also be a man of tried firmness and known ability. Among the host of candidates for the purple,

there were two who far exceeded all their competitors in the requisite qualifications: they were first cousins, sons of two brothers, of an ancient and noble Franconian or Salique family, bearing the same name, and boasting the same dignity. The election lay between them for a long while: but the age—and the age alone—of the elder decided it in his favour: so well matched were they in merit, and so equal were their pretensions in the eyes of the German people. The new emperor was named Conrad the Second.

The following passage, descriptive of that election, will be read with interest. It is a versified, but, at the same time, almost a literal translation from a tragedy by one of the greatest German dramatic poets in existence; * and, it is hoped, will well repay the perusal. No other language but the German, or, more properly speaking, the Teutonic, could tolerate a literal version—*verbum et verbo*—into English, without much injuring the meaning of the original.

The pious emperor, Henry, was no more—
 He the last scion of that Saxon stock,
 Which, gloriously, a century, had governed.
 And as the news went forth to the empire,
 A busy spirit stirred within all men,
 And a new æra seemed to dawn upon them:
 Again awoke each deeply slumbering wish;
 And hopes, and high anticipations, dormant
 long.

It was not wondrous more, that German men

* Ernst von Schwaben, ein Trauerspiel, in fünf Acten, von Uhland.

Who ne'er ascended erst so high in thought,
Should each, in secret, scan his chance to
rule.

For, by the ancient laws, it might occur
That he who one day held the sovereign's
stirrup,

The next, mayhap, the saddle sat himself.
No longer deemed these free folk of their craft;
And spake no more of field, or house affairs;
Nor market minded, nor for culture cared:
No, stately, armed from head to heel, they
throng

Forth from each homestead, singly or in troops,
Unto the field of May, the election's scene,
On the Rhine shore, full near to noble Mentz.
Where, infinite, on either side, the plains
Stretch i' the distance, there they took their
stand—

A mighty mass: for city's walls might not,
Wide though their compass, hold the German
people.

On the right bank, beneath their teeming tents,
The Saxons lay: beside, the Slavish hordes;
The eastern Franks; the Suabian; the Bavarian:
Along the left the Rhenish Franks were ranged;
The men of upper and of low Lorraine.

The pith and marrow of the realm were there.
In mid-camp of each folk that gathered there,
Heaved its proud head, the prince or chief's
pavilion.

Oh, but among that crowd was greeting warm!
And hearty hand-shakes, and most joyful meet-
ings!

And every race, though various, there com-
bined,

Differing in face, in form, in speech, in cus-
toms;

Differing in horses, arms, and modes of war-
fare;

Differing in all—but there a band of brothers—
United stood t' accomplish one great end,
That end the same to those who dwelt in tents,
Or lay i' the thicket, or, from the island's
creeks,

Came forth in crowds—a free and fair election!
From out that mighty throng were chosen few,
And from these few were two alone selected:
Both Franks—both princes of a princely race—
Sons of two brothers—brothers they in name—
Brothers in glory too—the Conrads twain.

On a hill's side, i' the circle of the chiefs,
To the far crowd full visible, stood forth
These two, selected by the concrete voice
Of the free German folk, as fit to rule them,
Before the best that gave its broad soil birth;
The worthiest of the worthy in its bounds:
But each unto the other so much equal,
That further might the election not proceed,
So nearly were their high pretensions balanced.
And there they stood—each with his high head
bowed,

His glance o' the ground, his cheek like mai-
den's glowing,

O'ersome by the proud consciousness of worth.
It was in sooth a regal sight to see;

And many a bearded man wept to behold it.

And there around these princes thronging stood,
Breathless and stirless all, that countless
crowd—

So still that the ripple of the Rhine was heard
As onward rolled its slow, majestic waters.
For dare might none to voice for this or that ;
Or think to turn the even, well-poised scale,
Without to injure th' other , or to stir
Up discord, or to sow the seeds of hate.

As thus they stood, on sudden, both the
princes
Joined hands, and clasped, and kiss'd right
heartily ;

And then embraced, as brothers fond might do :
Clear signal this that neither harboured hate ;
Then each to th' other willingly gave place.
On which stood forth the throng th' Archbishop
of Mentz,

And spake aloud :—" Well, then, since one
we must,

Be it the elder. " Thrice ten thousand tongues—
Prince, peer, and peasant—thundered their
acclaim :

None joyfuller than that o' the younger Conrad,
Echoed the loud applause of this free choice.

Then stooping from his height the emperor
Grasp'd fond and faithfully his cousin's hand,
And gently drew him to his side o' the throne.

This done, within the princely circle trode
The widowed empress, gentle Kunigund,
Who, greeting gravely the new ruler, gave
Into his hands the ensigns of empire.

The chiefs then formed into a festal throng,
Their emperor surrounding joyfully ;

The crowd and clergy hymning came behind :
Such shouts heard never Heaven in one day !
E'en from his tomb had Charlemagne arose,
More gratefully he could not well be greeted,

Thus sped they onward, stream adown, to
Mentz—

Where, 'neath its high cathedral's holy roof,
With the blessed chrism Conrad was anointed.
Though who the popular voice so high hath
cited,

Fails not in aught that man derives from heaven !
And as he forth amidst his subjects trode,
Then seemed he as he were increased in stature ;
And overtopped the tallest in the crowd,
That hailed, and blessed, and thronging pressed
around him.

A brief and rapid review of the career of this emperor (Conrad the Second) may not be irrelevant in this place.

The result of his reign did not disappoint the hopes of those who had elected him to the empire. His cousin Conrad the Salique, with a magnanimity rather unusual in defeated ambition, at once took the oath of allegiance to him; and, what was more, he kept it inviolate all through his lifetime. The whole of Conrad's career was marked by the most signal successes. He suppressed a strong disposition to engage in a servile war, which had manifested itself among the vassals of the higher nobility; he reconciled the conflicting interests of the greater nobles, and put an end to the depredations of the petty ones; he traversed the empire doing justice to all; and he never ceased to labour until he had established peace, order, and law, in its remotest provinces. He then undertook a journey to Rome (A.D. 1026), where he speedily suppressed the French party, which would fain have conferred

the sovereignty of Italy on Robert, king of France; and, together with his Empress Guda, received there the imperial crown in the ancient church of St. Peter, at the hands of the reigning pontiff John the Nineteenth, A.A. 1027. From Rome he went to Milan, where he settled the affairs of Lombardy, then in a very disturbed state. The Normans, at this period, were masters of Apuglia, Calabria, and all that part of southern Italy, exclusive of Sicily, known to the ancients as Græcia Major; and Conrad's policy induced him to strengthen the hands of these intruders against the Eastern emperors, whose sovereignty in these parts they had usurped. Ronulf, their leader, received a large amount of assistance from him. With Canute the Great, king of Denmark and England, then in Italy on a pilgrimage to Rome, he formed a lasting friendship;* and also concluded a matrimonial alliance between his own son and successor, Henry the Third, and the daughter of the Danish monarch, Chuniilde, by which the mark, or marquisate, of Schleswig, in Holstein, was attached to Denmark, and the River Eider fixed on as the boundary line between that kingdom and Germany. With a rare prudence and forethought, he drew closer than ever the bonds of union between the empire and Burgundy;** so that at the demise of Rudolf the Third (A.D. 1032) the greatest portion of that fertile country—including Provence, Dauphiné, Franche Comte, Lyons, Savoy, together with a

* Herrmann's Allg. Weltgeschichte. — Sechster Zeitraum, England.

** Burgundy at this period was divided into two kingdoms. Rudolf was ruler of Upper Burgundy, which included Provence,

part of Switzerland—fell to Germany. **Marseilles** and **Toulon** were at that time German cities. A war with the Hungarians and Poles, in which he was subsequently engaged (A.D. 1035), terminated in his complete success: not, however, until these barbarous nations had entirely devastated the tract of country lying between the Elbe and the Oder, and reduced the then flourishing city of Hamburg to ashes. To his immortal honour he established the ceremony of "Gods-peace"* in the empire; by which it was made criminal against the church, and a deadly offence of an unpardonable character against the state, to prosecute any feud between the evening of Wednesday and the morning of Monday in any week. In a spirit of political sagacity, which would have shone transcendently even in a more enlightened æra, he laboured to destroy the unseemly power of the greater vassals of the empire, by raising the smaller feudatories to a state of independence they had never known before; and by conferring on them certain privileges, until then enjoyed alone by the principal fief-holders. The mode he took was the effectual one of making their fiefs hereditary, instead of leaving them, as they were before, solely held for the life of the vassal. A second journey which he undertook to Rome (A.D. 1036) was not so fortunate for him as the first; for the greater part of his troops perished of a contagious disease, and he himself barely escaped with life. He never after recovered the shock his constitution then sustained; for, at the end of three years of lingering painfulness, ill health,

* "Der Gottesfrieden."

and uncertainty, he died at Utrecht (A.D. 1039), too soon for his country's good, but late enough for his own glory. He was one of the greatest emperors that ever governed Germany. His son Henry the Third succeeded him.

"In the fourteenth century Mentz had attained to the highest pinnacle of its power and glory; the Rhenish Confederation being then in full force; and this city standing at the head of the confederacy. The fifteenth century saw the art of printing take rise within its walls, and expand its powers out to the ends of the earth. In the servile war which followed the Reformation, however, and in the fierce feuds which ensued between the Count Diether von Isenburg, archbishop of the see, and Adolph Count of Nassau, his competitor for that dignity long previously to this event (A.D. 1461-75), Mentz suffered so much that it has never since recovered its pristine splendour. But, perhaps, the greatest injuries it ever received was in the siege which it sustained in 1688, by the French, at the command of Louis the Fourteenth; and in the second siege by the republican armies of France, at the period of the first revolution of that people. On both these occasions, the troops of that nation, in the wanton spirit of destruction which usually characterises them in their incursions into an enemy's country, committed crimes against national prejudice, and violated national feelings to an extent which has never been forgotten, and which never will be forgiven: for they not only desecrated the churches, and broke open the sanctuaries of the dead, but they also abused the monuments and even the remains of all those great men whom the

German people hold in such high and well-deserved reverence. Little did Louis the Fourteenth, as a sensible writer remarks, "imagine at the time that his myrmidons committed these acts of barbarism in Mentz, that, not more than a century afterwards, the tombs of his own ancestors, and his own descendants—the monuments of his children and his progenitors—would be treated in the same manner in his own kingdom, and by the offspring of these his own subjects. *Discite justitiam.*" *

In the general partition, which followed the peace of 1815, Mentz remained in the power of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, with whom it still continues.

THE CATHEDRAL.

One of the principal objects of curiosity in Mentz is the *Dom Kirche*, or cathedral. It presents, according to the best local authorities extant, specimens of four different styles of architecture, each illustrative of the æra in which it prevailed; the structure having been upwards of four hundred years in the course of completion. The east choir and its entrance are of the tenth century; the nave of the eleventh; the west choir of the century succeeding; and the chapels along the side aisles of the early part of the fourteenth century. There are two massive brazen doors leading into the church from the market-place, on which is inscribed the Magna Charta of Mentz: these doors, and the privileges conferred by that charter, were the gift of Willigis,

* Vogts Rhein. Gesch. u. Sag.

the archbishop, to the citizens (A.D. 1000), during his administration of the principality and archdiocese. In the various chapels which are to be found along both sides of the church, many sumptuous monuments and richly decorated altars may be met with; but there is much more interest attached to two plain tombs and to one lowly altar than to all the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," by which the others are beset, and with which all are bedizened. These tombs are those of Fastrada, the first wife of Charlemagne; and Heinrich von Meissen, better known as Frauenlob, the chief of the Minnesänger, or German troubadours, of whom more in the sequel. The altar is that on which stood the miraculous image alluded to in the following legend.

THE POOR FIDDLER.

Among the miraculous curiosities of the cathedral of Mentz, "ages long ago," was a figure of the Virgin, on the feet of which the devotion of some wealthy votary had placed a pair of solid gold slippers. Of that image tradition has preserved the tale which succeeds:—

On a bitter winter morning a poor, aged, miserable fiddler, after playing unsuccessfully through the streets of Mentz, entered the cathedral for the purpose of pouring out his simple story of sorrow and distress in the presence of his Maker. His prayer was chanted in a rude, rhyming metre, composed by himself; and it was so generally sang to the accompaniment of his cracked instrument, that even in addressing himself to Heaven, he could not overcome the

habit he had acquired of using it to excite the compassion of his fellow-men. It ran thus:—

It freezes so, I feel so faint,
So hungry, and so old;
And none will pity on me take,
Or shelter me from cold!

It was not thus in years long past,
Then praise and pay I had;
For when my merry fiddle played,
Its tones made all hearts glad.

Now gray and bent, I go alone,
No more to please I can;
I try, folk say, "Put up that tool,
Thou old and silly man.

There was much more to the same effect; but this specimen, it is presumed, will suffice.

As he prayed and sang, he looked around and saw that the church was quite empty. It was a perfect solitude; for the side of the stove in the warm habitations of opulent Mentz, was much preferred to the foot of the altar, even by those chosen vessels of the Lord, the ladies. And the old man said within himself, that as there was no one to observe him, he would play the lovely Virgin a tune on his violin, and sing her one of his best songs. No sooner said than done. He played and sang with so much fervour and delight, that it seemed to him as though the days of his youth had returned; and as if life was again green, and gay, and joyful with the beautiful hues of human spring-time.

Once more he knelt down on its conclusion ; and, offering another short prayer, he rose to depart. But as he arose, lo and behold ! the image before which he knelt, and in whose honour he had exercised his humble calling, lift up its left foot, and by a dexterous movement kicked the golden slipper which covered it into the old fiddler's ragged bosom.

"This is a miracle," soliloquised he ; "the Blessed Virgin knows how to pay a poor devil who amuses her."

Filled with gratitude and delight he warmly thanked the giver, and then went forth into the market to find a sale for his treasure. He was a prey to hunger,—he had not tasted food for a full day and night,—and he had no other alternative than to part with the gift which seemed bestowed on him for the sole purpose of appeasing it. A goldsmith to whom he offered it for its value at once recognised it ; and in a few minutes the wretched man was worse off even than before, for he was in the hands of justice. In those-days—it was "the age of chivalry"—there was short shrift for any crime, real or imaginary ; the caprice of the judges condemning and executing within a couple of hours at the furthest. But for the heinous crime of sacrilege, with which the hapless graybeard was charged, there was no hope, no mercy, no respite. A single hour saw him tried, condemned, judged, and on his way to execution. The place appointed for his suffering was the Speise-Markt, just opposite the ancient brazen doors opening into the cathedral. It was in vain that the poor old man told his story—the minions of

fortune would not bear it—his judges treated it as an impudent falsehood. He had nothing to hope, they told him; die he must before the mid-day.

“Well, then,” he said, as he stood at the foot of the scaffold, which permanently remained there, that being the usual place of execution; “Well, then, as I must die, even let me pray one prayer, and sing one song to the music of my old fiddle, at the feet of the Virgin. Ask it in her blessed name, and you may not refuse me.”

They did not refuse him. It would be an impiety almost as criminal as the sacrilege of which he was accused, to interpose between a prisoner and the Virgin for the prevention of a dying prayer. Closely guarded, he once more entered the church which had been so fatal to him, and approaching the altar of the Virgin, prayed, and played, and sang as before. When his song was over, to the great horror and dismay of the guards and executioner who surrounded him, the statue raised her right foot, and flung a second slipper—the only one left to it—into the bosom of the old man. All present witnessed it; and none could deny the miraculous interposition of Heaven in his favour. He was at once released from his bondage, and brought to the city council in triumph, where his liberation was duly affirmed.

What became of the slippers is not exactly known; but it is believed that the old fiddler freely surrendered them to the ecclesiastical authorities in lieu of a provision for the remainder of his days; and that those reverend per-

sonages, fearful lest the Virgin should be equally extravagant on another occasion, kept them carefully locked up in the treasure-chest of the cathedral. Whether they were fused in the fires of the thirty-years' war; or whether they found an accommodating foot to sit on, during the occupation of Mentz by the French forces, subsequent to the first revolution of that gay people, history or tradition says nothing satisfactory on the subject. *

FASTRADA.

By the side of the "Beautiful Doorway" leading into the cloisters, stands, worked into the wall of the cathedral, a fragment of the tomb of Fastrada, the fourth wife of that mighty monarch Charlemagne, according to some authorities—the third according to others. This fragment forms only a part of the larger and more magnificent monument erected to her memory by her uxorious husband, in the abbey of St. Alban, but subsequently destroyed; and it is supposed to have been the flat stone which covered her grave, by reason of the inscription which it still bears upon it. The monument itself, according to the Chronicle of Treves, was of white marble, gilt and ornamented with statues in high and low relief. This stone bears the following inscription, which is still legible:—

"Fastradana pia Caroli conjunx vocitata. Christo delecta jacet hoc sub marmore testa. Anno septingentesimo quarto,

* It is curious to observe what a common basis most European, and, perhaps, many Asiatic legends also, have. A story, similar in every respect to this, is told in a MS. volume of very old Spanish poems, never published, now

quem numeram metro claudere musa negat. Rex pie, quem genuit virgo, licet hic cineriscit spiritus hæves sit patriz, quæ tristia nescit."

But the Chronicle of Treves states that the original structure bore likewise the inscription which succeeds:—

"Inclita Fastradæ Reginæ hic membra quiescant,
De medio quam mors rigida flore tulit.
Nobilis ipsa viro conjuncta et jure potenti est:
Sed modo coelesti nobilior thalamo.
Pars illi melior Carolus Rex ipse remansit,
Cui trated mitis tempora longa Deus."

That Fastrada was greatly beloved by Charlemagne, there is little doubt; but that she deserved his love, there is still much question among the learned. One writer states, indeed, that her wantonness was the theme of universal condemnation even in a court where chastity was not the most prominent virtue: another alleges that besides being a wanton, she was a witch, a dabbler in the black art, and an associate of infernal spirits; while a third makes her out a deep political intriguante as well as a social, and ascribes to her agency much of the internal commotion which prevailed in the empire during her lifetime. At this distance of time it is utterly impossible to decide which is the true statement; and as the facts are not within reach, it is proposed to offer the fabulous to supply their place, in these pages.

in the possession of the author. It is written in the most ancient form of Castilian metre, used in the romances of that noble tongue—that is to say, the *rima assonante*.

When the Kaiser Karl abode at Zurich, says the author of the circumstantial traditions of his reign in the Rhyming Chronicle,* he dwelt in a house named 'the Hole,' in front of which he caused a pillar to be erected with a bell on the top of it, to the end that whoever demanded justice should have the means of making himself heard. One day as he sat to dinner in this house, he heard the bell ring; and he sent his menials to bring the claimant before him: but they could find no one. A second and a third time the bell rung: but no human being was still to be seen. At length the Kaiser himself went forth; and, lo and behold! he saw a huge serpent, which had twined itself round the shaft of the pillar, and was then in the very act of pulling the bell-rope.

"This is God's will," said the monarch. "Let the brute be brought before me. I may deny justice to none of God's creatures—man or beast."

The serpent was accordingly ushered into the imperial presence; and the Kaiser spake to it as he would to one of his own kind, gravely asking what it required. Whereupon the animal made a most courteous reverence to Charlemagne, after the fashion of its tribe; and signed, in its own way, for him to follow. Follow he did, accordingly, accompanied by his court: and the creature led them on to the water's edge, on the shores of the lake, to the spot where it had its nest. Arrived there, the Kaiser soon saw the cause of the serpent's seeking: he quickly per-

* Reimchronik. Erster Theil.

ceived the reason that induced it to demand justice from him; for its nest, which was full of eggs, was occupied by a hideous toad—a monster of the species.

“Let the toad be flung in the fire,” said the monarch, solemnly; “and let the serpent have possession of his nest restored to him.”

This sentence was carried at once into execution: the toad was burnt; and the serpent placed again in care of her incipient progeny. Charlemagne and his court then returned to Zurich.

Three days afterwards, as the Kaiser again sat at dinner, he was surprised at the appearance of the serpent, who, this time, glided into the hall unnoticed and unannounced.

“Ho! ho!” thought he, “what does this mean? I’ll see.”

The reptile then approached the table, and, raising itself on its tail, reverentially bowing to the emperor the while, dropped from its mouth, into an empty plate which stood beside the monarch, a precious diamond, that glistened like the morningstar, it was so bright. Then, again abasing itself before him, the crawling creature glided out of the hall as it had entered, and was speedily lost to view. This diamond the puissant monarch caused to be set in a costly chased ring, of the richest red gold; he then presented the valuable trinket to the fairest of his wives, and the best beloved—Fastrada—who there abode with him at the time.

Now, this stone had the virtue of attraction; and whoso received it from another, so long as

they wore it, received also the intensest affection of that individual. It was thus with Fastrada; for no sooner did she place the ring on her finger, than the attachment of Charlemagne, great before, no longer knew any bounds. In fact, his love was more like to madness than to any sane passion. But though this talisman had a full power over love, it had no power over death; and the mighty monarch was full soon to experience that nothing may avert the fiat of destiny.

Charlemagne and his beloved bride returned to Germany; and, at Ingelheim palace, Fastrada died. The Kaiser was inconsolable: he would not listen to the voice of friendship: and he sorrowed in silence over the dead body of his once beautiful bride. Nay, even when decay had commenced—when corruption had come to mar mortality—when the remains, late so lovely, were now loathly to look at for the rottenness and ruin visible in every feature—he could not be induced to leave the corpse for a moment, or to quit the chamber of death in which it lay. The Court were all astounded: they knew not what to make of the matter. At length Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, the chronicler of the fact, approached the corpse; and being made aware of the cause, by some supernatural communication, contrived to engage the Emperor's attention, while he removed it. The magic ring was found in the mouth of the dead empress, concealed beneath her tongue.

Immediately that the talisman was removed, the spell was broken; and Charlemagne now looked on the putrid corpse with all the natural

horror and loathing of a living man. He gave orders for its immediate interment, which were at once carried into execution; and he then departed from Ingelheim for the forest of the Ardennes. Arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, he took up his abode in the ancient Castle of Frankenstein, close by that famous city. The affection, however, which he had felt for Fastrada was now transferred to the possessor of the ring, Archbishop Turpin; and the pious ecclesiastic was so persecuted with the emperor's love, that he finally cast the talisman into the lake which surrounds the castle. An immediate transference of the royal liking took place: and the monarch thenceforth, and for ever after during his lifetime, loved Aix-la-Chapelle as a man might love his wife, and even more. So much, indeed, did he become attached to it, that he directed that he should be buried there: and there, accordingly, his remains rest unto this day.

The greatest lyric poet of Italy, Petrarch, has not disdained to relate the latter part of this story, which he learned while travelling in Germany; * and it forms a remarkable item in the researches of a grave French inquirer into the facts of history. **

FRAUENLOB.

The other monument alluded to is that of the chief of Teutonic Troubadours—Frauenlob—the ladies' eulogist.

* *Epistolæ Familiæres*, lib. i. cap. iii.; a work to which reference has already been made in these pages (vol. i. p. 13)

** Pasquier, "*Recherches*," vi. 33.

Heinrich von Meissen, more generally known as Frauenlob, "the ladies' eulogist," was a canon of the Cathedral of Mentz, in the latter end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries. A noble gentleman by birth, and a doctor of theology by learning, he illustrated his high descent by his still higher name, and made, by the beautiful qualities of his mind, even the austerities of the Catholic priesthood amiable. He was the chief founder and great promovent of those poetic guilds, or corporations of Minnesängers, which succeeded his time, and which made the spirit of poesy so common among the German people ever since that period. His compositions were principally songs or odes in praise of women—hence his proud cognomen of Frauenlob—and hymns in honour of the Virgin, partaking largely of the loving spirit, as well as the *estro*, which animated the former. He died universally regretted in Mentz, and, indeed, in Germany, for his reputation had become general, in the year of our Lord 1317, and was buried within twenty-two paces of the present monument, which was erected to his memory, in the Cathedral, at the instance of Niklas Vogt, the Rhenish historian, the original having been destroyed by accident.

A noble knight, from far-distant lands, rode into the Gauthor of Mentz, on a spring morning of the year of grace thirteen hundred and seventeen. The bells of all the churches in that proud city were tolling sorrowfully a muffled peal: the shops were shut, although it was the mid-week:

the streets were solitary, although the hour for resuming labour had long gone by. The stranger rode onwards—he reached the Cathedral—he gave his steed to his squire, and entered the venerable pile. As he passed through the side door, he saw a most extraordinary train of mourners pour into the church through the great portal, and approach an open grave which stood in the nave of the sacred edifice. This procession was entirely composed of maidens and matrons, all garbed in the purest white; six of their number, the youngest and fairest, bore an open coffin between them, in which lay the body of a man in the prime of life, the beautiful and benevolent expression of whose noble countenance even death had not been able to deface; the remainder, amounting to some thousands, followed in regular array. The body was deposited beside the grave; and every maid and matron, in turn, strewed flowers upon it—each flower being watered with a copious shower of pearly tears. There remained but one—a fair, gentle girl, not yet arrived to the years of womanhood—to perform this last, sad ceremony. She approached it alone, as she had followed in the train—lone and solitary. Her heart was bursting with grief; but still she tried to conquer it, and to appear composed. In vain, however, were her efforts to that effect. Her tottering steps barely sufficed to bear her to the edge of the pit; where, as her floral offering fell on the bier, she fell to the earth—also a corpse.

“Fair ladye,” spake the stranger knight to a matron who stood near him, “wherefore is this singular scene? Is yon maiden the hapless la-

dye-love of that noble-looking being who now lies beside his open grave?"

"Yea," replied the dame, sobbing; "that is she; and she loved him well."

"They were lovely in life, and in death they were not divided," chanted aloud the deep sonorous voice of the Prince Archbishop, Peter von Aichspalt, who officiated in person at the ceremony of the entombment. "Ashes to ashes — dust to dust. Peace be unto them."

"Amen!" responded the choristers of the cathedral in wailing notes, which resounded like the *Miserere* of the Sistine chapel, through the "long-drawn" aisle of that ancient edifice

"And ladye fair," resumed the knight, "may I pray you to tell me who that noble being was when he lived? A prince mayhap, or a great hero; for, otherwise, why these crowns of laurel which are heaped so high upon his lowly bier?"

"Sir Knight," the dame mildly but proudly replied, "no prince bear we to the grave; for by the women of Mentz, may no sovereign on earth be so honoured. Neither is yon fair corpse that of a hero; for heroes never won the wreaths he wore so worthily. But we honour a poet—the poet of our sex—the poet of women—in these remains; and greater than any king or hero, and dearer—far dearer to our hearts, is he who now lies cold on that bier. Behold, before the grave closes on his noble countenance for ever,—behold our eulogist—FRAUENLOB."

And now this work concludes;—these pages
are at an end. How better, part than with the
words of the poet in his immortal song?

“Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long de-
lighted

The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united,
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray.
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to
prey

On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor to gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again!—a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine,
The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting
praise:

More mighty spots may rise—more glaring
shine—

But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old
days,

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls be-
ween,

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